

The Ouachita Telegraph

STOVES,
Lighting Goods,
COPPER WORKS,
L.A.

VOLUME XXIV.

MONROE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889.

NUM

MONROE ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. BAER & BRO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c.
AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

NOS 10 & 12 GRAND STREET, MONROE, LA.,

Respectfully invites the public to call and be convinced that they are carrying a full and select line of the above.

New Spring Stock

for every department received daily. Prices to suit everybody. Special attention to Mail Orders. I. BAER & BRO., Nos. 10 and 12 Grand Street, Monroe, La.

MEYER BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c.,

Nos. 22, 24 and 26 GRAND STREET,

MONROE, - - - - - LA.

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.

J. S. BLOCH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Liquors, Wines, Brandies, Ales, Beer,
CIGARS, ETC.

Highest Cash Price Paid for Hides, Wool and Fur.

CORNER GRAND AND DENARD STREETS,

Monroe, La.

H. T. BENOIT,

No. 22 DENARD

MONROE,

STREET,

LOUISIANA.

Choice Family Groceries

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE
TINWARE AND NOVELTIES.

CYPRESS SHINGLES.

Country Produce Bought and Sold.
Goods purchased from me will be delivered FREE within the City Limits.
I sell the Celebrated MONOGRAM VINEGAR. Everything sold on the

LIVE AND LET LIVE PLAN.

Samples of Wall Paper Always on Hand. COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.

E. H. RILLS,

Bookseller and Stationer.
SPECIALTIES

SCHOOL BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
LIBRARY, MAGAZINES AND PAPERS,
FLASH GOODS,
POINTS AND OTHER WORKS,
HOLIDAY GOODS.

GUNS, PISTOLS, RIFLES,
SHELLS, CARTRIDGES, CAPS,
SHOT, POWDER, WADS,
FISHING TACKLE,
OIL, NEEDLES, &c.
SEWING MACHINES.

No. 15 Grand St., MONROE, LA.

Dr. A. B. SHOLARS,

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.

W. A. BAILIE. DR. T. O. BREWER

BAILIE & BREWER,

Successors to J. A. Moore and W. H. Harris,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS,

McCree's old Stand, Grand Street, Monroe, La.

Dealers in Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,
Glass, Stationery, Cigars and Tobacco,
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

M. J. DUTY, GULLETT'S MAGNOLIA

Engineer & Machinist,



AGENT FOR
Gullett's Magnolia Gins
DEALER IN

M. J. Duty and Engineer's Supplies.
There is
nothing
known
slightest
have been
within

ALL STOCK ON HAND.
WORLD
OF THE
STANDARD
COTTON
GIN
HIGHEST AWARD GOLD MEDAL
AND DIPLOMA
FOR THE
FOREMOST
STANDARD
COTTON
GIN
OF THE
WORLD

No. 21 GRAND STREET,
MONROE, - - LA.

The FOREMOST
STANDARD
COTTON
GIN
OF THE
WORLD
HIGHEST AWARD GOLD MEDAL
AND DIPLOMA
FOR THE
FOREMOST
STANDARD
COTTON
GIN
OF THE
WORLD

IS THE EARTH A BOMB?

And May We All be Blown Into Eternity by a Natural Gas Explosion.

New Brunswick, N. J., correspondent New York Herald, of July 14: Apropos of the recent interview published in the Herald with Professor L. W. Thickstun of Metuchen, concerning the possibility of the upheaval of the earth caused by a natural gas explosion, I secured from Mr. Thickstun yesterday an explanation of his ideas, which is as startling as it is important. "Natural gas in western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and in some other parts of the country," said he, "is one of the things the public is thinking about with some degree of apprehension. Capital in large amounts has been invested in its production, or rather in its capture and in its application as a heater and as an illuminator. Millions of dollars find profitable employment in this manner all over the extensive territory known as the oil regions.

"In Pittsburg alone enough natural gas is consumed daily to give sufficient amount of light for the needs of the largest city in the world. North of Pittsburg 120 miles, at Erie, and all the way between the two places, natural gas is found in nearly every neighborhood where proper tests have been made. In all other directions from this busy and prosperous manufacturing center gas has been found in quantities apparently inexhaustible. "A reservoir of vast proportions, or many reservoirs must have been provided for by nature to contain what gas has already escaped from wells and what is yet stored away in the bowels of the earth. Extensive deposits have also been found in the western counties of our own State, as well as in Pennsylvania and Ohio. How far the openings extend below the earth's surface is not known, but the subterranean caverns or caverns where gas abounds must be of great magnitude.

"Gas began to appear in large quantities soon after the first wells on Oil creek were finished. Colonel Drake drilled the first oil well near Titusville Pa., during the summer of 1859, and at a depth of sixty-nine feet he struck oil. That was a pumping and not a flowing well. From it a small amount of gas escaped, as is the case with most pumping wells. Subsequently many other wells were opened, thousands of them, some pumping and some flowing.

"All flowing wells are gas as well as oil wells. In flowing wells oil is thrown out by escaping gas. Big 'spouters' began to appear eight or ten miles below Titusville, along the creek, early in 1860. Since then they have been opened in hundreds of other localities from the source to the mouth of the Allegheny river and along many of its tributaries.

"Among the most noted and the most profitable of all flowing wells was the Noble well, seven miles below Titusville, struck on May 3, 1863. It began as a 1500 gallon well. It was a 'boom' of the first order. Gas and oil came from a crevice in the sand-rock, 140 feet below the bed of Oil creek. Twenty rods lower down the stream was the Caldwell well. It was a good 700 barrel well. Oil was reached in it at about the same depth as in the Noble well. By May 23 the production of the Noble well ran up to 1800 barrels and the Caldwell had fallen off to 400 barrels a day. Before the middle of June the latter was so nearly exhausted that it flowed not more than seven or eight barrels, and the former was pouring out a flood of 2200 barrels of petroleum every twenty-four hours.

"The Noble well did nobly, ran about twenty-two months, produced over 600,000 barrels of oil, an immense amount of gas—wasted on Oil creek air—and then it, too, was a worthless hole in the ground. Water fills the place and the gas and oil occupied and no one fears danger from that quarter. "Not very far from the Noble well there is another kind of a blow. This has no water or oil in it, only gas, and that comes out at such a rate that you might hear it pulsating and fairly pounding a mile or two away on a still summer evening. This, like other wells, was sunk for oil, and this is the kind in which danger lurks. This well never fills up with water and probably thousands scattered all over the oil regions just like it. We are anxious to know what sort of a place is under our country where this treacherous substance comes from.

"If the Noble well threw out 500,000 barrels of oil and as much gas besides in less than two years, what are these purely gas wells doing? What have they been doing a score or more years? Will some one rise to his feet and explain? Thinking people are growing uneasy about it. Where does this enormous production come from, anyway? Where is the vast gas storehouse or storehouses located? Do these subterranean reservoirs fill up as rapidly as they are emptied? Does our atmosphere rush in to take the place vacated, or is gas forming constantly to keep the leaking tank full? Will too much of our atmosphere move from the outside to the inside of the earth to the injury or extinction of animal and vegetable life? "Worst of all, will the air mingle with the gas under our feet and there-

by enable it to ignite and explode? If an explosion comes will it blow up all the oil regions from the great lakes to old Virginia, and will the Allegheny mountains stand between us and all narn? Do oceans of natural gas extend from Titusville to the mountains, and from the mountains to New York, and it is possible for these lakes—as unmanageable and as unsafe as dynamite—is it possible for them to be set on fire at the same instant? "Some of these interrogatories may seem absurd and not worth the ink it takes to print them or the time it requires to read them; but then, again, suppose they are all pertinent? Suppose the last one turns out to be a fact as well as a question, what then? "Might not an explosion occur which would be simply terrific? Instead of a torn up and devastated oil field beyond the mountains, we might have a ruined and fragmentary planet. No wonder people grow nervous and wish the owners would plug up every gas well on earth."

THROWING THE WANGA.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

Shrill over dark blue Pontchartrain
It comes and goes the weird refrain,
Wanga! wanga!

The trackless swamp is quick with cries
Of noisome things that dip and rise
On night-grown wings; and in the deep
Dark pools the monstrous forms that sleep
Heard by day uplift their heads,
The solemn deities of the deep
Upon the warm and languorous air;
The lake-vine weaves its noxious snare;
The wide palmetto leaves are stirred
By venoised breathings, faintly heard
Across the still, star-lighted night.

Her lonely spire-fed fire, alight
Upon the black swamp's utmost rim.
Now spreads and flares, now smoulders
dim;
And at her feet they curl and break,
The dark blue waters of the lake.

Her arms are wild above her head—
Old withered arms, whose charm has fled.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is slim an' straight ez a saplin'
Dat grows by the bayou's sidge;
You is brown an' sleek ez a young Bob
White
Whar hides in de yaller sedge.

Yo' eyes is black an' shiny,
An' quick ez de lightning' dash;
You wuz bawn in de time or freedom,
An' never is felt de lash.
Me, I kin th'ow wanga!

Her dusky face is wracked and seamed,
That once like ebony marble gleamed.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is spry on yo' foot ez de jay-bird
Whar hops de debble his an';
You kin tote de bukka to yo' side
By the turning o' yo' han'.

Yo, ways is sweet ez de sugar
You puts in yo' pinches on de banquette
draps,
An' do pistache-nut is green.
Me, I kin th'ow wanga!

He knotted shoulders, brown and bare,
The deathless scars of slavery-wear.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
You is cropp lak de do'-ard
When de moon wuz shinin' high,
An' you stole de ole man' heart eway
Wid de laughin' in yo' eye.

My ole man' de chillun's daddy!—
We is hond de cotton row
An' shucked de corn-shuck side by side
For forty year an' mo!
—Me, I kin th'ow wanga!

The flames that leap about her feet
Burn with a perfume strange and sweet.

Zizi, Creole Zizi,
'Twas yo' 'sq'i in de coonjine
Lak a hooocasin in de silime;
'Twas yo' 'set' when de fiddle talks
For de las' enduring time.

Den was'er 'ter de bone in de midnight,
In de moon's 'twinkling glow,
But'a wid heat in de winter-time,
An' shiver de hotties' day—
Wanga! wanga!

Onder yo' flau'tin' tignon
De red-hot bettles crawl,
Wid claws dat sco'ch in de meat,
An' mek de blood-drops fall!

Over yo' bed de screech-owl
In de midnight screech an' cry!
Den kiver yo' head, Creole Riz!
Den kiver yo' head an' die—
Wanga! wanga!

Her voice is hushed, she crouches low
Above the smelt's flickering glow,
The swamp-wind wakes, and many a thing
Unnam'd flits by on furry wing;
They brush her cheeks unfeeling; she hears
The far-off songs of other years.

Her eyes grow tender as she sways
And croons above the dying blaze.

Oh, de cabin at de quarter in de old plantation days,
Wid de garden patch behin' it aud de
gode-vine by de do',
An' de do' yard dot wid rosen, whar de
chillun runs and plays,
An' de streak o' sunshine, yaller lak,
or-shalutin' on de do'!

We wuz young an' lakly niggers when de
ole man' foteh me home,
Ole Mis' she gin de wedding, an' young
Mis' she dress de bride!
He say he gwintor love me 'twal de time
'o Kingdom come,
An' forty year an' uperds we is trabble
side by side!

But ole Mars' wuz killed at Shiloh, an'
young Mars' at Wilderness;
Ole Mis' is in de graveyard, wid young
Mis' by her side,
An' all er we-all's family is scattered eass'
An' de gode-vine by de cabin do' an' de
rosen all has died!

My chillun dey is scattered too, an' some
is onder groun',
Hit wuz forty year an' uperds, we is
trabble, him an' me!
Ole Mis' whar is de glory o' de freedom I
is found?
De ole man he is lef me fer de young
eyes o' Zizi!

EDUCATIONAL.

BY MISS OLIVE BUCKINGHAM.

Religious Instruction.

BALTIMORE, July 11.—A special from Washington says: Public Opinion, the eclectic journal of Washington, will, to-morrow (Friday), publish papers from the pens of Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard University; Dr. M. Savage, of Boston, and Prof. W. T. Harris, editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, on this question: "Is religious instruction in the public schools expedient; if so, what should be its character and limitations?"

Below are given extracts from these papers. Cardinal Gibbons says that an education that improves the mind and memory to the neglect of moral and religious training is at best but an imperfect and defective system. It is most desirable that our youth should be acquainted with the history of our country, its origin and principles of its government, and with the eminent men who have served it with their statesmanship and valor. But it is not enough for children to have a secular education; they must receive religious training. Religious knowledge is as far above human science as the soul is above the body, as heaven is above the earth, as eternity is above time. By secular education we improve the mind; by religious training we direct the heart. The religious and secular education of our children cannot be divorced from each other without inflicting a fatal wound upon the soul; they must go hand in hand, otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary—a curse instead of a blessing.

Piety, says the Cardinal, is not to be put on for state occasions, but is to be exhibited in our conduct at all times. Our youth must put in practice every day the commandments of God as well as the rules of arithmetic. Then, he asks, how can they familiarize themselves with these sacred duties if they are not daily inculcated? The catechetical instructions given once a week, in every Sunday-school are not sufficient to supply the religious wants of our children. It is important that they should breathe every day a healthy religious atmosphere in schools in which not only the mind is enlightened, but the christian faith and sound morality are nourished and invigorated. The combination of religious and secular education is easily accomplished in denominational schools. To what extent religion may be brought in the public schools without infringing the rights and wounding the conscience of some of the people is a grave problem beset with difficulties and very hard to be solved, inasmuch as these schools are usually attended by children belonging to the various christian denominations, by Jews also, and even by those who profess no religion whatever.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill says that public schools with compulsory attendance are an essential adjunct of a republican government, and that the republic is bound to superintend with care the education of the children; and whatever may be the theoretical relation and morals, it is practically true that children can be kept pure, truthful and honorable in no way so effectually as by cultivating their natural reverent sense of religious sanctions. He concludes, therefore, that religious instruction is more than expedient; it is demanded as a political necessity. But it must not be given by the text-books, lectures or recitations. It must be given incidentally first by the selection of teachers of good character and good sense, then by careful selection of wholesome reading, and finally by daily brief religious exercises, at which a passage from the bible shall be read, a prayer recited and perhaps a hymn sung. But great care should be taken that there be nothing in the service to which any reasonable parent could object.

The State, he says, does not undertake to define Christianity or to decide upon the true interpretation of the scriptures, but assumes Christianity as part of the common law of the land. "The government exists for the public good," he says, "and it is the people alone who have the power to decide what is for their good. The State must, for its own sake, make good morals and good manners the first and highest aim in public education." With regard to private schools, Dr. Hill believes it the duty of the State to inspect them and require that the education given therein shall be such as to prepare the pupils for the duties of citizenship. The State should not admit that education in the parochial schools of a denomination is a political equivalent for a public education. Least of all is a Catholic parochial school capable of fulfilling the public ends of a good education, since in them is not only that partial and distorted view of history, but a limitation of the right of private judgment which must partly unfit the pupil for considering questions of public policy with unbiased mind. Catholic education is favorable to the development of diplomatists and political managers, but tends to unfit a man for frank and honest public discussion. The aim of every lover of our country and its liberties should therefore be to render the public schools so manifestly superior, morally and intellectually, to

LANDS

Dr. Savage argues. For further case of those who stake, there cannot be a tyrannical than to compel a teaching that entails such horrible results. In the case of the children is at stake, to submit to the teaching they don't believe in and subjects them to the tortures, which hinder, Window perditions, which hinder, Window lag, impart false theories, duty and so interfere with the happiness and peace of the world, if not of the case, then, it is tyranny.

He continues: "The supported by the people of all beliefs, the right to exist simplification of such education, and so is the church and the belief and theory, is for the people, and a ple. Let it be kept high and sacred. Prof. W. T. Harris to me that religious public schools is in ground that they are whatever their belief. It is the craze American citizens private conscience and that church and

If the state under religious matters parochial schools in dogmatic tone recitations and critical alertness spirit that stifles Mr. Harris in Germany as a religion in the The English and CIGARS.

A late report of Agriculture, devoted of methods of ridding the small but troublesome sparrow, fills a volume of pages, and then brought over to New ago, have so multiplied that swarm over the country.

Ohio and Michigan passed law granting bounties on dead sparrows, the first named State giving ten cents a dozen. But the bounty seems to have made less impression on the sparrows than on the treasury. The Department recommends a National uprising against the sparrows as the only possible way to exterminate them. It would, however, be hard to get sufficient concert of action to do much harm—or good.

The Item would suggest a plan that might be effective. Pay a good round sum to the French leaders of fashion to trim ladies' hats and dresses with sparrows' wings. With this fashion as the rage, the English sparrow would have a hard road to travel. To show that the sparrow has taken Horace Greeley's advice to go West, we extract as follows from the Fort Scott (Kan.) Monitor:

The iniquities of the British sparrows are almost beyond belief. Of all our foreign invaders, he is the worst—an enemy to peace and comfort, to horticulture and agriculture. He is certainly injuring our buds, blossoms and foliage, our fruits, garden seeds and vegetables, our grain and other crops; he is driving out our native songsters, and he is making himself a perfect nuisance by his filthy habits.

The Monitor concludes, and with this view the Item regrettably concurs, that the English sparrow is with us to stay.

Didn't Want to Marry a Slouch.

He had made his declaration of love, and it had been heard with a lowering of the fair head, with a blush on the soft cheek. But he could not help saying something to fill in while he waited for her answer.

"When I say I have never loved till now," he said, "it is not an empty word. My lips have never touched the lips of any woman—except my mother's; my hand has never pressed a woman's hand; I do not dance, and my arm—"

A look of stupeor to de ment came over the beautiful face and the deep eyes grew large as she listened. "Is this true, George?" she asked with abated breath. "It is," he answered; "it is literally true." The look of wonderment merged into a glance of icy sternness as she rose to her full height and confronted him. "Then, for heaven's sake, George," she said, "go somewhere and practice till you get a record."

Epoch: Farrugh Vallow—"Hear you been havin' success over at your place." Farrugh—"Yes, best heifer on th' mopin' round all summer; Joseph A. Brazan down yesterday, try Supreme Court, Hon. Any improvement, Court, Hon. Leon J. Well, shugstains Review, or to any busin'er' be the in New Orleans. July 9-3m