The Ouachita Telegraph.

VOLUME XIII. MONROE, LOUISIANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1877. NUMBER 8.

THE TELEGRAPH:

Published every Friday.

AT MONROE, OUACHITA PARISH, LA.

G. W. McCRANIE,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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ADVANCE RATES:

One copy, one year,.....3,00
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Advertisements will be inserted at one dollar and fifty cents per square (one inch of space or less) for the first, and seventy-five cents for each subsequent insertion, for any time under one month. For longer periods as follows:

NUMBER SQ'RES.	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
One	$3 50	$ 6	$ 8	$ 11	$ 15
Two	6 50	10	13	20	25
Three	10 00	15	17	25	35
Four	13 00	20	23	32	45
Five	15 00	25	27	40	50
Ten (½ col.)	26 00	40	50	70	90
Fifteen (¾ col.)	40 00	55	70	90	130
Twenty-one (1 c.)	50 00	70	85	125	175

Cards of a *personal character*—when admissible—will be charged double our regular advertising rates.

Obituary and Marriage notices will be charged as advertisements.

Any person sending us five new cash subscribers, at the same post-office, will be entitled to a copy of THE TELEGRAPH gratis for one year.

ADVERTISING REGULATIONS.

Transient advertisements must be paid for in *advance*.

All advertisements sent to this office when not otherwise ordered, will be inserted "till forbid" and *charged accordingly*.

Editorial business notices will be made, free of charge, of all advertisements ordered in the paper; for other editorial notices a charge of 25 cents per line will be made.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Robt. J. Caldwell,

LAWYER, MONROE, LA.
Jan. 25, 1873. 19:tf

R. C. COBB. A. A. GUNBY.

Cobb & Gunby,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MONROE, LA.
Aug. 2, 1873, 40 tf.

Dr. Wm. Saindel

TENDERS his services as Physician and Surgeon, to the public. He can be found upon his plantation, four miles below Monroe. March 11, 1874. 25-1y

I. B. White.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
417 PINE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.
☞ Purchases attended to free of charge.
St. Louis, July 1, 1876. 1y.

Dr. R. C. Strother,

OFFERS his services to the citizens of Monroe and vicinity. Office: Corner of Grand and Wood streets, on bank of the river. August 21, 1877. v8-n41

FRANK P. STUBBS. JNO. S. STONE.

Stubbs & Stone,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Monroe, La., Office in Henry Kindermann's building, upstairs, on DeSiard street.
October 2, 1874. tf.

Dr. T. P. Richardson

OFFERS his services in the different branches of his profession to the citizens of Monroe and surrounding country. Office, on Jackson Street, adjoining Methodist Church. May 29, 1874. tf

Dr. Thos. Y. Aby,

MONROE, LA.,

OFFICE on DeSiard street, at the intersection of First, in the rear room of building formerly occupied by A. J. Keller.
January 5, 1876, 1y

Dr. A. B. Sholars.

MONROE, LA.,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Monroe. Office in his Drug Store on DeSiard street.
September 24, 1875. 1y.

Dr. S. C. Murphy,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of the town and country surrounding. He may be found, when not professionally engaged, either at his office corner of Grand and Wood streets, on bank of the river, or at his residence in rear of the Ouachita House.
August 24, 1877. v8-n41

R. WILLIS RICHARDSON. ROB'T RICHARDSON.

R. W. & R. Richardson.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Monroe, La., practice in all the Parishes of North Louisiana, in the Supreme Court at Monroe, the Federal Courts, and in the Land Office Department of the General Government.
June 22, 1872. 40-tf

Dentistry.

DR. S. L. BRACEY, Dentist, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Monroe and surrounding country. Having an experience of fourteen years in the practice, he feels confident of giving satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Is willing to warrant all work. Office at residence on Jackson street, near the Female Academy, Monroe, La.
v7-mar16:1y

TALBOT STILLMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MONROE, LA.

Will practice in the Parish and District Courts of North Louisiana. Will attend these courts in person.

Will give special attention to Land Office matters connected with the Land Office at Monroe.

Will give to all business immediate attention and abundant care.

Will answer all communications with the least possible delay.

August 10, 1877. 1y

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DANIEL T. HEAD,

TRENTON, LA.,

RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Dealer in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
HARDWARE, IRON, CASTINGS,
BAGGING, TIES, WAGONS
CARTS, BUGGIES, ROCKAWAYS,
COOKING STOVES, FURNITURE,
AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES
Of all kinds.

Liberal advances made on Cotton, in cash and supplies. Trenton, Sept. 29, 1875. n2:1y

JAMES REYNOLDS,

STEAM MARBLE SAW MILLS

AND DEPOT OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE,
Water St. to New Levee St.,
River Front, bet. Washington Av. & 6th St.
OFFICE AND WAREROOMS,
Nos. 160 to 166 Poydras Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Respectfully announces to the citizens of North Louisiana that he has appointed Mr. RICHARD FULLAM of Monroe, La., his representative and agent for the sale of all articles in his line of business. And having a large and varied stock of Manufactured Monuments, Tombs, Mantles and Head Stones, Vases, Urns and every description of Ornamental Cemetery Work of the latest and most elegant designs, constantly on hand, and employing a full corps of experienced artists, is at all times ready to execute orders in a prompt and satisfactory manner upon terms that will defy competition.

Any information that may be required will be promptly and cheerfully furnished by Mr. Fullam, and all orders through him will receive especial attention.
Aug. 24, 1877. —6ms

OFFICE SALOON,

GRAND STREET, MONROE, LA.

[Established 1867.]

The Proprietor assures his many friends and customers that he will constantly keep on hand the finest and best brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

All of which will be served with promptness and politeness.

A. J. KELLER, Proprietor.
October 6, 1877. 1y

REDUCED PRICES.

Look out for the

LITTLE BARBER SHOP

Around the corner, next to D. A. Breard,

B. MITCHELL, Proprietor.

Hair-cutting, 35c; Shaving, 15c; Shampooing, 35c. Oct. 12, 1877.

NEW

SADDLER SHOP,

MONROE, LA.

Saddles and Harness made to order on short notice.

WM. HARRIS
Monroe, La., November 24, 1876.

WAGONS! WAGONS!

Twenty-five Two and Four-Horse Iron-Axle Wagons, made by the celebrated Studbaker Manufacturing Co., just received and for sale at the lowest market rates by FRED ENDOM.
October 3, 1873.—3:tf

TRANSPORTATION.

VICKSBURG, SHREVEPORT

AND

TEXAS RAIL ROAD.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER & SUPERINTENDENT.
Monroe, April 4, 1877.

On and after Saturday, 7th instant, trains on this Road will run as follows:

Leave Monroe daily at .....8.00 A. M.
Arrive at Monroe.....5.00 P. M.

Close connection made at Vicksburg with trains of Vicksburg & Meridian R. R., for points North and East, and for New Orleans—at Delta with Steamboats for all landings on the Mississippi River.

J. W. GREEN,
Receiver and Superintendent.
May 21, 1876.—

NEW ORLEANS

AND

OUACHITA RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

THE STEAMER

"*ACME*,"

J. B. SULLIVAN, Master.

Leaves Monroe every week, connecting with through New Orleans boat during the entire low-water season.

L. W. SURGHNOR, Agent,
August 17, 1877. Monroe, La.

NORTH LOUISIANA STAGE LINE.

TIME, FARE
AND RATE OF FREIGHT SCHEDULE.

Arrive	Depart		Fare	Freight over 20 lbs per 100
6 p.m.	6 a.m.	Monroe.....		
5 "	7 "	Trenton.....	.25	.25
2 "	10 "	Forksville	1.25	1.00
6 a.m.	5 p.m.	Vienna	3.00	2.00
2 "	11 "	WalnutCr'k	4.50	2.50
12 p.m.	12 "	Arcadia	5.00	2.50
9 "	3 a.m.	Mt. Lebanon	8.00	3.00
4 "	7 "	Minden	8.00	4.00
10 a.m.	12 m.	Fillmore	9.00	5.00
6 "	4 p.m.	Shreveport	10.00	6.00

Freight and passengers registered at the office at the Monroe House.

J. D. EMERSON,
Aug. 24, 1877. Superintendent.

COTTON FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH.

[St. Louis Republican.]

Mobile is making a strong move in the right direction. The citizens there have organized a cotton factory company; bought a lot and buildings for $4,000 which a few years ago could not have been purchased for three times the sum; bought in New England machinery for $9,000 which originally cost $30,000; and with an additional outlay of less than $4,000 will have a factory of 1,344 spindles, capable of consuming 800 bales of cotton annually. Thus $50,000 worth of cotton will be replaced by $100,000 worth of yarn—the profit remaining in Mobile—and employment furnished for at least 200 laborers.

If iron mills are always placed as near as possible to iron mines, why should cotton factories be a thousand miles away from cotton fields? And yet this is precisely what has been done in America. That portion of the cotton crop which is not taken up by foreign markets is sent to New England to be manufactured. There are many reasons, unnecessary to name, why this most awkward way of doing business has been continued until now, but no reason why it should continue any longer. The cotton-producing States may just as well have the two profits as the one; the profit derived from the production of the raw material, and the profit derived from converting it into salable articles. And they will have them, sooner or later. To transport Southern cotton to New England to be turned into yarn or cloth, is just as ridiculous as would be the transportation of New England logs to the South to be worked up into lumber. Of course large capital is needed for the establishment and carrying on of cotton factories, and the South at present has very little money for such investments. But the money will come. Now that slavery is dead and buried, and their political troubles are at an end, foreign capital will flow into the Southern States, and among the first things it will take hold of will be cotton manufacture. Twenty-five years hence there will be more cotton manufactories south of the Potomac than north. The irresistible, inexorable laws of trade will compel the transfer. The New England factory owners see the change that is awaiting them, and are preparing to meet it by seeking other branches of commercial enterprise. They do not expect to resist what they know to be inevitable. Meanwhile, we hope the Mobile experiment will be sufficiently successful to encourage similar efforts elsewhere in the same section.

WAS SHE A MAN OR WAS HE A WOMAN?

The Question Settled.

Among the prisoners who arrived at the Penitentiary last Saturday was an individual whose patronymic struck every one as being somewhat singular, it being no less than Ben Jane Jones and the person hailed from the parish of Caddo. Jones had resided in that parish ever since the year of our Lord 1863, and up to the time of being sent to our noble State Institution, wore the garments particularly appertaining to the feminine sex. Jones left Alexandria in 1863 as a camp follower, remaining with the Federal troops until they went up to Shreveport to close terms for the final surrender. While there, Jones always passed for a woman and was often wooed for a partner by many of the gay young colored gallants of that city, but Jones was shy, and could not be made to understand the meaning of the honorable title of "wife," though frequently importuned by many who were fain to have her share their name and fortunes.

After enjoying the hospitalities of the gay metropolis of Shreveport for some time, Jones thought the chances were ripe for a first-class larceny and Jones took advantage of the propitious moment. Jones was suspected from certain little facts here and there and Jones was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to six months in the penitentiary. In the course of human events, Jones reached his final destination and was duly entered upon the books of that institution as Ben Jane Jones, a woman, of course, and an order for private apartments as such. Now, there comes a slight hiatus in the history of Ben Jane Jones. Somehow or other peace did not exactly prevail among the feminine inmates of that gloomy receptacle, and an investigation was ordered. Jones pretended all the time that he did not belong to one sex or the other, although claiming to be of the feminine gender as near as possible, and in reality, there was no seeming cause to doubt his asseverations. The voice was feminine, the walk, actions and general deportment, all substantiated the fact, still there was "dole in Astolat." A physician was called in and to the intense dismay of the whole college of penitentiary benefactors, it was discovered that Ben Jane Jones was a full fledged man! What a fall was there, my countrymen! Astonishment is no name for it—everybody charged around like mad at the singular equivoque of gender and a change in the sleeping apartment of Mr. Jones was immediately ordered, and is still rigidly maintained. Now, a question or two naturally arises. If Jones was tried as a woman—sentenced as a woman—conveyed to prison as a woman, are not there one or more loopholes in the law by which he can escape? A woman cannot be tried for a crime as a man, nor a man be tried for the crime of a woman!

As we go to press the excitement is not a whit abated in the minds of the penitentiary employes, and there is some talk about looking after the officers of the court in Shreveport, who charged, arrested and sentenced Mr. Jones as a man committed. Fun for Shreveport but chagrin for the penitentiary officers.—*Baton Rouge Advocate.*

DOWN IN A SILVER MINE.

[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.]

Those who have never inspected the lower levels of our mines may obtain some idea of the degree of heat to be found therein by visiting the Savage works at the change of shafts. The men, packed together as close as they can stand on the cage, are popped up out of the shaft all steaming hot, for all the world like a bunch of asparagus just lifted from the pot. They make their appearance in a cloud of steam that pours up continuously from the "depths profound," and are dimly seen until they step forth upon the floor of the works. As the men land and separate, each man carries with him for half a minute his little private cloud of vapor. As this passes off the man is seen to be naked from the waist up, his skin as wet as though he had just been lifted out of a pool of water. The men bring up with them, besides the steam, an amount of heat that may be felt by the spectator as they pass.

All this is at the top of the shaft, where it is considered quite cool; what, then, must it be hundreds of feet below, where the men started from, down where the water stands at 157 degrees Fahrenheit? Down there no steam is seen—it is too hot for it. It is only when the hot, moist air coming up from the lower regions strikes the cool air toward the top of the shaft that it takes the form of steam. Down there where the men come from you must keep your hands off the pump column and the pipes, and if you pick up any iron tool you will at once put it down without being told to do so. Down there they handle things with gloves on, or wrap rags about the drills they are guiding and iron apparatus they are moving, and down there, too, you will learn to keep your mouth shut after you have drawn a few mouthfuls of hot air into your lungs.

Perspire! It is no name for it. You are like a sponge that is being squeezed. You are ready to believe that you have ten million pores to every square inch of surface, or as many more as any authority may mention, and that all these pores are as big as the cells of a honey-comb. You go for ice water and it almost seems to hiss as it passes down your throat. You keep going for it, and thus, in a short time, find out what becomes of the tons and tons of ice that are daily consumed in the mines. Remain below among the miners for an hour or two, and when you are finally popped out at the top of the shaft, all red-hot and steaming among the other asparagus sprouts, you will appreciate the beauty, the light and the coolness of the upper world.

TILDEN SPEAKS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The reception to Samuel J. Tilden to-night was a great success. Mr. Tilden was introduced by Hon. Augustus Schell, and spoke about half an hour. After thanking the Young Men's Democratic Club for the courtesy extended to him, he expressed the belief that the Democratic State ticket would be elected, and gave it his strong indorsement.

For the first time since the Presidential election he launched into the question of national politics and spoke in no uncertain tones. He said that the decision of the Returning Board was a robbery from the people of one of their dearest rights—the right of self-government—and had done much to belittle the American Republic.

The fraud never could have been perpetrated in the days of the fathers of our constitution. Such action would have been impossible, and it would be equally impossible in the future. The American people would never condone the offense committed against them, and, for himself, he would labor to the end of his life to restore the purity of this government.

They were what the world calls "engaged," and they were going to visit some of her relatives thirty miles distant. Two railroads ran to the home of the latter, they were undecided which one to take. "There is a long, dark tunnel on the Q——road isn't there?" she innocently asked. He said there was. "And none on the B—— line?" she further inquired. He said there was not. "Then let us go by way of the Q—— road," she softly murmured. And they went.—*Norristown Herald.*

One of our agricultural exchanges comes forward with the statement that what hens need, and must have, is shade; and they won't lay worth a cent unless they have it. When our learned poulterers will have agreed that this settles the great hen question, we will petition Congress to give every hen in the United States a parasol.—*Hawkeye.*

GILMAN THE FORGER.

The New York Broker, in a Convict's Garb, Behind the Iron Bars of Sing Sing Prison.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Wm. C. Gilman, the New York insurance scrip forger, who was sentenced on Friday, by Recorder Hackett, to five years' imprisonment in the State prison, was taken to Sing Sing on Saturday. In the bleak receiving-room, when Gilman entered, there were the six other convicts who had been brought up handcuffed. Gilman quietly awaited orders. He looked quickly at the other convicts, but without any appearance of repulsion. "Fold your arms; stand in line, with your faces to the wall," said the clerk. The men ranged themselves in line. Next to Gilman stood a negro who was under sentence for larceny. Gilman stood at the end of the line nearest the clerk, and the first inquiries were put to him: "What is your name?" "William C. Gilman." "How old are you?" "Forty-three years." "What is your business?" "A broker." "Where were you born?" "Norwich, Connecticut." "Have you ever been arrested before?" "I have never been arrested at all." "What!" he exclaimed, looking up at Gilman in astonishment. "I have never been arrested at all," Gilman quietly replied. "Never been arrested!" said the now bewildered clerk. "Then how comes it that you are here?" To this question Gilman made no reply, as it was a question that the clerk was not authorized to ask. The convicts were then taken into the state-room to be shaved and have their hair cut. But as Gilman's face is smooth and his hair closely trimmed, he was passed by, but was kept in the room until the other convicts were attended to by the barber. Then he was taken to the bath with the others, and after he had removed his clothing it was taken away. By the side of the bath-tub lay the coarse, striped prison clothing, which was put on after the bath had been finished. During all this Gilman showed no feeling, and, excepting that there wat a set look upon his face, seemed unchanged. In the yard the seven convicts in their striped clothing were placed in Indian file, Gilman at the head. Next to Gilman a negro was placed. "Put your hands on the shoulders of the man in front of you," said the keeper. The negro put his hands on Gilman's shoulders. "Now march, keeping step." They marched a few paces, halted, turned, and marched back again. This drill was kept up for about half an hour, and although Gilman had not eaten anything since an early hour his step did not flag. His conduct made a good impression on the prison officers. When this drill was ended, Gilman and the others were taken to their cells. Thus the Pine-street broker began his prison life.

A LUCKY GOLD MINER.

The richest strike made in this country for many years, and as rich perhaps as was ever made, we here have the pleasure of recording. A. O. Bell, commonly called "Pike" Bell, who, with his family, has lived for many years on Bald Hill, a few miles North of Auburn, as many know, is a dauntless prospector. Though occasionally making a strike of some considerable importance in the past, he has managed, like most modern prospectors, to keep poor. Last winter, in particular, he was in very straitened circumstances, and having no money, and the merchants refusing to credit him, he offered his only horse, worth about $50, for $10, that he might buy bread for his children, and failing in his efforts to sacrifice his horse, he pawned a ring from his wife's finger to obtain the necessaries of life. Day by day he continued his searches for the glittering treasure, and whether the passing day had revealed a color or not, his spirits were always jubilant, apparently kept up by the hope that seemed never to have deserted him—of doing better on the morrow. At last the lucky day came.

It was about three weeks ago when, hunting around over the hills, he struck his pick into a little mound which resembled somewhat in appearance anthill, and to his delight he unearthed some pieces of decomposed quartz, attached to which were some colors of gold. Encouraged at this prospect, he began to sink his new load, and was rewarded by finding more or less gold at every stage of descent. Last Saturday he had reached a depth of about thirty feet, and had taken out in sinking that far rock estimated to be worth about $1,500. The rock being extremely rotten, or what is called by quartz miners decomposed, he had with little effort pounded out in a mortar enough to pay expenses as he progressed. He had hired men to assist him in working the mine, and on last Monday morning they went to work as usual. The gouge, as we would call it, as it is too rotten to be properly called a ledge, was discovered by noon to have become suddenly richer. In the afternoon chunks of almost pure gold were taken out, and the decomposed stuff that filled the interstices between the rocks was so rich in gold that Pike began to wash it out with a pan. From three panfuls washed Monday afternoon he obtained gold estimated to be worth between $1,000 and $5,000.

That evening he came into town, and giving us a hint of what he had got, invited us to go and see it. On Tuesday afternoon, in company with Sheriff McCormic, we visited the mine. We found Bell with a pan of gold in his hands worth from $1,000 to $1,500, which he assured us all came from one pan of dirt. "But," said he, "if you don't believe it, I will wash another pan and show you." We told him to wash. The pan was sent down into the shaft and soon returned filled with a mass of muddy, rocky stuff that sparkled all over with pieces of gold. This was washed out and found to contain fully as much of the precious metal, if not more, than the one he had just finished panning when we arrived. On Wednesday evening Mr. Bell (it is "Mr." now—it was Pike before) informed us that he had taken out $10,000 in three pans that day; that he had taken out, all told, up to that time, between $30,000 and $35,000, and that he had and offer and was about to sell for $20,000. When asked his notion for selling, he said he would get away with about $50,000, and that was money enough for him.—*Placer (Cal.) Herald, June 24.*

WHAT WE WANT.

[Bossier Banner.]

We want three things, and then—we'll be happy. A railroad, immigration and a constitutional convention. The first we are likely to have, as Shreveport, the great commercial center of North Louisiana, has at last waked up from her "Rip Van Winkle" sleep, and is putting on her seven-leagued boots, and the rest of North Louisiana will keep step to her music.

The second is only waiting for the railroad, when they can "all take a ride," and such a peopling of our waste places it will then do all our hearts good to see. But, in the meantime, we must keep the outside world stirred up on the subject of the great advantages possessed by our section, to reward the labors of those who may make, or conclude to make, their homes among us.

But neither the railroad or immigration will do us all the good we need without a new constitution. Without it, the railroad will soon become Ludelingized, and the immigrants who may come from a free country will not feel at home. The constitution we now have was manufactured in the days of reconstruction, for the benefit of the fly-blown adventurers who then came South to pilfer and rob our people. But the day of our regeneration has at last come, and we want a new chart and compass to steer by. Moreover, we want a new deal all around, and a chance to make Louisiana's redemption perfect and complete.

Let us have the convention by all means.

Glancing at the ticket received for the boy traveling half fare as under twelve, he looked at him and then at his mother, then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half fare." "I know he is, sir," said the lady; "but he's grown a good deal since we started." When last seen, Sandy, the conductor of the noted slow train, was on his way to speak to the engineer about it.—*Pensacola Herald.*

When a small boy, with a prejudice against yellow dogs, observes an old oyster can in a condition of inactivity, he at once begins debating whether it was created to point a moral or adorn a tail. The dog gets the first news of the decision.—*Hartford Times.*

When President Hayes goes to Richmond, Va., he will be the guest of the Rev. Dr. Curry, a prominent Baptist clergyman and the President of Richmond College. President Hayes and Dr. Curry were chums at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

General Harlan is the third lawyer who has risen from the bar directly to the Supreme Bench. Justice Bradley and Senator Davis also enjoyed the distinction of stepping to the Supreme Bench without having filled a judicial position.

Blondin made a great fortune by his rope walking. A few years ago he went into the wine trade and lost all his money. Now he returns to his old business, and says he has a presentiment that he will lose his life by a fall.

The position of President Hayes is singular in respect that he is the first President that ever delivered his first message to a Congress that was not in political accord with the party that elected him.

A morning paper considers age woman's chief secret. True; woman keeps the secret, but age finally gives her away. She might better give herself away while she has the chance.—*Danbury News.*

A Michigan newspaper about as big as a pocket handkerchief attacks Alex. Stephens on one of his constitutional decisions. Nothing is too big for a flea to tackle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Among the many surmises as to what will become of the last man, it is queer that nobody has yet discovered that he is destined to be talked to death by the last woman.—*Press.*