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VOL. II.

NATCHITOCHE, LOUISIANA, MAY 20, 1876.

NO. 36.

MAILS.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

NEW ORLEANS, Red River Landing, Simpsport, Moreauville, Cotton Point, Evergreen, Cheneyville, Kaminic, Wellwood, Alexandria, Cottle and Cloutierville. Arrive and depart Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 A. M.

SHREVEPORT, Spring Ridge, Koachic, Mansfield, Stoney-South, Pleasant Hill and Marthaville. Arrive Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Depart Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 A. M.

SAN AUGUSTINE, Milan, Sabintown, Pendleton, Many, and Fort Jessup. Arrive Tuesday and Saturday. Depart Monday and Thursday, at 7 A. M.

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We Can Make Home Happy.
Though we may not change the cottage
For mansions tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer,
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pictures rich and rare—
Though we have no silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can make home very cheerful
If the right course we begin;
We can beat our hearts and voices
In a happy social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our homes with music
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
Against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door;
Yet should the evil shadow enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly,
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Bringing friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

The Coquette's Punishment.
"So Julia Nottingham is engaged at last," said Mrs. Whiteley. "Well, I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it."
But she spoke in a tone which belied her words. For, somehow, Julia Nottingham was not popular among the ladies of her acquaintance.

"O, yes, said Mrs. Sibthorpe, with sagacious nod of the head. "I have it from the very best authority—her own aunt."
"Indeed! said Mrs. Sibthorpe. "Fifty years old, and bald."
"O," said Mrs. Whiteley. "There's no fool like an old fool."
"Keeps his own carriage and horses, and has bought an elegant country seat."

"Julia will queen it now," said Mrs. Whiteley, almost enviously.
Mrs. Whiteley, be it understood, was a widow not quite past the boundaries of youth, and not at all averse to a second marriage with some eligible party.

"And how about Clarence Egerton?"
"O, she's thrown him over, of course," said Mrs. Sibthorpe. "That was nothing but a flirtation."
"Some people have all the luck," sighed Mrs. Whiteley.

And while her good fortune was the subject of popular gossip, Miss Nottingham herself sat in her own room at home, complacently surveying the solitary pearls embedded in blue velvet, and the magnificent dead gold bracelets, which had just arrived with Mr. Philpotts' card attached.

"How superb!" said Mrs. Nottingham, a brisk little woman, with gray curls and a suspiciously unchanging bloom on each cheek.
"O, yes," said Julia, indifferently. "But I wish his name was anything but Philpotts."

"Shakespeare says, 'What's in a name?' archly rejoined the mother.
"Very likely," said Miss Nottingham, with a toss of the head; but you see Shakespeare wasn't a young lady just about to be married."
And she thought regretfully, notwithstanding her callous coquette heart, of poor Clarence Egerton, who had magnificent curls and a profile like Adonis.

But she went smilingly down to meet her middle-aged fiancee that afternoon.
"My own Julia! said Mr. Philpotts, beamingly.
"Dear Hiram!" sweetly responded Julia, with a little swallow of the unromantic Christian name in her throat.
"I have brought you a bouquet for Mrs. Poddington's reception to-night," said Mr. Philpotts, producing a miracle of the florist art, wrapped in as many silver papers as a mummy.

"How kind of you, love," said Miss Nottingham.
"I will call for you in the carriage at 9 precisely," added Philpotts.
"I'm sure it's very considerate, dear," smiled Julia.

"And here," bringing out of his pocket a heavy gold necklace, from which hung a diamond-set locket, "is a trifle which I hope you will oblige me by wearing to-night."
Julia's eyes sparkled. She was a miser at heart, and gold and diamonds were very beautiful in her eyes. It was worth while, she reflected to marry a man old enough to be her father, for the sake of treasures such as these.

But when the carriage came that evening to convey her to Mrs. Poddington's ball it was empty, and the servant handed her a note from Mr. Philpotts. He had an attack of his old enemy, the rheumatism, he wrote, and found himself most reluctantly compelled to remain at home.

"All the better," said Miss Julia to herself, with a last glance at the mirror before she wrapped the white cashmere opera cloak about her shoulders, and tripped lightly down stairs. "I can have a charming time with poor, dear Clarence, who is never at a loss for something to say, and waits beautifully."

Miss Nottingham was not displeased with her own appearance, in silver green silk, half-hidden by snowy tulle, and a set of emeralds, which had been Mr. Philpotts' gift.

"Yes," said she, with a complacent little nod, as her mother complimented her on her becoming dress, "it's all well enough. But just wait until I come out in black velvet and diamonds as a matron."

Miss Nottingham enjoyed herself that evening. She waited for her heart's content, flirted enough for three, and finally disappeared in the

green recess of the conservatory with the straight nosed Clarence Egerton.
The Poddingtons had more money than they knew what to do with, and had expended a goodly portion of it in the decoration of the great arched palace of plate glass which opened out of the supper room. Acacias brushed the roof, passion vines swung their purple cups on every side, and a little grove of palms and oleanders in the center inclosed a sparkling fountain of cool spray, which tinkled down among mossy rocks, and into clusters of pale green ferns, like a forest waterfall.

Just within this enchanted nook a rustic seat afforded an excellent corner for flirtation, and of course Miss Julia Nottingham and her rejected swain found their way into it.

"Now don't be ridiculous Clarence," said Julia. "Let go your hand."
"But you shall answer me first," persisted Clarence. "You shall tell me whether you really love this old money-making machine you're going to marry."
"Of course I don't love him!"
"And you do not love me?"
"Well, yes, I do—if that will be any satisfaction to you."

"Then, Julia, it is no you should wed!" cried out the young man.
"Now you are getting silly again," said Julia, imperiously withdrawing the hand which Mr. Egerton had contrived to keep captive until then. "When you know very well that your entire income would hardly keep me in gloves and slippers!"

"It's as well to be honest about it," said Miss Nottingham. "I do like you the best—and I shall appoint you my chevalier-in-chief when I am married. To carry my fan and bouquets, you know, and take me out to morning concerts and matinees, when my husband is at the bank. But old Philpotts is rich—and that's why I intend to marry him. Of course I don't love him—who could be expected to love a bald-headed old man like that? But I dare say I shall make a very good wife; and he can't live forever, you know, so when I am a rich widow I mean to suit myself."

"Don't I beg of you, wait for that!" cried out a hoarse voice, half-choked with rage.
And to Miss Nottingham's great dismay and surprise, Mr. Philpotts himself tumbled into the fountain-sparkling nook.

"I'm a bald-headed old man, am I?"
"In a mere money-making machine?"
Miss Nottingham, I could have credited this if I hadn't heard it with my own ears. Perhaps you will one day be a rich widow, Miss Nottingham, but you won't be mine. I beg to release you from your engagement."
And Mr. Philpotts stalked out of the fairy bow.

Miss Nottingham sat looking after him with clasped hands, and a face as pale as ashes. Clarence Egerton pulled hard at his mustache.

"Upon my word, said he, secretly enjoying the discomfiture of the young lady who had so coolly thrown him over but a few weeks since, "this is what one would call a pretty kettle of fish. The old chap must have heard every word."

It was quite true. Mr. Philpotts finding himself better as the hour for the reception approached had resolved to give Miss Nottingham an agreeable surprise. He dressed himself and came to Mrs. Poddington's, a little late, to be sure, but yet in tolerable good time. Hearing from some one that Miss Nottingham had gone into the conservatory, he innocently followed her thither, and heard what the reader already knows.

Miss Nottingham's wedding-dress was never worn, and she is still on the lookout for a successor to the rich old man that she did not marry.

The Country Editor.
Let us now pen a picture of the country editor, to be seen in every country village of any pretensions whatever.

The country editor is obliged to prepare his own editorials on all the leading questions of the day. To do this he must "read up" continually, and unless his editorial rakes into some one, or tears up some interest he is not able to hide under the cover of his journal, but must take a shower of oaths for being stale. If he rakes into parties or measures he of course receives the shower all of the same. He is expected to blow the horn of every aspirant for political aspirant for political favor in his party, and at the same time if he asks such aspirant to help him "raise the wind" with which to "toot his horn," he is told that some individual who has swung his hat, three or four times over his head, must be taken care of, and he must stand aside.

The country editor must take an interest in all local matters. He must advocate all public improvements and thereby win the hate and lasting enmity of tax payers, who are opposed to public improvements. If he does not advocate improvements, then the masses call him the paid tool of rich tax payers. He must attend all meetings and conventions, and if he fails to report the same in full, he is said to be behind all live journals. He must write up local spicily matter, and if he notices an improvement made by Mr. A., he falls under the lash of Mr. B., because he did not happen to be aware that Mr. B. had made improvements also, which were twice as great, on his property.

If the country editor obtains ad vertising, he must go for it personally. Every time he turns around he must turn over a sixpence, or the sixpence will turn him over. He is personally held accountable for all typographical errors in his journal, and must oversee the "make up" and printing of his paper, and if he has a job of five attached to his establishment, he

must look after stock, drum up work, and personally attend to the details of the jobbing. He must select all miscellany, compile all news items, write obituaries, and take a hand at providing nonsense for such of his readers as like it. Besides all this he is at the financial head of an institution that would perplex even a banker and his score of assistants. His subscription list must be worked up, and kept up too, and he must see to it, that all subscribers "pay up" in course of time. He must collect pay for his advertisements, and job work, and unless he has a large stock of patience and forbearance, he will occasionally get mad, when told to "go to the devil with his little playmate bill." He must have the soul of an angel, the vigor of a steam engine, the cheek of the evil one, the patience of Job, eyes as numerous as the stars of heaven, a disposition as smooth as oil, to be able to dispense with all tender feelings, and be imperturbable to blows from every jackass's heels in his journalistic diocese. Who can edit a country journal and be happy.
—Whitchell (N. Y.) Times.

A Fearful Summons.
"Mr. Smith, I called to see if I could take your life."
"Wh—wh—what d'you say?" exclaimed Smith, in some alarm.
"I say that I've come around to take your life. My name is Gunn. As soon as I heard you were unprotected, that you had nothing on your life, I thought I would just run in and settle the thing for you at once."
Then Smith got up and went to the other side of the table, and said to himself:
"It's a fanatic who has broken out of the asylum. He'll kill me if I laugh or run. I must humor him."
Then Gunn, fumbling in his pocket after his mortality tables, followed Smith around the room, and said to him:
"You can choose your own plan, you know. It's immaterial to me. Some like one way and some like another. It's a matter of taste. Which one do you prefer?"
"I'd rather not die at all," Smith said, in despair.
"But you've got to die, of course," said Gunn; "that's a thing there's no choice about. All I can do is to make it easy for you; to make you feel happy as you go off. Now which plan will you take?"
"Couldn't you postpone it until to-morrow, so as to give me time to think?"
"No; I prefer to take you on the spot. I might as well do it now as at any other time. You have a wife and children?"
"Yes; and I think you ought to have some consideration for them and let me off."
"Well, that's a curious kind of an argument," said Gunn. "When I take you your family will be perfectly protected, of course, and not otherwise."
"But why do you want to murder me?"
"Murder you! Murder you! Who in the thunder's talking about murdering you?"
"Why, didn't you say—"
"I called to get you to take out a life insurance policy in our company, and I?"
"Oh, you did, did you? said Smith, suddenly becoming fierce. "Well, I ain't going to do it, and I want you to skip out of this office or I'll brain you with the poker."
Then Mr. Gunn withdrew without selling a policy, and Smith is still uninsured.

LETTERS.—By many things we may know a man; by his friends and photograph book, his enemies and what they say of him, by his pursuits and his pleasures; the woman he marries, and the woman he might have married, but did not; by his servants, and the household he keeps; by his habits, and the things he allows and the things he forbids; but by nothing is he better known than by his letters, and how he writes, and whether he is punctilious in answering at once, or uncertain and full of delay; by his open or prolix; careful in trifling up your points, and satisfactory in the way in which he handles those which it is important to you should be touched on, or haplazard in his replies; clearly focused, or with thoughts a-wool-gathering, giving four pages to facilities that are no good to him or you, while compressing all the important parts into one paragraph, if indeed, they are not forgotten altogether, or at best huddled up in a postscript written across the page, and difficult to decipher. All these traits come in as parts of the puzzle, by which, when fitted together, can be read the true nature of a man. The tiresome and trustworthy, the egotistical, and the exact, the affectionate, the conscientious, the ostentatious—each writes a different kind of letter; and all declare themselves, with more or less distinctness, according to the amount of training in each, and the more or less influence education has had on nature.

During a recent performance at a Paris theatre, a man and his wife had a quarrel on the stage—the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her that she was too suspicious and too passionate. Both were acting with great spirit, when the wife moved her arm to tear a candle, and her husband dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors kept their presence of mind, however. The husband extinguished the fire, and, proceeding with his part, interposed, "You see, my dear, I was right; you are ready to flare up for the least thing."

Something that always soots—a chimney-sweep.

Farm and Household Column.
Sally-Lun Cakes.
Make a hole in the middle of one pound of flour in a pan, put in a half a teaspoonful of good thick yeast (not bitter), pour in a quarter of a pint of milk, warmed as for buns, mix it up with a part of the flour, and set it to rise. When it has risen, put an ounce and a half of butter, one ounce of sugar, and a little milk, over a slow fire; whilst this is melting, break four eggs, and put the yolks, with half a teaspoonful of salt, into the flour and yeast; when the butter and milk are lukewarm, mix them with the other ingredients, and make all into a softish dough. Butter some cake hoops, and put them on buttered iron plates; fill the hoops about an inch deep, and set them in a warm place to rise. When quite light, bake them in a warm oven.

Venetian Fritters.—Pick, wash, and drain three ounces of whole rice, put it into a full pint of cold milk, and bring it very slowly to boil; stir it often, and let it simmer gently until quite thick and dry. When about three parts done, add to it two ounces of powdered sugar, and one of fresh butter, a grain of salt, and the grated rind of half a small lemon. Let it cool in the saucepan, and when only just warm, mix with it thoroughly three ounces of currants, four of apples, chopped fine, a teaspoonful of flour, and three large or small-beaten eggs. Drop the mixture in small-fritters, fry them in butter from five to seven minutes, and let them become quite firm on one side before they are turned; do this with a slice. Drain them as they are taken up, and sift white sugar over them after they are dried.

To Bone a Shoulder of Lamb.—Spread a clean cloth upon a table and lay the joint flat upon it, with the skin downwards; with a sharp knife cut off the flank from the inner side, nearly down to the blade bone, then work the knife under it, keeping it always close to the bone, and using all possible precaution not to pierce the outer skin. When it is in every part separated from the flesh, loosen it from the socket with the point of the knife, and remove it; or, without dividing the two bones, cut around the joint until it is freed entirely from the meat, and proceed to detach the second bone. A most excellent grill may be made by leaving sufficient meat for it upon the bones of a shoulder of mutton when they are removed from the joint.

Forced Eggs for Salad.—Pound and press through the back of a hair-sieve the flesh of three very fine, or of four moderate-sized anchovies, freed from the bone and skin. Boil six fresh eggs for twelve minutes, and when they are perfectly cold, halve them lengthwise, take out the yolks, pound them to a paste with a third of their volume of fresh butter, then add the anchovies, a quarter teaspoonful of mace, and as much cayenne as will season the mixture well; beat these together thoroughly, and fill the whites of eggs neatly with them. A morsel of garlic, not larger than a pea, perfectly blended with the other ingredients, greatly improves this preparation.

Bee Stings.—Any absorbent will give relief, but perhaps nothing is more effectual than lean raw meat. The sting of a bee or wasp may be almost instantly relieved by it. It is said to cure the bite of a rattlesnake, and to relieve erysipelas.

A Good Gravy.—Chop fine some lean meat, an onion, some slices of carrot and turnip, and a little thyme and parsley; put these with half an ounce of butter into a saucepan, and keep them stirred until they are slightly browned; add a little spice and water in the proportion of a pint to one pound of meat. Clear the gravy from season, let it boil half an hour, and then strain it for use.

A useful Discovery.—It is worth knowing that if one volume of castor-oil be dissolved in two or three volumes of spirits of wine, it will render paper transparent, and the spirits rapidly evaporating, the paper in a few minutes becomes fit for use. A drawing in pencil or in Indian ink can thus be made, and if the paper is placed in spirits of wine, the oil is dissolved out, restoring the paper to its original condition. This is the discovery of Herr Furscher.

Mrs. Smith's Potato Pie-crust.—Take six good sized potatoes, peel and boil them, then mash them fine, and add two tablespoonfuls of shortening and a little salt, and sufficient flour to make a nice pastry.

As a means of polishing shirts, collars, etc., without using the ordinary irons, put a bit of paraffine, the size of a hazel nut, in each bowl of starch.

Every farmer should be a "book farmer." And the first book he wants is an account book, to keep an exact account of all his income and expenses. Every item, with day and date.

Diarrhea in Calves.—Calves that suck are not often troubled with diarrhea, unless there is something wrong about the food or drink of the dams. A handful of powdered corn bread, which has been burned or scorched brown, fed to each calf, will stop the diarrhea for the time, but the originating cause must be sought for and removed.

E. R. H. says, in answer to F. A. R., who asks for a rule for measuring ear corn in a crib. Multiply the length, breadth, and height in inches together, and divide by 3,358. The answer will be the number of bushels of shelled corn.