Ouachita Telegraph.

MONROE, LA., NOVEMBER 2, 1877.

THE EFFECT OF A SILLY JOKE.

[Charlottesville Chronicle.]

Nearly a century ago there lived in the town of Charlottesville a young man who played a prominent part in society circles. He was an accomplished dancer, dressed in fashionable style, and was the central figure at balls and parties. Upon one of these festive occasions a wag who was present attached a bundle of rags to the coat tail of the youth, and with this absurd appearance to his otherwise faultless apparel, he went through the maze of the dance with the beautiful belles of the day. When he discovered the trick that had been played upon him, he was so deeply mortified that he ever afterward eschewed society and lived the life of a hermit. Abandoning the gay world he betook himself to a small building which stood on the site of the present residence of Mr. James Dolin, and commenced the sale of whisky. The door of his den was fastened with a log chain, and was never opened wider than was necessary to admit the quart bottle of a thirsty customer. At first he bought the liquor by the jug and retailed it by the pint, but as business grew brisk he purchased a barrel, and finally, when the price of whisky got down to twenty cents a gallon, he was enabled by his rapid accumulations to fill his cell.

He lived thus for many years, never leaving the premises in day light except at the May term of the county court, when he would emerge from his den, clothed in a drab swallow-tailed coat, reaching nearly to the ground, and a pair of leather breeches, walk to the court-house, procure his license, and return to his hole. After night he would visit the pump near the court-house, and some people said that on dark nights he would extend his walks into the country.

About forty years ago one rainy morning, when a customer knocked at the door of this singular individual, then an old man, there was no response. The door was forced open, and the solitary occupant was found to be dead. A committee of citizens was appointed to examine the premises. The cellar was found well stored with liquor, mellowed by age, and beneath the ground, buried in earthen crocks, $6000 in specie were brought to the surface. Probably, with a prophetic vision of broken Charlottesville banks, he was a hard money man in the strictest sense of the word.

A big log of wood, upon which the head of the miser rested, and a blanket, covering his stiffened limbs, constituted the furniture of the miser's home. His only ledger was a slate, upon which was found a statement of the amount of cash on hand, which tallied with the contents of the earthern jars. The name of the old man was John Yeargen. There are many of our citizens who remember him well, and whose mouths water when they think of the superior liquid refreshments purchased for $1 a gallon, through the crack in the miser's door. There were no Moffett balls to ring in Johnny Yeargen's time.

HUNTING A WILD HORSE.

[Omaha Herald.]

For several months a band of wild horses have been roaming over the plains in the vicinity of Pine Bluffs, forty miles east of here, drinking daily of the waters of Lodge Pole creek, a fine large stream near that place. The leader of the band is a large, elegantly proportioned, jet black stallion, with sweeping raven mane and tail, fiery eye, and majestic mien.

Five days ago a party of cattle herders decided to give chase to this wild monarch of the boundless plain, and mounting fresh and fleet steeds, set out upon his trail. They had arranged for frequent changes of animals, with the view of keeping him in that immediate vicinity, and wearing him out by giving him no rest.

The band of flyers was found, and then began the long and arduous struggle beteen men used to the ways of wild horses and cattle, skilled in every device of "cutting out," "rounding up," &c., and an untamed rover of the plains, full of subtle equine strategy, of wonderful speed and incalculable nerve, "bottom" and powers of endurance.

For five days and nights has the chase continued. Several of the horses have been killed by riding, but when our informant left Pine Bluffs yesterday morning the noble stallion was prancing around at the head of a band of tame horses, seemingly as fresh and vigorous as though he had never known fatigue. On the second day he was separated from his wild companions, and has since been kept away from them.

Mr. Cole, the leader of the pursuers, is confident that he will yet capture the magnificent steed, and propose to follow him to the end. Several wild horses have been captured in the vicinity during the past year.

The Bishop of Hereford, in England, was examining a school class the other day, and, among other things, asked what an average was. Several boys pleaded ignorance, but one at last replied. "It is what a hen lays on." This answer puzzled the Bishop not a little; but the boy persisted in it, stating that he had read it in his little book of facts. He was then told to bring the little book, and, on doing so, he pointed triumphantly to a paragraph commencing. "A domestic hen lays on an average fifty eggs each year."

Georgia is becoming celebrated as a breeding ground for choice stock. Her sheep and goats are being exported all all over the country.

THE SOURCE OF RED RIVER.

Up to 1852 the source of Red river was unknown; in that year Capt. R. B. Marcy made the discovery [illegible] Fort Belknap M[illegible] Little Ouachita, and descending that stream struck Red river and commenced ascending that stream. On the 16th he camped near the mouth of Cash creek, this being the point at which he was directed to commence his exploration. On June 2[illegible] they reached the Staked Plains, [illegible] considerably elevated above the rest of the surrounding country, with almost vertical sides, covered with a growth of dwarf cedars; and from the summit the country spreads out level as a plain as far as the eye can reach. Reaching the main south fork he ascended it, passing into the gorge of the great Llano Estacado. The lofty escarpments rose to a great height as they rode along the bed of the stream. Owing to its passing through a bed of gypsum the water was so [illegible] that many of the men became sick from drinking it.

In July they reached the source. This is a spring in the gorge of the Llano Estacado, and bursts out of its cavernous reservoir, leaping down the huge masses of rocks below, commencing its long journey to the Mississippi. This gigantic escarpment of sandstone rises to the height of 800 feet on each side, gradually closing until they were only a few yards apart, and finally uniting overhead, leaving a long, narrow corridor at the base, from whence came the head spring of the main branch of Red river, the water being clear and pure. From the head of this escarpment, leads a level plain which reaches in an uninterrupted desert to the mountains in New Mexico. The apparent elevation above [illegible] put at 2500 feet. By this exploration Capt. Marcy demonstrated that the source of Red river was from the Staked Plains, and not from the mountains, as many supposed.

THE MOFFETT REGISTER.

How It Works in Virginia.

[Worcester Press.]

There are hundreds of incidents consequent upon the advent of the new system of raising revenue in Virginia. One is worthy of mention here, and in this connection it must be noted that, singular as it may appear, the saloon keepers are bitterly opposed to the register. During the afternoon of the first day of the new system, R. M. T. Hunter, State Treasurer, dropped into a saloon and, leaning his elbows familiarly upon the bar, asked for a glass of beer. A party seated in the rear, discussing the merits or demerits of the register, narrowly observed the distinguished old gentleman and listened attentively for any expression relative to the instrument that might escape him. He sipped his beer and looked anxiously at the bartender, sipped it again and eyed the barman still more intently. Putting down his glass he remarked:

"You haven't punched."

"I know I haven't, Mr. Hunter," said the smiling dispenser of liquids.

"Haven't you got the Moffett register?" inquired the statesman.

"Oh, yes, sir," with a touch of sarcasm.

"I thought I didn't hear the bell," querulously remarked Virginia's Treasurer.

"Oh, no, Mr. Hunter, you did not," very emphatically.

"Why?" hesitatingly.

"Because you haven't paid me, Mr. Hunter."

This produced a laugh at the expense of the distinguished treasurer and chancler, who, after fumbling in his pocket, produced a doucier and planked it up. Whereupon the barkeeper, with a considerable flourish, turned his crank, sounded the gong, and announced, "Another half cent toward paying the debt of Virginia." Mr. Hunter beat a hasty retreat.

GWINE HOME.

"Doctor, is I got to go?"

"Aunt Liza, there is no hope for you."

"Bress de Great Marster for his goodness. Ise ready."

The doctor gave a few directions to the colored women that sat around Aunt Liza's bed, and started to leave, when he was recalled by the old woman who was sitting up with the corpse:

"Marse John, stay wid me till it's ober, I wants to talk ob de old times. I knowed you when a boy, long 'fore you went and bin a doctor. I called you Marse John den, I call you de same now. Take yo' old mammy's hand, honey, and hold it. Ise lived a long, long time. Ole marster and ole missus hab gone before, and de chillun from de big place is scattered ober de world. I'd like to see 'em 'fore I start on de journey to-night. My ole man's gone, and all de chillun I nussed at dis breast has gone, too. Dey's waitin' for dere mudder on de golden shore. I bress de Lord, Mars John, for takin' me to meet 'em dar. Ise fought de good fight, and Ise not afraid to meet de Savior. No mo' work for poor ole mammy, no mo' trials and tribulations—hold my hand tighter, Marse John. Farder — mudder — marster— missus—chillun—Ise gwine home."

The soul, while pluming its wings for the flight to the Great Beyond, rested on the dusky face of the sleeper, and the watchers with bowed heads wept silently. She was dead.

A farming exchange informs us "How to tell bad eggs." When an egg is bad a man doesn't want to tell it anything—he wants to get right away from it.—*Kansas Farmer.*

MONROE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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August 17, 1872. 48:tf

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The Bar will be found supplied with the very best of

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Lovers of Billiards will find two elegant tables ready at their command. Polite attention is guaranteed every customer, and the strictest order rigorously enforced at this saloon. G. W. PIERCE,

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J. E. PETERS.

Monroe, La., March 18, 1875. n26-tf

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NOW CLAIMS

YOUR SUPPORT

AND

YOUR GRATITUDE

THE SUN.

1877 ..... NEW YORK 1877

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