

The Ouachita Telegraph.

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WAYSIDE NOTES.

The plows are turning up mellow earth all over Ouachita parish.

A picnic in mid-winter speaks volumes for the salubrity of our climate.

Miss Winnie Davis is to write a novel. We trust her name will be her least claim to public favor.

The oldest of the monarchs of Europe is the Emperor of Germany, at 80. Victoria is 67, the Emperor of Austria 56, the King of Italy 42, Alexander of Russia 41.

A new county in Texas is to be called Jeff Davis. Northern "Rome" will proceed to now, but Texas will remain untroubled and still loyal to the Union.

The boom is slowly but surely reaching North Louisiana. When it gets here it will be found that an agricultural boom beats all other booms for solidity and durability.

From the way things are going it would appear that by 1888 real blue-blooded, thorough-paced free-traders will be as scarce in America as goats with four horns. —*Macon Telegraph.*

War has not been declared between France and Germany yet, and the American eagle still roosts on the ear of the British lion, the two maintaining the while the most amicable relations over a fish dinner.

It may be interesting to office-holders to hear that the word "boodle" is doubtless derived from the Dutch word "boedel," which means property or goods. A "boodelster" is the attorney or other person who finally possesses the "boedel." —*Item.*

Mr. McLane, our Minister to France, danced with Queen Victoria when his father was Minister to England in Jackson's time. He has been invited to visit London again during the Queen's Jubilee, but they will probably besilent partners in the hornpipe this time. —*N. Y. Star.*

With New Jersey and West Virginia returning Democratic Senators—as they are likely to do, after the wrangles in their respective Legislatures are over—the United States Senate will number thirty-nine Republicans and thirty-seven Democrats; and with Riddleberger in the sulks with his own party, a tie might occasionally ensue. —*States.*

Ex-President Santos, of Uruguay, is visiting Paris in great state, with a retinue of sixteen persons. Uruguay has less than 500,000 inhabitants. When the Emperor and Empress of Brazil traveled in Europe last they had in all ten retainers. Brazil has some 12,000,000 inhabitants. When Gen. Grant went around the world he had six companions, and he was ex-President of a nation of 50,000,000.

Ingalls, the lean and hungry Cassius of the United States Senate, would like to see the United States spread its wings to the north and south and gather within its folds Canada and the Central American States. A "Continental Republic" is his dream. A big idea, only to be realized along towards the millennium when all the peoples of this continent are educated up to an appreciation of the blessings of liberty and republics are recognized to be the only true and perfect system of government.

Ex-Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, in an interview a few days ago, speaking of the rapid development of the South, said: "I know that Birmingham, Nashville or South Pittsburg can manufacture iron cheaper than we can in Pennsylvania. They have natural advantages which we have not. The fact is that the South does not dream how great are its possibilities in this direction. Why, to-day, pig iron is being sent to Pennsylvania and manufactured into steel right in sight of our furnaces. The South will inevitably surpass us in iron production. We recognize this as a stubborn fact, but Pennsylvania is not jealous. When Tennessee and Alabama take our trade we will have the satisfaction of knowing that sister States did it, not Europe. We will not be envious nor sulk in our tents, but utilize other advantages that we have, and go on to a happy destiny. But the South will become the iron centre of the country, and that soon."

The Baltimore American is responsible for the following nice bit: "You've met Miss Flyaway, of course. She lives in every city, every town, every village. She is a big part of every society circle. She goes everywhere. She sees everything. She is at receptions, balls, the opera—at all the great entertainments. She is a perfectly lovely creature. She always has a perfectly gorgeous time. All the people she fancies are awfully nice. All others are horrid, don't you know. If she goes out anywhere—and where is it she does not go?—everything she sees is perfectly beautiful. If it is a pug dog as ugly as a mud fence, in her eyes it becomes perfectly lovely. If it is a silk dress, it is perfectly magnificent. If it is a sad dude with a pink boutonniere it is tremendously swell. If it is a showy dog-cart, it is just too awfully cute for anything. Every party that this superlative creature attends is the most lovely affair she ever saw in her life. There is no use trying to reform Miss Flyaway. She is incorrigible. She will keep up her lingual and voluble ecstasies in this world, and when she goes above and gazes upon the scenes of celestial beauty she will probably remark to one of the angels, 'Isn't it perfectly lovely!'"

SCOTCH HEATHER.

Just a sprig of Scottish heather,
In a letter where the tears,
Which have blotted words together,
Have been dried these many years.

Loving lines, yet sadly cheerful,
How 'twas lonesome here to-day,
Then a pause, a little tearful,
"Dear, you are so far away."

Every sentence has its token
Of a love which could not fail,
Throbbing with a faith unspoken,
Though the ink is growing pale.

Faded are the lines, dim-lettersed,
Like sad ghosts upon the page,
Ah, that poor love should be forgotten
With the rusty iron of age!

Then that line, "I picked the heather
From that spot, dear, you will know,
Where we walked and talked together—
Oh, it seems so long ago."

And at last—"Love, how much better
It will be, when by and by,
We'll not need to write a letter
To each other, you and I."

God! with what another meaning
That one line has long been true,
With death's silence intervening
Since I last have heard from you.

When you dropped life's weary fetters,
When you went "so far away,"
Thought you of unwritten letters
I was missing from that day?

If you know how I have needed
Some new token through the years
You have slept away unheeded—
It must move your ghost to tears.

If you still know how I love you,
How I've missed you day by day,
Since the heather grew above you—
You could never stay away.

Take all treasures, time, I cherish,
Fame, and hope, and life at last—
Fitting things which needs most perish,
Spare this memory of the past.

Lying with a sprig of heather,
In a letter, where the tears,
Which have blotted words together,
Have been dried these many years.

MARION MANVILLE.

A Newspaper Bohemian.

BY FANNIE MAY TROUSDALE.

CHAPTER III.

THAT was the beginning of a march triumphal, for Stephanie, at least for a week's space. Propitious fate led her feet into a broad and pleasant way, in the beginning of her pilgrimage. Her spirits expanded like a flower in the sun. The fresh mountain air brought color into her pale cheeks, and the untrammeled freedom of this Bohemian life held a charm that only a Bohemian can understand, and never forget. She began to feel a compassion for the poor, home-bound, plodding life of the people who were condemned to look upon the same scenes and same faces daily. How flat and profitless life must seem to them, with its unvarying routine. There was a treadmill existence, whose diary (if they ever kept one) could ring no further changes than Mark Twain's in "Abroad," "get up, wash and go to bed."

Ah, those first days, filled with the golden exultation of late autumn, when the spirits arose fresh, as from a bath, and shook off the dust and heat, and weariness of summer in a pent-up Utopia.

Those were such kindly people Stephanie met; they were more than respectful, they were even cordial, many of them, and she was quite a favorite during her brief stay in towns and villages. Nowhere in all our beautiful and generous South are there such a people as these of South Carolina. It would be impossible for a South Carolinian to be rude, or uncivil.

"My dear Mama!" Stephanie wrote from Waltham, at the end of her first week: "I know you have been anxious and worried about me, but you need not have been, if you could have known it, for it has all been so pleasant! I have been treated with the utmost kindness, so far, and have met with success. I hope Col. Blizard will be pleased with my week's work. I have tried hard to merit his commendation, but I shall feel nervous until I hear from him."

Of course, mama, every body did not want his paper—do you think he can blame me for that? I have said over and over again so often that it is the best family paper in the South, that I feel resentful if any one sniffs at it—and he said, some do seem inclined to question it. You have no idea how nice the newspaper men are to me. Without them I would be in despair, for I can't, I just can't go around alone and ask people to take my paper. Do you know, mama, I lost a whole day in one town, and left without a name on my book, because the editor of the one paper was absent. Once during the day, in a fit of desperation, I resolved to do or die, and started out. But I only went up one side of the street and down the other, my courage oozing out at my finger tips at every

step, and on back to the hotel in abject self-disgrace. I am as brave as a sheep!" When she had finished, she added a postscript. She wished to give the statement prominence. "P. S. No one has taken me for a book-agent!"

STEPH.

There was a very happy look on her face when she dropped this letter into the office. In fancy she saw the dear and eager little flock clamoring to hear from Steph, and the proud light in her mother's eyes as she read it to them. It made her heart light and full of grateful importance to feel that she was working for them, and—succeeding.

As she walked away from the post-office, she looked about her, for the first time, with some curiosity, and was conscious as she did so of a sudden chill to the June time in her heart. True the grand old mountains were so near that she could see their snow-crowns glimmering in the sunlight through the clear blue atmosphere, but they seemed to cut her off from that other real and homelike world. She could not pronounce the names on the signs, and every body and every thing looked strange and foreign. She felt as if she had gone to sleep and awakened among a people who knew her not, and would none of her.

She passed a newspaper office, but there was no one within, and with a sudden instinct to get away on the first train, which went out in a couple of hours, she resolved to do what she could alone. It was not pleasant to think of spending the night in the great four posted bed at the green German inn, whose atmosphere was tainted with beer from the bar about which strange looking men lounged.

She began at the first of a line of stores, and entering looked about with some trepidation for the proprietor. He came slowly forward, eyeing her with lack-lustre, bovine gaze.

Stephanie knew her effort would be fruitless, but she tried to explain her business. His slow astonishment was irritating. "I haf von paber already," with a shake of the head, was all the encouragement she got.

With a dogged perseverance, that made her smile grimly to herself, even while her spirits sank into her boots, and she was on the eve of a hysterical burst of tears, all the while, she kept on her way, leaving no stone unturned. Again and again, she heard the same reply:

"I haf von paber already," or "I can not readt English."

The gong was just sounding for dinner, when she reached the hotel. The saurkraut and garlic turned her sick as she took her place at the table. Stephanie came nearer being absolutely cross than she would have thought possible under any circumstances, as she looked over the result of nearly two hours hard and persistent work.

There were the names of three Americans, and one German, who did not know enough English to argue the matter with her. She was sorry for him, as she took down his name, and felt like she had defrauded him. But business was business. Perhaps he would enjoy the pictures.

Her companion at the table, she saw in the impatient glance thrown around the room, as she waited for her soup, was a gentleman, stout, genial-looking and evidently very much at home. Polite, too, for with delicate forethought, he had moved a dish of onions which graced the table, as far from her plate as possible, when she sat down.

"Did you do much business here, Miss?"

The question, so unexpected, caused Stephanie to start.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" Her tone was coldly reserved, and the eyes she lifted to his face were rather indignant.

"I heard you was canvassing for a paper from my town. You must excuse me if I appeared rude. I did not mean to be. I am a drummer myself, and felt kind of interested in your success."

The frank, hearty voice reassured her. Then the knowledge that he came from her own home, was in his favor. Besides, it was good to see an honest, every-day face in this enforced isolation.

"Thank you! But I think this town is too German to be interested in the paper. I find it rather discouraging."

"I thought so from your face, when you came in. The sun cannot shine for us every day."

The fat drummer shook his head, but did not succeed in looking very dejected. "We all get discouraged at times, but a successful drummer is not a blue one. That is capable of two constructions, is it?"

He stopped to laugh, and politely passed Stephanie the butter. "If you are going on up the Air Line, and will permit me, I will give you a list of towns and hotels, that may be of some assistance to you."

Stephanie thanked him again, and taking out his notebook he dashed off a neat list, talking all the time in a breezy and entertaining way, as if he had known her all his life. Gleams of humor and shades of philosophy cropped out in his sentences, while his observations on men and manners indexed that he had been a close observer in his travels and dealings among them. Then he was so cheerful.

"I've heard about you all along the line," he said pleasantly, "and I resolved if ever I ran up on you anywhere, I'd tell you that you will find some staunch friends among the traveling men, and that you needn't be afraid to call on one if you should want a friend. All I've seen are sound-ing your praises, even though they do not know you. You see, we feel sort of like you belong to the fraternity, and one drummer never goes back on another."

This was a rather astonishing piece of information to Stephanie. But she could not help feeling pleased with such fraternal regard, though it had never before occurred to her that if she escaped being called a book agent, there was still the chance left of being dubbed a "drummer."

When they parted company at the hotel, his route lay in the opposite direction, he quoted the lines, dear to every drummer's heart:

"Tis thus with drummers ever,
On life's unrolling sea,
We meet, and greet and sever,
Drifting eternally."

Then he smiled cheerfully, wished her a cordial "good luck," and stepped briskly up the street, sample case in hand.

It was not long after Stephanie heard that he was one in that noted railway accident in which the train went down a hundred foot trestle, and no soul escaped.

Of one thing she was certain; that he went down to his death with a smile on his lips.

(Continued.)

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati American Israelite contributes what he considers the original of Shakespeare's famous character of "Shylock," remarking that in its race aspect the odium of cruelty justly belongs "to the other side."

In a biography of Pope Sixtus V, we read: "A rumor was spread abroad in Rome that (Sir Francis) Drake had taken Santo Domingo in Alspanola, and that he had plundered the place and carried away an immense amount of booty. This news soon came by letter to Paul Sechi, a prominent merchant of the city, who had important interests in those parts. He immediately told it to the Jew, Simson Ceneda, with whom he had insured his merchandise. Ceneda, whose interests required a denial of the story, brought forward many arguments to show why the news should not be believed, and to show the impossibility of its being true, and finally became so zealous that he said: 'I bet a pound of my flesh that it is a lie!'" Sechi, a man of very lively temperament, answered at once: 'And I will bet a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is the truth!'" Ceneda laughingly took the bet; but soon heard that he had lost, and that Sechi would exact a literal compliance with the terms of the wager.

The rumor of this extraordinary transaction reached even the Pope, who caused both men to appear before him to give an account of the matter, which, being done, he said: 'If a contract is made, it is right and proper that it should be complied with. Take therefore a knife, Sechi, and cut a pound of flesh out of whatever part of the Jew's body you please; but take heed, I tell you, for if you cut away a single scruple more, you shall certainly be hanged!' It is easily seen that Sechi no longer persisted in his horrible demand."

Go 'way with the levee governor, he may do for the river parishes. We now have an agricultural governor for the hill parishes, and the horny handed sons of the toll who follow the plow from dewy morn till rowy sunset tells of the declining day, will rally to our agricultural governor when the call is made. Don't forget it; the shibboleth is now, "agricultural governor." —*Farmerville Gazette.*

FASHION FANCIES.

Dear Telegraph:

The fancy for decorating the hair is, I think, destined to a short life. Inasmuch as very few have the knack of arranging the hair gracefully and becomingly, the result is apt to be rather fantastic, when carried to excess, than otherwise. For instance, one prescribed fashion is to brush the hair well up from the back, twist on the top in the shape of the *feur de die*. On one side place a nice shell pin; then may be added also an aigrette of white plumes, or "bunch of mauve and corn colored loops, with an aigrette, and a diamond crescent in the centre."

If one is skillful there is a very pretty Japanese style of dressing the hair, to which it is caught up in a loose coil on top of the head, stuck through with carved pins. A small piece of hair is slightly turned up over each temple. I think no style for arranging the hair so attractive as the Grecian knot and band. Why do not some lover of the beautiful and simple (with a fine shaped head) start this fashion, and away with the present style which is leaning mightily toward the grotesque?

While I am on the subject of extremes in fashion, I would like to lift up my voice, along with that of every admirer of woman kind, against that which has set mankind to cartooning us: the *decolette*—no sleeve and almost no waist. It has neither beauty nor modesty to recommend it, and instead challenging admiration, it has succeeded only in eliciting ridicule and contempt.

For evening wear there is a pretty fashion of pointing waists on the border of the basques, with a lace ruffe coming from underneath to produce the effect of a lace vest with a basque showing between each space left by the points.

A spring costume of either albatross of white wool camel's hair, will be trimmed in handsome watered ribbon one and a quarter inches wide, placed in rows upon the drapery both back and front.

A pretty dress for an evening toilette, is of wide striped satin made with plain full skirts, draped slightly over the hips and on the back. The corsage is pointed, cut square in front, and y shaped in the back, the opening being filled in with crepe lisse. Sleeves half long.

YUM YUM.

A "CONTINENTAL REPUBLIC."

Mr. W. E. Curtis of the Chicago News had an interview with Senator Ingalls recently of which the following is an extract:

"Senator Ingalls declared himself, with his characteristic emphasis, as in favor of the annexation of Canada, and not only Canada, but the entire Central American States. He coined a word to express his doctrine, and it was a 'continental Republic.' The unanimity of the assault upon him by the English Canadian papers since his speech on the fisheries resolution would seem to indicate that the blows he struck were felt, and were a good deal more than a disturbance of the air. That he struck a popular chord in this country is shown by the deluge of letters that set upon him the day after his speech was delivered, and still continue with increasing numbers.

"He has received a good many from Canada, as well as from citizens of the United States, and the former all anonymous, vituperative, vindictive and insolent to the last degree. The letters from this country have come from every State that could send mail so far as Washington since the debate, and are all congratulatory, enthusiastic and grateful.

"I asked the Senator to show me some of the letters, and pointing to a great pile on his desk, he said I was at liberty to help myself and permitted me to take a copy of a few samples, without giving names.

"I asked him if he had read the attacks upon himself in the English and Canadian papers.

"My attention has been called to them, he replied. The tenor of the editorials of the leading London journals is a further illustration of the temper of England and her institutions. They attempt to divert this issue from the gravity of the accusation to the insignificance of the accuser. The real question is not whether Mr. Ingalls is obscure, but whether his allegations are true or false. No supercilious allusions to me or my State can distract attention from the real principles in controversy. We have been so submissive, so forbearing, in the past that the world is coming to believe us a nation of cowards.

"There has been such a transfusion of the dry rot of anglo-mania into our social system; such an adoption of the single eyeglass and the 'aw!' the jargon and the raiment of England;

so much flapdoodle and whipsyllabub, tea-custard and nonsense about kindred blood and the land of Shakespeare and Milton, that there has been a temporary aberration of the intellect and suspension of self-respect on the part of the American people, who forget that England is the only enemy we have on the face of the earth.

"It is true that the American people awoke to the fact that the statesmanship of the nineteenth century requires the unification of this continent under one homogeneous government, from the frozen sea to the interoceanic canal, wherever it may be built. That canal should be our southern boundary.

"My dream, and I believe the settled conviction of the American people, is a continental republic. That is the manifest destiny, that is the inevitable tendency of the political forces of the American people. It is their only safety, and instead of wasting our power in petty intrigues with savages for a naval station in the Pacific ocean a wiser and more commanding policy would be to establish relations of internal friendship with our Canadian neighbors on the north and our Spanish neighbors on the south, and not permit the machinations of Great Britain to foment disturbances that will defer such an alliance or render it impossible." —*N. Y. Star.*

THE NEW ORLEANS, NATCHEZ AND FORT SCOTT RAILROAD.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

The following communication from the President of the New Orleans, Natchez and Fort Scott (Kansas) Railroad is of sufficient interest and importance to commend itself to the people of Louisiana. The line of railroad projected has received pledges of subsidies from the various parishes in Louisiana through which it is to pass, and when completed will form the most direct rail route from a large section of the North-west to a Gulf port, consequently the managers and promoters of the work have every reason to desire its completion at an early date, and they seem to be heartily in earnest. Following is the letter:

OFFICE OF JOHN H. ROSE, PRES. OF N. O. & N. W. R. R., N. O., LA., FEB. 2, 1887. Fort Scott, Kans., Feb. 2, 1887. Editor New Orleans Picayune: I have not had the pleasure of seeing the Picayune. The inclosed slip I cut from Hot Springs (Ark.) News:

The New Orleans Picayune thinks Jay Gould's tour of the South bodes no good to that city or Southern markets. It believes his plans are to make all lines of road controlled by him and all sections traversed by them tributary to the Iron Mountain with the view of building up St. Louis and Eastern markets. In its opinion, one of the chief objects of his visit South is to promulgate plans for certain lines paralleling the route of the Fort Scott road for the purpose of discouraging the construction of that road if possible.

It says: "The Wabash system, which Gould has enlarged and expanded, has its central point at St. Louis, and all its business is made to converge at that point. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas and the Iron Mountain lines are as hostile to New Orleans as any road could be in every view of business management. The Fort Smith road, said to have been recently acquired, is simply taken away as a feeder for the Mississippi River and operated as a feeder to his lines. The same may be said of the Helena road. It is also obvious that the branch from the Iron Mountain road, now proposed to Shreveport, is to make that city tributary to his system and furnish traffic for his St. Louis centre.

"If he is projecting other longitudinal lines between the International and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas they are simply to occupy the field and suppress the possibility, or at least early probability, of a great north and south trunk line west of the Mississippi, the whole interest of which would be in building up New Orleans as its terminal point, and that is what our city needs more than anything else."

If the Picayune is correctly quoted by the News, I wish to say that in my opinion your view is eminently correct. Mr. Gould's interests do not centre at New Orleans, and the very last railroad that he wants to see built is the projected railroad known as the NEW ORLEANS, NATCHEZ AND FORT SCOTT RAILROAD.

This road if built will be a direct route from Topeka, the capital of Kansas, across the State of Arkansas, North Louisiana via Natchez to New Orleans. The building of this road would be of incalculable benefit to New Orleans. With this road New Orleans must become an important point of export from the grain of Kansas and the Northwest.

The prospects for the building of the road are bright and the preliminary work progressing favorably. The engineers are now locating the section from this city to the Arkansas State line—114 miles—and the graders have commenced work.

Col. L. L. Bush, General Manager, and myself, propose to visit your city soon and make your people acquainted with this great scheme, which must bear so much of good to your city. Respectfully,
JOHN H. RICE.