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—BY—

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TO MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

It is the baying of the coward wolf at night—
The sneaking wolf upon his ghoulish prowlings—
He bays the moon in her celestial height,
And all the air is hideous with his howlings.

What harm can come to her whose gentle life
has filled
With wifely love the existence of another—
What shame o'erwhelm the saintly breast once
thrilled
With all the sweet emotions of the mother?

In that drear shrine, which ghouls would rend
apart,
A baby's smile, perchance, forever lingers,
And that bereaved and desolate mother heart
Is soothed, perchance, by spirit baby fingers.

Fear not; in every human bosom burns
A sacred flame no calumny can smother,
And with sweet rev'rence every nature turns
And pays its homage to the name of mother.

—*Chicago News.*

WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Where have they gone to—the little girls
With natural manners and natural curls?
Who love their dollies and like toys,
And talk of something besides their boys!

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old girls who talk of their "beaux,"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travels, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their
clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaux,"
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were
they;
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old.
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or
"style."

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

From Geneva to Paris—Things of Interest and Places of Note in the French Metropolis—A Glance at Versailles—Homeward Bound—Au Revoir.

From our own Correspondent.

The observing tourist will find much to admire in the French people. In spite of their faults and follies, in spite of their fickleness and frivolity, they are industrious and frugal, clean and neat in their personal habits, courteous and obliging to one another and to strangers, as well as patriotic to the last degree and possessing unbounded faith in "la belle France."

We left Geneva in the evening and going by way of Lausanne and Pontarlier we passed over the Jura range and before daylight were far on our way to Paris, which we reached at about 8, o'clock in the morning. The region through which we pass before reaching the city is evidently one of the most fertile and best cultivated sections of country which can be found in any land. The neat farm houses, the well trimmed hedges, the fine growing crops, the thriving villages, all give evidence of a thrifty, prosperous and happy people.

"Paris is France," says the proverb, but although this may be true to a certain extent, it is also true that the Frenchman of the provinces possesses the national virtues in a far greater degree than does the Parisian, while the national vices crop out far more prominently in the dwellers in the national metropolis. The contrast between the cities of London and Paris is very great, and in not one point, not even on the score of visible wickedness, is the comparison unfavorable to the continental city.

The French Metropolis is located on both sides of the river Seine and on the islands of the City and St. Louis, by far the larger portion being upon the northern bank. Its population is about two and a quarter millions and its walls are twenty-two miles in extent, and have 65 gates. The annual receipts of the municipal government are about $25,000,000. The central point of the city is the Place Royal, along which passes the great thoroughfare of the city, from southeast to northwest. This grand avenue, from the Place de la Nation on the southeast margin of the city to the Place de la Bastile, is known as the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine; from the Place de la Bastile to the Hotel de Ville, it is called Rue St. Antoine; from the Hotel de Ville past the Louvre to Place de la Concorde it is the Rue de Rivoli; from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and beyond the arch, the Avenue de la Grande Armée; all north of the Seine. To the north as well as on the south beyond the river, the original boulevards, broad avenues constructed on the old fortifications, approximate to a semicircle in form.

Among the numerous points of interest in the city, it is somewhat difficult to decide what should be seen first; but the Place de la Concorde, on the north bank of the Seine, is not surpassed in interest by anything either within or beyond the walls. It is one of the most historic localities in France and is the most magnificent "Place" or public square in the world. In the center stands the obelisk of Luxor, one of the most perfect and beautiful monoliths ever designed. It was presented to Louis Philippe by Mehemet Ali and was brought from Egypt in 1836. Its inscriptions refer to the time of Sesostris, nearly 3400 years ago. On either side of the obelisk is a fine bronze fountain and surrounding the Place are statues representing eight of the principal cities of France. To the east are the gardens and palace of the Tuileries, with the Louvre beyond; to the west the Champs Elysées with the Arc de Triomphe in the distance; on the south is the Seine with the Pont de la Concorde connecting with the buildings of the Corps Legislatif on the other bank, and on the north are the offices of the Marine Department and at the end of Rue Royal, the Madelaine. This square has had a bloody history. Here at the marriage of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in 1770 a panic resulted in the death of more than one thousand persons. Here in 1793 the guillotine was set up and numbered among its thousands of victims the King Louis XVI, Charlotte Corday, Marie Antionette, Danton, Robespierre and others. Here also occurred one of the most desperate struggles of the Commune of 1871. Three times have foreign armies encamped here. The Russians in 1814, the English in 1815 and the Prussians in 1871; and yet to see the Place de la Concorde of to-day, filled with the life the beauty, the fashion of this gay capital, one would never dream of the sanguinary scenes it has witnessed in the past.

East of the Place de la Concorde, beyond the gardens, is the palace of the Tuileries, which was destroyed by the Communists of 1871. The place is now occupied by temporary structures used by the Post-office department until the completion of their new building. Beyond this is the palace of the Louvre, also partially destroyed by the Commune, but since rebuilt. It is an immense pile of buildings, with a frontage of nearly half a mile on the Rue de Rivoli and lying between that avenue and the river. The eastern portion of the palace was occupied in 1572 by Catherine de Medici and her son, Charles IX, and here that weak and bigoted monarch consented to the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, the great bell of the Church of St. Germaine L'Auxerrois, just opposite, tolling forth the dread signal throughout that awful night. The Louvre is a vast storehouse of both ancient and modern art. Its galleries of sculpture contain an immense collection of the best work of the Grecian masters, including the Venus de Milo, the Borghese Gladiator, the Apollo Saurptonos and many others, as well as a large number of the best works of more modern artists; while the acres of canvas in the picture galleries include Murillo's Immaculate Conception, purchased in 1852 for $123,000, Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana, with many other masterpieces and an almost innumerable and invaluable collection of the works of the best artists of all nations and all schools.

About a half a mile east of the Louvre is the new Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, built on the site of the old structure which was destroyed in 1871. The new Hall is said to fully equal if not surpass its predecessor in point of magnificence and architectural beauty. Still farther on we see the tall Column of July rising to a height of 154 feet in the Place de la Bastile, famous as the location of that ancient prison, destroyed in the first revolution, the outline of whose foundations is marked in white stone in the pavement of the square. The column was erected in 1840 in memory of the "July heroes," and bears the names of 615 victims who fell during the Revolution.

On the south side of the river and nearly south of the Louvre, is the Palace Luxembourg, with its extensive gardens and its fine collection of modern paintings and statuary. Farther west, the great gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides attracts our attention. This cathedral looking structure was built in 1680, but was prepared as a tomb for the first of the Bonaparte by Louis Philippe in 1840, the remains being brought from St. Helena and deposited here in December of that year. The tomb is an open, circular crypt, 36 feet in diameter, directly beneath the dome. The sarcophagus is of red Finland granite, is 14 feet high, 13 feet in length and weighs 67 tons. All around are battle flags and statues of victory and in the floor is a laurel wreath wrought in costly mosaic. Above the door of the crypt is the following inscription, taken from the will of Napoleon: "I desire that my ashes may repose upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have ever loved." Within the same building are also buried Duroc and Bertrand, and Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. Standing beside this solemn crypt, with the gorgeous light from the stained glass windows shedding an almost supernatural glory over the scene, and gazing down upon the massive sarcophagus which contains all the mortal remains of this mighty conqueror, his wondrous history comes back to us, and while the folly of human ambition is made more evident, our admiration for the genius and ability of this remarkable man increases. We see him, a subaltern from Corsica, rising by his own ability, until, crowned by his own hand, he is seated on the throne of France. We see him in Egypt, electrifying his army with these words: "Soldiers! from the summit of the pyramids forty centuries are looking upon you." We see him at the bridge of of Lodi, leading at the head of his troops the desperate charge. All over Europe his eagles were borne and the echoes of his cannon were heard, until, crushed by the united strength of a continent, this interloper, this man of the people, fell. His rise and fall and the subsequent history of France contain lessons for the nations.

A short distanse from the Hotel des Invalides—which, by the way, was founded by Louis XIV as a home for old soldiers and contains accommodations for about 5000 pensioners—is the Military School, facing on the northwest the Champs de Mars, a broad open field now used as a parade ground, but where the exposition of 1878 was held. Just across the Seine is the Palace of the Trocadero, the only permanent building erected for the exhibition. It is in the form of a semicircle, facing the river, and is occupied by various art museums, ethnological collections, etc. Nearly north of the Trocadero is the Arc de Triomphe, at the northwest end of the Champs Elysées. This massive arch, 160 feet high, the finest of its kind in the world, was dedicated by Napoleon I to the glory of the French army, but was completed in 1836 by Louis Philippe. Its location is one of the most commanding in Paris, and from its summit a fine view is obtained. From its base radiate twelve great avenues or boulevards, broad and roomy, with rows of trees on either side. A half mile to the west, beyond the fortifications, is the famous Bois de Boulogne, a forest of 2500 acres, which has several times been cut down, the last time in 1871, but the kind hand of Nature is rapidly restoring the wood to its former beauty.

The Avenue des Champs Elysées is a little more than a mile in length from the great arch to the Place de la Concorde, and with its surroundings is unequaled as a pleasure resort. On either side are promenades, shaded walks, flower gardens, fountains, merry-go-rounds for the children, cafés chantants or open air concerts, and every imaginable form of amusement, which, with the crowd of gay equipages, riders and pedestrians make it on summer afternoons and evenings the pleasure resort of the world, and give to the tourist an opportunity of studying to good advantage the peculiar features of Parisian out-door life.

Of the churches of Paris the Cathedral of Notre Dame, located on an island in the river, is entitled to the first mention. It was founde in 1163 on the site of a temple to Jupiter and is a little over 400 feet in length with a nave 110 feet high. The exterior is especially pleasing, the three stories of the façade, with richly sculptured portals below, the statues of the French kings above, surmounted by a gallery of pointed arches, and the twin towers rising over all, producing a very fine effect, but the interior hardly sustains expectation. The stained glass windows are of great richness, however, and the great rose window, 42 feet in diameter, is one of the finest in the world. The massive columns of the nave present the peculiar feature of Gothic alternating with the circular. In 1792 the church was converted into a Temple of Reason. Near Notre Dame and also on the island is the Palais de Justice and in one of the courts is Sainte Chapelle, a small Gothic building of wondrous beauty, regarded as the finest specimen of the Gothic in France.

Beyond the Seine and near the Luxembourg palace is the Pantheon, or church of St. Genevieve, the protectress of the city. It occupies a commanding position and is one of the finest architectural structures in Paris. Its groups of statuary are especially fine. Nearly east of the Pantheon, on the south bank of the Seine, is the Jardin des Plantes, containing a fine collection of flowers and plants, as well as a menagerie and valuable museums of anatomy, zoölogy, botany, geology, etc.

North of the Seine and near the Place de la Concorde, is the church of the Madeleine, a classical structure, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens. Its colonnades and porticoes are very striking in appearance. Near by is the Place Vendome, with the Vendome Column, erected by Napoleon I in honor of victories over the Austrians and Russians. More than 1200 captured cannon were used in its construction to furnish the bronze plates with which the core of masonry is covered. In general apperance, it is not unlike Trajan's column at Rome. It was thrown down by the Communists of 1871, but has since been re-erected and the shattered statue of the great Emperor restored.

As is to be expected, Paris has no lack of theatres and other places of amusement, but the Grand Opera is the only one which claims especial attention. This is the largest and most magnificent theatre building in the world, and cost $9,000,000. The exterior is adorned with numerous allegorical groups of statuary, and the decorations of the interior, with the grand staircase, surpass any other modern structure.

Of the numerous points of interest in the vicinity of Paris, the palace and gardens of Versailles, with their vast collections of historic paintings and their wonderful fountains, and the Abbey Church of St. Denis, for centuries the burial place of French royalty, were the only ones visited by us.

Months instead of days should be given to Paris, but as our time was limited, we were obliged to pass hastily over many points of interest and leave almost untouched many things which under more favorable circumstances should receive greater attention.

From Paris our trip was an uneventful one. We went by train to Dieppe, thence across the channel to Newhaven and on to London and thence to Liverpool, where we again took the good ship City of Chicago, of the Inman Line, and after a pleasant but somewhat rough voyage, reached our native land and home in safety, with broader views of the world and humanity and a better appreciation of the blessings we here enjoy.

In closing this series of letters we feel like thanking those friends who have followed us so patiently week after week in all of our wanderings. We have felt, painfully at times, the disadvantage under which we labored in attempting to give in correspondence written amid the bustle and changing scenes of travel, any satisfactory idea of the lands beyond the sea; but if the broken, disjointed and fragmentary descriptions we have been able to present, shall be the means of arousing in the hearts of those who have read them a better appreciation of this beautiful world in which we are permitted to live, and of stimulating in the minds of the young a desire to know more by study and travel of its wondrous history and present condition, then these letters have not been written in vain.

Farewell, CHAS. L. NOBLE.

OUR LETTER FROM BROADBRIM.

Hotel Transformations—Reminiscences of Fisk, Gould and Stokes—From the shadow of the Gallows to the Ownership of the Hoffman House—Close of the Heated Term—Politics.

NEW YORK, September 27, 1884.

EDITOR CHIEF:

A traveler passing along Madison Square looking in at the different hotels could not fail to notice the extraordinary change that has taken place there in the last two years. Two years ago the Fifth Avenue hotel, which was always respectable, was comparatively a plain house—that is to say, while the traveler could find there every substantial comfort that a reasonable man could look for, there was but little of what fashionable noodles call style, but plenty of what sensible people call comfort. But as I said, a change has come over us, and now "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto one of these."

When Ed. Stokes was released from State prison he started for Leadville, and there in the flush time discovered the goose that laid the *silver* eggs, and secured the eggs and the goose too. Though he might not be fortunate in his love affairs, he inherited the Stokes' financiering ability, and they were a race of money getters, and what they got they kept. The family was one of the most respectable in the city, and ranked with the old blue blood. They have been merchant princes and bankers for several generations, and occasionally they have furnished an eminent lawyer and preacher, but most of the Stokes were merchants or financiers, and they were almost universally successful. The first great shadow that fell across the family pathway was one afternoon several years ago when New York was startled with the intelligence that Jim Fisk had been shot. It is not often that the death of any man in a great city like ours makes much impression on the passing hour. The tide is too mighty and the current too swift for one man's life to be of much account in its daily record, where hundreds die. But Jim Fisk was not an ordinary man. From a peddler's wagon in five years he had worked his way up to the head of one of the greatest railroad corporations in the world, and he then deliberately sat down to plunder it. What mystic influence was it that drew him to an insignificant little man, between him and whom it would seem there never could be anything in common?

This little man was Jay Gould—a name destined to be heard in financial circles throughout the world; a name before which Bulls and Bears should tremble in the zenith of their power; a name to conjure as with a magician's spell, and which in its day should represent a vaster railroad interest than any other man on this great globe, among the living or the dead.

Nothing could be conceived more opposite than these two men. Fisk was an obese giant, turning the scale at 278 and sometimes reaching near 300. Gould was an attenuated anatomy, scarcely reaching 95 pounds and who considered himself corpulent at 100. Fisk was a debauchee, a spendthrift and a rake. Mr. Gould was a pattern of conjugal continence; he loved his home, and when not engaged in making money was generally to be found there. Fisk a loud mouthed braggart and a boaster, telling everybody what he was going to do. Gould seldom if ever spoke of his affairs and never trusted any one with the secrets of his business. Fisk delighted in good chums and good suppers, and was never so happy as when surrounded by a dozen harlots and a few friends as loose as himself; he indulged in those costly and lavish feasts at which New York stood aghast fourteen or fifteen years ago. The fact was, that we were rushing headlong to shame and degradation, when suddenly the pistol of Ed. Stokes awakened us from our dream. What depth of infamy we would have reached if it had not been for that, God only knows, for in the wake of this notorious man were following thousands and thousands of young men who were led to believe that money was the "Open Sesame" to every good thing. The Ninth Regiment of War Veterans had disgraced itself by making this poltroon its Colonel—a man who had never seen a battle and knew no more about the duties of a soldier than a horse. On the Fourth of July, before his death, Tammany Hall had received him with open arms, and standing beside the great Sagamore Tweed, Jim Fisk made his first and last public speech, but the pistol of Ed. Stokes dissolved the firm of Fisk & Gould, and henceforth Gould, as the Man of Destiny, was doomed to tread the wine press alone.

For two mortal years of agony Ed. Stokes stood under the shadow of the scaffold. Twice the sentence of the courts was affirmed, and twice the gallows was erected on which he was to swing. Once only a few short hours seemed to intervene between him and a shameful death. No wonder that his hair turned white as snow when he thought of the priceless treasure he had thrown away forever for a harlot's smile. But his lucky star was in the ascendant. The Court of Appeals gave him a new trial. The grade of his crime was changed from murder in the first degree to the third. He served his term out, made another fortune in Leadville and returned to New York. Many people, circumstanced as Ed. Stokes was, would have avoided observation, but he did not; he sought it in the most public place in the city, and took the Hoffman House, just above the Fifth Avenue Hotel. His first attempt at notoriety was his barroom, which was admitted to be one of the most magnificent in the city. Costly statuary, magnificent bronzes, rare articles of vertu and ornaments, met you at every turn, and finally New York was amazed at the purchase of a Bongerou—the price was said to be $40,000. No such picture had ever been seen in America before, and there are few such in the world. It is not such a picture as one would like to see in any public gallery (and I believe it was denied a place in the Grand Salon at Paris), but it is a marvel of art and has drawn thousands of visitors to Ed. Stokes' bar. All the appointments are costly and rich, and it is the central place in town where you can meet all the fast young men—fellows who drive their fast cracks on Harlem Lane, antiquated rovers who take their sherry and egg, and sporting men from all parts of the country who drop in to chat and get the latest tips from Jay I See or Maud S. When the Fifth Avenue Hotel began its alterations, Ed. Stokes waited till they had finished and then went them one better. I dropped into the Hoffman the other day and was struck with wonder at the change. It is the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee, but there is nothing Democratic about it. Gold, gold, gold, is around you everywhere; rich armoirs, carvings, frescoes and everything else on a scale of lavish extravagance, wonderful to behold. As far as display is concerned the Fifth Avenue Hotel and every other town is distanced and eclipsed. Who will be the next aspirant for fame? I know not, but in the midst of all this bewildering beauty, Ed. Stokes stalks about, a spectre gloom seeming to hang on him like a pall. Perhaps it is the shadow of the gallows, the memory of which will not pass away. If so, I do not envy him all his splendid surroundings.

The intense heat which made us think that the earth's crust was growing thinner and that a possible volcano was under New York, has passed away. It was dreadful. It was calculated to exercise a wholesome influence on sinners, for they said if it is as hot as this here, what must it be in Gehanna (*latest translation*), but it did not. I heard more profanity in those five days than I usually hear in an average three months; but a change has come, delightful and refreshing, and now we are fairly launched into the pleasant fall. Business is improving, notwithstanding the roar of the coming election.

Both parties are now fairly in the field and each day sees increased activity at the different headquarters. Tammany has spoken, but there are many here who think it is not much of a speech after all. The great body of the people here are in as much of a fog as they were before the pronunciamento. Few people here take much stock in Tammany's declaration, and it is the belief of those who know the leaders best that Tammany will knife Cleveland at the polls.

Patrick Egan's letter to the Nebraska editor has caused immense sensation. The Independents, though few, are working like beavers and asking themselves "What will the Harvest be." Answer—Nix. Their grain has fallen on the rock and the winds blew it away. They are a lot of weak sisters.

Stocks and oils are still on the ragged edge.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

OUR GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

A small piece of Washington's coffin will grace the Exposition.

A man with a wooden leg is one of the most expert bicyclists in Salem, Or.

A slight earthquake occurred September 20, which shook five of the Northern States.

There are to be 500 incandescent lights used in refitting the St. Louis custom-house.

There were *just* fourteen people present at a Butler mass-meeting in Jersey City recently.

Dan Rice is to organize a stupendous entertainment for the World's Exposition at New Orleans.

The illuminations used on the St. Louis streets during the Veiled Prophet procession cost $15,000.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has a piece of amber three inches square in which a small fish is inclosed which cost $4800.

The Nevada railway company has agreed to pay $320 a head for the killing of eleven Chinamen in a recent collision.

Two girl children at Ottowa, Kan., beat a little half brother to death, saying they hated him. They were held for murder.

A New York beer shop keeper gives a sacred concert in his saloon every Sunday evening, at which the usual traffic is carried on.

The thirty-year-old daughter of J. J. Drake, a rich man of Rye, New Jersey, ran off with a handsome twenty-year-old coachman whom her father had raised.

Harry Kislingbury, son of Lieut. Kislingbury, who lost his life in the Greely expedition, has been appointed a cadet at large to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The seventeenth incendiary fire within forty-eight hours occurred at Cleveland, September 27, burning 1,000,000 feet of lumber and entailing a loss of $20,000.

"Jerry" McAuley, the ex-prize-fighter, who was converted in Sing Sing and has since devoted his time and energies to missionary work in New York City, died there at the age of forty-five.

Mr. Sickles, who provided for his daughter in his will to the amount of $300,000 says he will not disinherit her, and intends setting her butcher husband up in the grocery business.

Rugg, the Maybee murderer, has made another ineffectual attempt to escape. He had constructed a murderous weapon of tin foil from packages of chewing tobacco fastened to a thick piece of wood, and weighing over three pounds.

FOREIGN.

Russia is about to build two ironclads at Sebastopol.

The Empress of Russia, who has the finest tea in the world, has an amber tea service.

Nillson has signed a contract with Col. Mapleson to sing in England and America for $2400 a night.

A sanguinary outbreak occurred in the jail at Mandalay in which several hundred convicts were killed.

The Princess Dolgorouki and family of three children, with a numerous suite, are living in a private villa at Lucerne.

The Shah of Persia has presented the municipality of Paris with two camels of variety no larger than Shetland ponies.

President Grevy will curtail his vacation to preside at the next Cabinet council when the Chinese and Egyptian question comes up.

Father Bilimek, confessor to the Emperor Maximilian and a distinguished naturalist, died at Maximilian's Castle, near Trieste, Austria.

An English Lord has had to come all the way from India to be present at a breach of promise suit brought against him by a burlesque actress.

WAR NOTES.

Half the population of Berber joined the rebels during the siege.

Gordon has issued a paper currency in which his soldiers are paid.

Chinese laborers at Hong Kong are compelled to assist in unloading French vessels.

Hong Kong would be utterly helpless in the event of the French landing on South Island.

China has paid £11,400 indemnity for losses suffered by German residents at Canton.

Additional letters have been received from Gordon via Massowah, dated at various points in April and July.

Admiral Courbet says nothing short of a march upon Pekin and actual occupation of the Chinese capital by the French troops will suffice to compel the government of China to accept the demand by the French government. He was to recommence operations in Chinese waters after the 1st of October.

At a meeting of the Blaine and Logan Campaign Club of Plaquemine, La., held Thursday before last, the subjoined resolutions, reported by a committee composed of Messrs. Wm. L. Roche, Edward Desobry, S. B. Camp and Chas. O. Lauve, were unanimously adopted:

1. That we, the Blaine and Logan club of the parish of Iberville, consider it the true interest of our State and our country that we should cast our votes for the nominees of the Republican party.

2. That we endorse the Republican platform, because of its protective planks.

3. That we denounce with our might the methods used by the Democratic party throughout our State to achieve success, and we pledge our honor and ability to prevent fraud in the coming election.

4. That we earnestly call upon our fellow parishoners, irrespective of past party affiliations, to unite with us in our efforts to carry our parish for Blaine and Logan and establish a party whose motto shall be "a free ballot and a fair count."

5. We advocate a protection on industries, and for our labor throughout the land.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the *Picayune*, *Protectionist* and CHIEF.

The State Board of Education will hold a special meeting at Baton Rouge the first Monday of October for the purpose of receiving propositions from the various towns and cities of the State for the location of the State Normal School as provided for by Act No. 51 of 1884. Alexandria will make a determined effort to secure the institution. The place offering the best and most liberal inducements will capture the prize.