THE PEOPLE'S VINDICATOR.

PELLI & AREAUX, Publishers. The Welfare of the People is the Supreme Law. TERMS, $3 per annum.

VOL. I. NATCHITOCHES, LOUISIANA, JULY 11, 1874. NO. 4.

MAILS.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

NEW ORLEANS, Red River Landing, Cheneyville Quarantico, Alexandria, Cotile and Cloutierville, Daily, at 7 A. M.

SHREVEPORT, Keachie, Mansfield, Marthaville, and Pleasant Hill—Daily at 10 A. M.

NACOGDOCHES, Melrose, Chirino, San Augustine, Milam, Pendleton, Sabinetown, Many and Ft. Jesup—on Tuesday Thursday and Saturday, at 5 P. M.

HOMER, Minden, Buckhorn, Ringgold, Coushatta and Campte—on Tuesday and Friday, at 5 P. M.

WINNFIELD, Atlanta, Sutton and St. Maurice—on Tuesday and Friday, at 9 A. M.

MAILS CLOSE

At 6 A. M. for New Orleans, Alexandria and Cloutierville.

At 9 A. M. for Shreveport, Keachi, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

At 6 P. M. for Nacogdoches, Texas, Melrose and San Augustin.

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Jack & Pierson,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Natchitoches, Sabine, DeSoto, Red River, Winn, Rapides, and Grant, and in the Supreme Court of the State. Claims promptly attended to.
June 20—1y.

R. M. KEARNEY. M. J. CUNNINGHAM.

Kearney & Cunningham,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

Office on St. Denis Street,
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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

Office corner Second & Trudau streets,
June 20—1y *Natchitoches, La.*

Business Cards.

M. H. CARVER. R. W. TAYLOR.

Carver & Taylor

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

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HARDWARE,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

HATS,

CROCKERYWARE, etc., etc.

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A FRESH and select stock of goods always on hand, which having been purchased on a cash basis enables us to offer extra inducements to cash buyers.

Highest cash price paid for cotton and other produce, and liberal advances made in cash or merchandise on consignment.
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—DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS,

SHOES and HATS.

Corner of Front & Church Streets.

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June 20-1y.

J. C. TRICHEL. J. T. AIREY.

Trichel & Airey,

(Walmsley's Brick Building,)

Washington Street, Natchitoches, La.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Dry Goods, Groceries,

HATS,

CAPS,

BOOTS,

SHOES,

and General MERCHANDISE.

☞ Highest price paid for Cotton and other Country produce, in Cash or Merchandise.
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P. Veuleman.

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RETAIL dealer in Fancy and Staple Groceries,

CHOICE FLOUR,

SUGAR, COFFE,

RICE, HAMS, BACON,

TOBACCO, WINES

AND

LIQOURS.

Also agent for the

BALSAMIQUE DES PYRENEES,

a French tonic for invalids. Superior inducement offered to dealers. June 20—6m.

C. A. BULLARD. N. H. CAMPBELL

Bullard & Campbell,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

And General Merchandise.

Corner FRONT & LAFAYETTE Street.

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HIGHEST cash price paid for cotton and country produce in cash or merchandise.
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DRY GOODS, Groceries,

Hardware,

Crockery,

Hats,

Caps,

Boots,

Shoes and Notions.

Special inducements offered to Cash purchasers. Cotton and country produce, both at highest Cash rates.
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Beverly Tucker.

Corner Front and St. Denis street,

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

RETAIL dealer in choice Family Groceries.

SUGAR,

COFFEE,

WINES,

LIQUORS,

Cigars and Tobacco, &c.

☞ Cheaper than the Cheapest.
June 20-6m.

Alex. Garzia,

(The People's Favorite Grocery.)

KEEPS constantly on hand

CHOICE FLOUR,

BACON,

LARD,

HAMS,

And in fact a full line of fancy family supplies. Give him a call. Satisfaction guaranteed. June 20—1y.

Theo. Schuman,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, and

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Cor. FRONT and ST. DENIS Streets,

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DR. R. S. CALVES,

Surgeon Dentist,

(Corner Amulet and Second Streets,)

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

ALL dental operations warranted, and performed with the greatest care, and after the latest and most approved method.
March 28—9m.

O. Shaffrath,

Boot and Shoe Maker.

CHALLENGES the world for neatness and durability of work. Satisfaction in fit and material guaranteed

Shop on St. Denis St.

June 20-1y.

Theo. Haller,

Coper, Tin and Sheet-iron worker.

—DEALER IN—

Stoves, Tinware and House Furnishing

GOODS,

Washington St.,.....*Natchitoches, La.*

Sole agent for the Unrivalled

BUCK'S BRILLIANT

Cooking Stoves.

Gutters, Pipes, Metalic roofing and all kinds of repairing, done with dispatch.

A liberal discount to country trade.
June 20-1y.

Poet's Corner.

My Loved Ones.

BY VANE WILDAIR.

They came to me when all was still,
And the busy scenes of life
Was shrouded with a darkness,
That hushes noise and strife.

They seemed to whisper words of cheer.
And out of the mist they came;
I felt their presence about me.
And heard them call my name.

Last night, it was my mother:
Her robes were pure and white,
And her countenance was radient
As it beamed with a mystic light,

Whose very spell betoked
A soul so fraught with love,
That she could not rest in Heaven,
Till her guardianship she proved.

Sometimes my little sister
Comes back from the sunny land;
Her eyes are full of love light,
As she tells of the little land.

Who have forded the beautiful river—
She calls it the river of life—
Where out and beyond the darkness;
Of mental and moral strife,

The waves of doubts, and sorrow
That have flooded our vision here
Will leave no trace on our longing souls,
Of our struggles, temptations, and fear.

They tell me oft' of the summer land;
And will help me find the way,
Where the beautiful morrow will come at last,
And be lost in an endless day.

He Yearned to be a Reporter.

He came up the four pair of stairs Saturday morning, and as soon as he had recovered his breath he wanted to know if the *Free Press* would like to engage another reporter. He said he hadn't had much experience, but he said it in a tone which meant to convey the idea that he know his business. He was tall and thin, had on a plug hat which looked as if it had been run over by a drove of mules, his collar had sweat through and his bandana handkerchief was remarkable for the many crevasses in it. His boots were red with old age, and his pants were stuffed into the tops.—Nevertheless, his face was one to command attention, and his tones were respectful. In reply he was told that there was always room at the top of the profession, just as Daniel Webster told a young lawyer once upon a time. He said he thought four stories high was about as near the top of a profession as a fellow could get, but his joke was too old to laugh at. He didn't want much pay, he said, his object being to identify himself with some growing journal and let the fleeting years bring him wealth and laurels. He was but nineteen years old, and he had plenty of time. He said he could sit up three nights running, ingratiate himself into the affections of the police in one brief hour, and he knew the firemen and the captains of the ferry-boats would love him on sight. He could report anything, he said, from a dog fight to a regatta, and we wrote a lightning hand. He was used to religious meetings, knew all about medical conventions, and would go for woman suffrage or become a Granger, just as the paper desired. He preferred, he said, to work all day and all night; but if the office had a rule requiring a man to sleep three or four hours out of the twenty-four, he would obey.

He promised much more, and his tones grew more serious as he talked. He was being consumed by a burning ambition to wield a lead-pencil, and fire-water had no effect upon him. He was "up" in grammar, posted in poets, and as for history, he could repeat every important event from the hour the boy stood on the burning deck down to Eli Perkins' fight with the "Fat Contributor." He had brought along a few specimens of what he could do—faint efforts scratched off with chain-lightning velocity. He handed one over. It read:

"MURDER!!!—Abonte ten o'clock last nite the cry of murder was herd on one of our mane streets, and as usual the police was not in site. The cries was repeeted sevral times, being enuff to curdle the blood of the bravest man that ever lived. Our new reporter at once——"

The item was quietly handed back to him, and he was informed that Detroit was not his home. His talents were too much for the town—too many years in advance of it. They couldn't appreciate him here. Out in Chicago—nearer the setting sun—they were standing round on the corners looking for such men.

"You hain't foolin', stranger?" he asked, his face expressing the gravest anxiety.

No, he could depend on it. It was a solemn thing to fool with a young man just starting out in life, and it was also against office rules.

"And Chicago is—is—?"

"Just two hundred and eighty-four miles west of Detroit."

"Good-bye, stranger," he continued, as he rose up and picked up his bundle and put the end of his big cane under the strap. "I'm very much obleeged to you, and if I don't walk it in four days it's because the railroad-bed gives out."—Detroit Free Press.

A Night's Mishaps.

Louisville Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.

There came to Louisville Wednesday afternoon, from an interior town of Kentucky, a newly married couple, who entered the city and registered at a prominent hotel with the pleasant anticipation of enjoying a delightful honeymoon among city folks. Having always resided in rural districts, they knew but little of the customs of fashionable people, and with a desire to cultivate such, determined to catch the manners, living as they rose, and with this purpose in mind, attentively observed people, until they themselves were the "observed of all observers."

Having traveled all day, and being greatly wearied by their journey, the country couple retired at an early hour to their bedroom—No. 255. About midnight both were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. As the clock struck one, the wife awoke, and arose and searched the apartment for drinking water; but, as ill luck would have it, the chambermaid had neglected to fill the pitcher with that most important fluid. The wife opened the door, and, glancing along the narrow hall, beheld a tin cooler at the furtherest extremity. Confident that all guests were abed, she folded her night robes around her delicate form and quietly, yet with cautiousness, proceeded in the direction of the treasured water. It was reached in safety, but when the faucet was turned no liquid poured itself into the cup. The fair holder muttered an exclaimation of disgust and began to retrace her footsteps, when she heard some one approaching. Like a startled deer she hastened back, and, glancing at the door, thought she beheld "255," and entering the half open door made haste to fasten it. The inmate, a man, was resting upon the far side of the bed, and, with a spring such as only country lasses can give, she was in bed. The man tossed about uneasily but did not awaken. Becoming tired of hearing his loud snoring, she gave him a playful kick, accompanied with an affectionate arm-caressing, all of which he failed to appreciate, for leaping up in bed, the man seized her and lustily yelled "help," while she, almost strangled, could only groan in dismay.

A great commotion followed to that part of the hotel, especially in the next room, and amidst the demand for admittance, the man continued crying out that "some one was trying to murder him." Finally the night watchman opened the door, and in came a half dozen men and a solitary female, whose uneasy demonstrations showed she had more than an ordinary interest at stake. The gas was turned and a light thrown on the scene.

Standing in the centre of the bed over the half dead wife of the countryman, was a respected elder of the church. Tableau second was the countryman and elder's wife demanding an explanation. The countryman wanted to have a little pugillistic exercise, but the laughing assemblage would not permit him to thrash the elder. Finally it was elicited that in the hurry of escaping from the approaching guest, the verdant wife had entered room 253 instead of 255, and the noise she heard was made by the elder's wife returning from a gathering down stairs.

The countryman isn't satisfied, nor is the elder's wife. Both parties left that hotel yesterday, and the rural gentleman vows he has sufficient city experience to last the remainder of his life.

THE AMENDED BANKRUPT LAW.—The following are the principal features in the amended bankrupt law: That forty days of default in the payment of commercial paper are required instead of fourteen under the existing law; that one-fourth of the entire number of the creditors, and one-third of the amount of debt, must join in the petition for involuntary bankruptcy; that the new law shall apply to the pending cases in bankruptcy instituted since December 1, when the debts secured by the suit shall have been paid, or when a majority of the creditors ask for a discontinuance; that a voluntary bankrupt shall be discharged upon the payment of 30 per cent. of his indebtedness; that an involuntary bankrupt shall be discharged when he shall have been proved innocent of any fraud, and that the fees and expenses of bankruptcy proceedings shall be reduced temporarily until the Supreme Court shall establish a new system, looking to permanent reduction and simplification.

"Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to an Irishman, whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith and sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one of 'em will come out of it."

The Widow's Protest.

BY MARK TWAIN.

One of the saddest things that ever came under my notice (said the banker's clerk) was there in Corning during the war. Dan Murphy enlisted as a private, and fought very bravely. The boys all liked him: and when a wound, by-and-by, weakened him down, still carrying a musket was too heavy work for him, they clubbed together and fixed him up as a sutler. He made money then, and sent it always to his wife to bank for him. She was a washer and ironer, and knew enough by hard experience to keep money when she got it. She didn't waste a penny. On the contrary, she began to get miserly as her bank account grew. She grieved to part with a cent, poor creature, for twice in her hard-working life she had known what it was to be hungry, cold, friendless, sick, and without a dollar in the world, and she had a haunting dread of suffering so again. Well, at last Dan died, and the boys, in testimony of their esteem and respect for him, telegraphed to Mrs. Murphy to know if she would like to have him embalmed and sent home; when you know the usual custom was to dump a poor devil like him into a shallow hole and then inform his friends what had become of him. Mrs. Murphy jumped to the conclusion that it would only cost two or three dollars to embalm her dead husband, and so she telegraphed "Yes." It was at the "wake" that the bill for embalming arrived and was presented to the widow.

She uttered a wild, sad wail that pierced every heart and said: "Sivinty-foive dollars for stoofin' Dan, blister their sowls! Did thim divils suppose I was goin' to start a museum, that I'd be dalin' in such expensive curiassities!"

The bankers' clerk said there was not a dry eye in the house.

A correspondent of the Bossier Banner, approving of the good intentions of those who are seeking to reform our State government and appreciating the necesity for speedy reformation, express the opinion, however, that the better plan is for "the moderate men who have not been violent in their opposition to the Republican party," to "silently co-operate with that party in the present juncture."

In the present juncture above all others, this plan strikes us as a very imperfect one, to use no stranger expression.

In the first place, the men who have *not* violently opposed the principles, policy, or the outrageously bad rule of the Republican party, are not the men for an emergency requiring, as the existing emergency does, firmness, independence and fearless advocacy of the people's rights. Practically, we are living in a state of revolution, when moderate men are naturally incapacitated to lead. The times and the disease demand strong, heroic treatment. The people have been assailed with violence—insulted and outraged; the patient has been gradully sinking under the treatment prescribed by moderate men who have not violently thrust the quacks and cormorants from his bedside. In the treatment of physical, as well as moral ailments, it is a well-established rule that violence must be counteracted by violence.

And what has been the result of the efforts made hitherto to conciliate the Republican party? If we should advise this correspondent to thrust his hand into the fire, with the assurance that he would be benefitted by the experiment, he would regard the counsel as the emanation of an addle brain. Have we not, ever since 1868, by co-operation in corrupt assemblies, by appeals on the hustings, by Fusion, and by almost every moderate means, endeavored to bring the affairs of State, by the aid of Republicans, to a condition of decency and toleration? The venture has proven—what? Simply, that the people have conceded, without reason, and lost, without anything but good intentions to console them. This is all. And this correspondent now recommends the plan of the fancy clerk who could not break his calf to work without placing his own neck under the yoke as a moderate co-operator, but finding that the calf ran away with him and the yoke, was forced to cry to the bystanders, "Here we come, d—n our fool souls! Head us sombody!"—*Ouachita Telegraph.*

A few days ago a hungry party sat down at the well-spread supper of a sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious-looking individual drew this dish toward, saying, apologetically, "This is fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his own plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose nobody has a sowl to be saved but yourself?"

Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence: Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies, and hook their dresses.

Farm Column.

A REMEDY FOR CHARBON.—The following remedies are given for the disease which is quite prevalent throughout the State, by the Baton Rouge Advocate:

Give a tablespoonfull of hartshorn in a pint of whisky, and apply hartshorn to the part of the body affected. Should the first dose not prove effective, repeat the dose every two hours.

Remedy by the Southern Cultivator. Aqua ammonis, tincture iodine and oil turpentine, equal parts. Saturate woolen mop and rub the swelling thoroughly and for one or two inches outside of the affected part. Repeat it every hour.

Remedy proposed by Mr. David Kerr: Make a deep incision lengthwise of the swelling and with a rod of iron about one-eighth of an inch indiameter, heated to a white heat, make several punctures at right angles with the incision, and insert seatons saturated with spirits hartshorn or turpentine, and also rub the hartshorn or turpentine into the incision. On prompt suppuration depends the cure. Support the patient with moderate doses of whisky and water.

Remedy by Mr. W. J. Minor: An iron rod with a button on the end the size of a hazel nut should be heated to a white heat, and inserted into the lump or swelling until it burns through the skin.

Then apply bats of cotton saturated with ammonia, fastened on the wound and wet as often as they become dry.

Fifty or sixty grains of ammonia may be given once, twice or three times during the day.

PREVENTIVE PREPARATIONS.—An effective preventive of this disease cannot be less valuable than remedies for it. The following are recommended:

A tablespoonful of crude carbolic acid to a bucket full of water. Apply this wash to head, neck and flanks of the animals.

Another, to be used in the same way: fish oil or coal oil and spirits ammonia in equal quantities.

By Mr. Stephens, as published in the Picayune:—With a sharp instrument make several incisions in the affected part; take blistering ointment (flies) which moisten with coal oil, and make a plaster large enough to cover the whole sore. Suffer this to remain until copious suppuration is produced.

Meanwhile drench the animal with a spoonful of hartshorn in half a bottle of whisky.

Should the swelling not diminish, or there be no apparent relief, drenching with the above described mixture may be repeated thrice within five hours, allowing due interval.

Keep the sore well cleaned and apply coal oil freely.

The Picayune remarks:

"Suppuration is the prime desideratum. By that means the poison is best extracted from the system. To insure suppuration it is customary to use seatons—strings of cotton or hemp—run through the swelling by means of a red-hot needle 1-16 or ⅛ inch iron—first saturating them in cantharadin or if that be not available, in hartshorn. These seatons should be left in the flesh with projecting ends, so that they can be moved slightly at intervals, thus stimulating suppuration.

This treatment, carefully followed, has proved successful in almost every instance—often when the animal seemed to be *in articulo mortis*. We believe, from all we can hear, that it is the best plan thus far known, and that, in connection with a stimulated appetite, it will insure the recovery of nine animals out of ten which are stricken with that most fatal of all stock diseases—the Charbon.

Another correspondent of the Picayune furnishes the following remedy:

"One spoonful of charcoal mixed with a pint of whisky, giving one gill every five minutes—a plaister of charcoal mixed with ½ pint alcohol applied to the effected part."

The *Home Journal* of the 20th June, after giving a description of the disease, specifies the treatment as follows:

"As soon as the first symptoms of the disease are discovered, give as a drench, one pint of whisky, one pint of strong ginger or red pepper tea, and one large table-spoonful each of spirits of camphor and aqua of ammonia (hartshorn), to be repeated every four hours until the patient is relieved and the disease subdued. For the local treatment, the indications are to bring on suppuration as speedily as possible and to prevent the extension of the inflammation. The first of these is best filled by a free and deep cross-incision through the skin and subcutaneous tissues, and the immediate and frequently repeated application to the wound, of fly blistering ointment combined with oil of turpentine, in about equal proportions. To arrest the extension of the swelling apply over its whole surface and over two or three inches of the sound skin surrounding it, the following mixture, composed of equal parts of tincture of iodine, tinct. of cantharides, tinct. capsicum, kerosene or coal oil and kreosote—the application to be made every three hours and so thoroughly as to perfectly saturate the hair and skin.