

# The Ouachita Telegraph.

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MONROE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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DESIARD STREET, MONROE, LOUISIANA.

DEALER IN  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS.**  
Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Glassware,  
Putty, Pens Ink, Paper, Envelopes, Lamps and Chimneys.  
FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,  
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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The attention of the Trade is called to his well selected stock of

**SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.**

All Lines Complete.

Call and examine the stock and price of goods. All mail orders filled with care and dispatch.

**E. H. RILLS,**

Offers the following specialties at prices to suit everybody:

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Goods sold as represented or money returned.

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ROUGH AND DRESSED,

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Orders left at Mill or Opera House will meet with prompt attention.  
Box 40, Monroe, La.

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Established 1867

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Chromos, Autograph Albums,

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Photos in oil or water colors. Enlarging old pictures a specialty. Pictures framed to order. Pictures taken regardless of weather.

**CHARLES SCHULZE,**

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**General Merchandise,**

Have received in the FISH LINE: Fat Breakfast Mackerel, Cod Fish, White Fish, Holland Herring, Dried Herring, Canned Salmon, Lobster, Mackerel, Sardines. They have also received California Canned Goods, Raisins, Prunes, Currants, Citrus, Apples, Oranges, Coconuts, and other Goods too Numerous to Mention.

**Southern Carriage Factory,**  
**BLACKSMITH SHOP**

AND  
**LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.**  
Monroe, La.

The undersigned will do all kinds of work in Manufacturing and Repairing Carriages, Buggies, Hacks, etc. He is also prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing at reasonable rates. Horses and buggies kept for hire. Stock kept by the day, week or month at reasonable rates. FR. ENDOM.

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**COMMERCIAL SALOON:**

AND  
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**FAMILY AND FANCY GROCERIES.**  
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HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

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**TORPID LIVER**

Is known by these marked peculiarities:  
1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.  
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.  
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhoea.  
4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin.  
5. Heartburn, loss of appetite.  
6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind.  
7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude and a disposition to leave every thing for to-morrow.  
A natural flow of bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed, it results in:  
**BILIOUSNESS,**  
which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons' Liver Regulator exerts a most beneficial influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."  
"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 1 to 2 grains of calomel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons' Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. H. Hugg, Middleport, Ohio.  
**ONLY GENUINE**  
has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper  
J. H. Zeller & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHO WROTE MILTON?

Editor Labouchere Tells an Interesting Thing or Two.

[By Cable Special to the Times-Star.]  
LONDON, May 16.—Did Cromwell write Milton's poems? The air is full of cryptograms and Donnyian discoveries just now. Having devoted some attention to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy—for which I am proud to say I have received an autograph acknowledgment from Mr. Donnelly—I have been favored with a great many communications from rival discoverers. I think the best of these is a communication from a gentleman who has found out that "Paradise Lost" was really written by Oliver Cromwell. The case for Oliver Cromwell is to my mind irresistibly strong.

John Milton, as every schoolboy knows was the Protector's secretary. Cromwell occupied his leisure moments in dictating to him the great Christian epic. It would have been fatal to Cromwell politically and especially with his army to have been known as a poet. The thing was therefore kept secret. My informant supposes that on his death bed Oliver Cromwell charged Milton to burn the manuscript. The temptation, however, was too much for the honest Puritan and he brought the work out in his own name. I have not space to go into the evidence. But there are one or two points which will strike every reader. Milton certainly wrote light verses as a young man, but nothing which indicates the seriousness of the purpose of the author of "Paradise Lost." Further light is thrown on his character by the well known fact that he was the last undergraduate subjected to corporal punishment at either University. Finally the prior evidence is clinched by a cryptogram like that of Donnelly. My correspondent wisely refrains from telling all he knows on this point. But it will set people to thinking, I fancy, to hear that there is not a page of the "Paradise Lost" in which every letter that forms the name of Oliver Cromwell is not to be found.

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

A New York special says: The laying of the corner-stone of the new Catholic university at Washington takes place on the 24th of this month. The event will be made doubly interesting by the bestowal by the Pope of the golden rose upon Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell of this city, whose gift of \$300,000 was the nucleus in the movement which resulted in the establishment of what promises to be a great seat of learning. The golden rose was given a few years ago to Mrs. Ellen E. Sherman, wife of General Sherman, for her zeal in promoting the interests of the Catholic Indian missions in the west. Miss Caldwell will be the second woman in this country to receive such recognition from Rome. The Caldwell family is from Kentucky. Miss Caldwell's mother having been a sister of John C. Breckinridge, formerly vice president of the United States. Her uncle is Rev. Robert Breckinridge, a well known Presbyterian divine in Kentucky.

The Washington Critic tells this interesting anecdote of Chief Justice elect Fuller:

Mr. Fuller, who has been nominated for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was once a legislative reporter at the Maine capital. On one occasion he made a wager that on the following day in his report, he would put a Shakespearean phrase in the mouth of every member of the House who spoke. He did it, even to the member who made the motion to adjourn. On the day following the House was so pleased with the work of the young reporter that it grew magnanimous and voted him an extra supply of pencils and rubbers. He was called out from his work, complimented and called upon for a speech.

FOR WOMEN.

Women's Complexion—The Advantages of Bathing.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The women of to-day are more and more learning the value of beauty; not merely beauty of form and of face, but the beauty of health and the charm attained by a womanly, gentle disposition. Long diatribes have been written on how the fashionable girl was cared for. Most of them display little knowledge of the art that is supposed to practice the art of caring for beauty or else positive ignorance of the art itself. If the fashionable mother only allowed the beauty sleep, the bath and the rubbing to the daughter already "out" she would display very little care, for thought must be devoted to a daughter's appearance from the time—when she is put in a tiny basinet—where the blue ribbons tell of her sex.

Of course there are people with whom the care-taking process has not begun so early, and they are the ones who just now are joining beauty classes, and doing all that is imaginable to make themselves appear well. This is right; indeed, it is a duty. A charming appearance is a sure letter of introduction, and when there is joined to this a quick wit and a kindly spirit, a woman is socially—indeed, spiritually—equipped. A good figure never was attained without a well-fitting corset. This does not mean a tight one, but a well-made and shapely one. Black satin is considered the smartest. Have it fit closely about the hips. Let it hold up the bust, and unless you wish your stays to cut, have the lace tied in the back and not brought to the front, as it sometimes is.

Your complexion? Nothing just now will do that quite as much good as the old-fashioned remedy—sulphur and molasses. Mix it until it is the consistency of custard and then take a teaspoonful for three mornings, and then stop for three mornings. Keep this up until your eyes are bright, your skin is clearer and you feel less heavy. Then the bath. I speak as one who knows, for I have seen the advantages of the vapor bath on the skin—the firmness it gives to the flesh, the sparkle to the eyes and the wonderful appetite, being all counted as secondary to the searchers after beauty, and yet each one is to be longed for. No woman should take a vapor bath without first asking her physician. But unless there is some real trouble of the blood or brain, he will not be apt to decline. In preference to scented waters or vaseline, be rubbed with alcohol, for that is one of the agents that keeps from catching cold; the other is the shower. Beware, though, of beginning with this cold; let your attendant hold you by the arm as you stand under it, and then let the spray be graded from very hot to absolutely cold. You will come out feeling ten years younger, even if you are quite twenty-one.

The New York girl at the baths is interesting. She is usually quiet and very willing to stamp as "bad form" the women who talk a great deal or are inclined to be fussy. Stretched out on the marble slab she lets the vapor cover her, then she is scrubbed, sprayed, goes in for the "fine spray," is dried, weighed, rests, has something to drink and then is rubbed. After this she is quite likely to go to "Del's" to lunch and to the matinee after. If her skin is inclined to be dry it is rubbed every night with a little olive oil—not much, but the skin should be smooth, and when the glands call for oil then it is proper that they should be supplied with that which the system does not furnish. If her eyes tire and suggest that they burn with unshed tears, caused maybe by riding or driving in the park, then mademoiselle bathes them with water so hot that at first she can hardly endure it, but soon the eyes are grateful for it, and lose their red and wretched look. Only the heroines of novels look bewitching with red eyes—the average woman looks ugly and makes other people feel so. And if mademoiselle should find her neck and face rough and inclined to be red, what then? Then she applies with a linen rag, and after a few minutes washes off with warm water, this lotion:

Emulsion of bitter almonds... 4 ounces  
Borax... 20 grains.  
The golden hair of mademoiselle charms you—and well it might. A warm gold, it is glossy, and you are sure that the plaited knot in the back is all her own. It is—and that gloss never was gained by dye. My friend, it was elbow grease. The old-fashioned recipe, 100 strokes of the brush in the morning, has been a daily duty, and this, a magnificent chevelure, is the result. It is curious how, while mankind generally will speak with pleasure of beautiful black hair, of deep brown, with its curves, of the pale, flaxen blonde, ecstasy is only reached and adjectives searched for when the perfect gold is discovered. The hair of Venus is described as "golden round her lucid throat and shoulders;" Cleopatra was "snow-bound with burning gold;" Catherine de Medicis had deep yellow hair; Marie Stuart possessed wondrous golden locks; Catherine of Russia prided herself on her blonde hair; evidently any number of celebrated women have been surrounded by the aureole of gold, making them seem like unto angels, and yet a student asserts that all women with a trace of gold in their hair have greater strength of mind than any black-haired sister. An Englishman, who must have lived in France, for he compliments each type gracefully, announces that while more of the world's beauties are blondes, more black-haired women marry.

Mademoiselle has been left gazing into Del's, so her care-taking cannot be discussed, but be sure of one thing, she will eat "beauty food." She knows just what to choose and will: to her companion she is saying; "Oh, yes—it's the last new fad—she wore it in the bath, a long, fine chain, with a locket shaped like a heart and covered entirely with diamonds. For my part, I think it had form—there should be no jewelry in the bath but a wedding ring." I agree with her.

What's the Good of Immigration?

It is good for the land proprietor, for it will enable him to dispose of his surplus acres.

It is good for the general merchant, for it will afford him the opportunity to sell more goods.

It is good for the lumber dealer, for it will be the means of disposing of his building material.

It is good for the hardware man, for he will sell more machinery.

It is good for the miller, for he will have more grain to grind and more flour and meal to sell.

It is good for the mason and carpenter, for they will have all the work they can do.

It is good for the blacksmith and wheelwright, for their shops will be crowded.

It is good for the furniture dealer, for all will need supplies in his line.

It is good for the bankers, for they will all have more money transactions.

It is good for the postmaster, for it will increase his salary.

It is good for the doctors, for it is not to be supposed that they will all be blessed with the same robust health that the people in Texas are.

It is good for the lawyers, for by-and-by they may have legal business to transact.

It is good for the farmers, for they will be of mutual aid and assistance to each other.

It is good for the surveyors, for boundary lines will be sharply defined.

The more land in cultivation the more regular the seasons. The more crops produced the better the market.

It is good for the newspapers, for the more patronage they have the more pride they will feel and the harder they will labor for the good of the country.

It is good for us all, for it will reduce taxes. There is only so much required to run the State and county governments, anyway, and the greater the number to pay the tax, the less each one will have to pay.—Columian Voice.

The Prince Albert.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

The Prince Albert is a thing of beauty, but a great many outrages are committed upon it. The worst one is to make it of light-colored cloth. It should always be made of dark cloth—black, blue black or brown black, and with no figure. The diagonal cloth is for the cutaway single-breasted coat. Another great outrage on the stately and ornate Prince Albert coat is to wear with it a Derby hat or any other sort of a hat except a tall silk hat.

Three things go together naturally, viz: The Prince Albert coat (which should always be worn buttoned up closely), the "stove pipe" hat and a boutonniere.

The button-hole bouquet never looks quite at home in the button-hole of a cut-away or sack coat, and with neither of these coats does the "plug hat" perfectly consist. If you are going to wear clothes at all you might as well wear them right, for not only the apparel but the wearing of the apparel of proclaims the man.

So, my young would-be dude, don't go among your real English or silver-plated English friends wearing your "Derby" with your frock coat, or your "chimney pot" hat with your sack coat. If you do you will be counted out as in "deuced bad form," and "never been above you, you know," and "not one of us plainly," and you'll receive a society blow from which you may never recover. Another thing that goes with the Prince Albert coat is gaiter tops. Do not dare, under pain of social ostracism, wear your gaiter tops with either the cutaway or sack coat. All these things are as the laws of the Medes and Persians until the Prince of Wales breaks them. If he should appear dressed contrary to any of these rules, then the rule is null and void and a new one established.

For the Ladies.

Fine perfumery, Lubin's Extracts, Colgate's Extracts, Wright's Extracts, Lazzell's Bulk Extracts, Imported Cologne, Home-made Cologne, Lily White, Toilet Powders, all sorts, Fine Toilet Soaps, the Tooth Brushes, Combs, Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes, etc.  
AT CALDERWOOD & CO'S.

THE TELEGRAPH, one dollar a year, strictly in advance.

A TALK WITH SHERMAN.

What the Old General Thinks the Next War Will Be Like.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

"Gen. Sherman," asked Capt. Mattox, "do you think if there was another war that as good material would offer itself as in the last war—material like Grant, Sherman, Thomas and others?"  
"Why, certainly," replied the General, "there are as many good men in the army now as there were when the war broke out and they'll make as good Generals, too. What they want is the opportunity. That is what makes men great. There is the making of as great Generals now in the army as there was then. There always will be men who will come to the front in times of great emergency, and there always was."

"The next war," said Gen. Sherman later, in answer to a question from Capt. W. G. Smith, "will be a terrible slaughter. Men won't be able to come together and fight. These machine guns are terrible things, and with them war will be as bloody as a big slaughter house. War won't be fought over again as it was in 1861-65, and in 1870 across the water. Those were hand-to-hand engagements almost. Men fought close to one another, and physical strength and prowess counted for a good deal, but in the next war all that will be changed. Then it will be a slaughter with these terrible machines that fire thousands of bullets in a minute or so."

"General," asked an inquisitive young man, "do you think that the strong, robust young country fellows made better soldiers than the young men from the city?"

"The late war," replied the General, "demonstrated the fact that the boys from the city could stand more fatigue and hardship and marching than the country boys. The boys from the country were stronger always, but they were used to a regular life and when they got into the army the irregularity of life, its hardships and exposure, weakened and finally killed many a strong young farmer boy, while the boys from the big cities, being used to irregular hours, irregular living and unmethodical ways of life, could stand any amount of hardship without going under. This was proved by the war. I saw it proved in many cases myself. Young city chaps were tougher in every way. They weren't so strong physically as the country boys, but then they could stand the irregularity of army life better."

"If there's ever a war in this country again I think the greatest army will be made up of the railway men. In the first place, they are strong physically. In the second place, they have learned obedience, and have learned to obey all orders without questioning them. This wasn't so in the late war, for then men had to be taught obedience, and their lesson was a bitter one sometimes. But, as I was saying, the railway men will make a grand army. They, above all other things, are laured to a life of irregularity. They are used to fatigue and the hardships of long hours of work without rest. This irregularity of life, which all railroad men know is a fact, more than anything else will make them the best soldiers in the world, but I hope they will never be called upon to shoulder a gun."

Mrs. Cleveland tells an interesting story of how she happened to come in possession of the team of sorrel horses she drives to her phaeton. Several weeks ago the White House mail contained a letter from a man in Richmond, Va., who said he was in possession of a beautiful span of sorrel horses, which he had selected as a wedding present to his wife. Shortly after his marriage his young wife expired in his arms. The bereaved husband could not bear to drive the horses his bride had grown fond of, so he suggested that the President purchase them for "the first lady in the land." Mr. Cleveland had a consultation with his wife, and then telegraphed to the Richmond man to ship the horses at once. By letter the President sent a check for the amount asked for the beautiful team.

Carthage, in Colombia, not far from Savannah and Barranquilla, is the oldest city in America. The wall cost King Philip of Spain \$90,000,000, which so astonished his Majesty that he is said to have taken his spy-glass to the window of his palace at Madrid and pointed it towards the West. "What is your Majesty pleased to look for?" asked the Viceroy. "I am looking for the wall around Carthage," replied his usually morose Majesty. "If it is as large and high as you describe, I ought to be able to see it at this distance." The wall is still wide enough at the top to allow forty horses to walk abreast on it.

If the plan of the majority is to tie up the nomination in a sub-committee of a judiciary and make it battledore and shuttlecock in a political campaign, holding it over until December next and refusing confirmation if the November election is against Cleveland, such atrociously bad exhibition of practical politics will, and by right should, react upon the responsible party. It would be a vicious move in the game of politics. It would be the arbitrary abuse of a discretion designed to be wisely exercised.—Chicago Times.