

The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

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FLIRTATION.

Is this your walk, Captain Wright?
Then excuse me, please. My name's
So you think I look charming to-night,
Flet you must not say that again.
Our last walk? Oh, tomorrow you have
For your regiment out on the plains.
Well at least I hope you'll achieve
All the glory you want for your pains.
That name's 'dickens'. Ah, 'tis dandy?
Take a walk with you? Certainly, where?
Out on the piazza? Well, come!
If my mother should see me out there
I am sure she would be very displeas'd!
This moonlight is wonderful fair,
With its mounds of silver shining
The world in its beauty. Take care!
There's a witch that's about at this hour,
A spell so subtle and weird,
That I should be led by the power,
As if 'twere a thing to be feared.
But stop! Do you know what you're saying?
You know me? You surely forget!
I'm engaged. The word is all the saying.
My kinship? You'll make me regret!
Ah, how handsome he looks as he glides,
With the hair shining out of his eyes.
Has my wife got so low that he needs
Draw so near me to catch my glances?
But, gentlemen! how I am trembling!
I never can keep my feet.
And his danger is now so near,
Soft music grows more and more sweet
It's over! 'Tis only one kiss,
And we part, perhaps forever;
But I learned in that moment of bliss
What I shall unlearn again never.
That's a lovely walk they are playing.
Heard the news about Wright? Why, not
Shot? No, no! What am I saying?
God help me! I must not show
To the crowd how these cruel words pain me,
But must keep on seeing my part;
Ah, my lovely! I'll sustain me,
For 'twere only a stone to a heart.

NELLIE'S HERO.

"It was talked about when you were
in your cradles dear, and then there
was a jesting argument that when you
two grew up you should be married.
And surely you might do worse than
marry Mr. Allen Trevor."

Nurse Gleason, who was just like a
mother to motherless Nellie Huntley,
finished pouring the jelly she was mak-
ing into a gorgeous mold, untied her
white cap-strings and taking off her
spectacles, rubbed them energetically.

"And now, Miss Nellie, do get down
from that table—there's a dear child—
and go dress for the company. Your
father will be waiting, and right angry
he'll be, too. Come, dearie."

"No, I won't!"

The diminutive figure, perched upon
the kitchen table, swung its little spi-
pered feet back and forth, and pushing
a cloud of yellow hair from a rosy face,
looked up into the honest countenance
of the old woman with a pair of mis-
chievous eyes.

"No, nurse—that's a darling—don't
make me go. I've been shut up in that
horrid boarding-school for two years—
now that I'm home for good, don't make
a martyr of me. I can't bear it—indeed
I can't. And I won't!" she added, sotto
voce.

"But, Miss Nellie," continued the
good woman, a smile beginning to creep
around the corners of her mouth in spite
of her efforts to look grave, "you forget
that you're a young lady now—seven-
teen, remember, and since your poor
dear mother died, you, as the only child,
are expected to fill her place, and assist
your papa in his hospitality. So many
nice gentlemen, too, dearie, and Mr.
Allen Trevor among the rest."

"I hate him. Pah! Let old Miss
Renshawe take my place. She's my
classroom, and it's her duty. Beside, I'm
sick, and don't feel like going near
drawing-room to-day. It's a heap nicer
down here with you, nurse, than to be
acting prim and stiff up stairs; not al-
lowed for a moment to forget position,
family, and all that stuff. See here?"

She sprang lightly from her high and
undignified seat, and began pacing up
and down the wide old kitchen—so cool
and beautifully clean—her lovely head
held aloft with mock dignity, a simper-
ing smile on her face, and a mimicking
gait that was very ridiculous.

She paused in front of a mold of jelly
—clear and transparent—and, arming
herself with a spoon, confiscated a gener-
ous portion.

"Queen in the kitchen, eating bread
and honey!" she sang, gayly.

She turned suddenly as she spoke, and
with a dextrous movement flung the
white cap from the decorous old woman's
head, and perched it lightly upon her
own. Then seizing the spectacles, she
placed them on her own straight and
rather diminutive nose, and then, daf to
Nurse Gleason's remonstrances, she
folded her arms sedately upon her
bosom, and walked sedately toward the
door, just as it opened from without,
and a tall form stood upon the threshold
—Mr. Allen Trevor!

"I beg your pardon," he began hastily.
"Like Paul Pry, I hope I don't in-
trude?"

"No," responded Nellie, saucily, and
a trifle coolly, "not any more than he
did."

A flush shot across the clear, dark
cheeks of the intruder.

He replaced the hat which he had
doctored, and with a low bow, disappeared.

"Miss Nellie Huntley, I've a mind to
be downright angry with you!" ex-
claimed Nurse Gleason, as the door
closed. "The very nicest young man in
the country, and the one your papa
wishes you to be especially gracious to—"

"That's just it, nurse; I don't like
nice young men. They are so prim and
stiff, and goody. A man must be gay
and dashing, brave and chivalrous to
win my esteem. I'm in earnest, I as-
sure you, and I shall never marry a man
who has not proved his worthiness by
some deed of daring—something to es-
tablish his claim to the title of man-
hood. In short, he must be a hero, and
accomplish something noble for him. Did
Allen Trevor ever do a brave deed? If so,
the world has kept very silent concerning
it, or his noble actions must have been
performed in darkness, and have never

yet been illuminated, or eliminated,
either.

She paused to draw a long breath,
and restore the old woman's cap to its
legitimate resting-place. Had she not
been thus pre-occupied, her quick eye-
sight might have caught a glimpse, through
the wide open window, of a tall form,
and a dark, handsome face, whose owner
had paused to light a cigar, and had
overheard every word the little witch
had uttered.

Allen Trevor smiled to himself—a
queer little smile it was too, and meant
no names—and, puffing leisurely at his
cigar, strolled away.

A few days afterward a party set out
from Huntley Place for the purpose of
passing the day among some old ruins,
which were considered picturesque, and
quite the thing for excursionists "to do."
They were going on horseback, and a
merry time was anticipated.

They reached the ancient ruins,
found them "all that fancy painted
them," strolled around the garden con-
nected with the old buildings, played
croquet and flirted, and finally sat down
to dinner, about as contented party as
one would wish to see.

During the whole day Nellie's father
had endeavored to bring the young
cousin together, an intention which the
young lady immediately divined and
understood, and straightway Mr. Hun-
tley had his hands full.

"When a woman will, she will, you
may depend on it." And every unap-
preciated and apparently innocent effort
on the part of Mr. Huntley only made
the demure maiden shun Mr. Trevor the
more.

As it was saying, the party were sit-
ting at dinner, an improvised table
laden with good things, plenty of ice
and long-necked bottles being predomi-
nant. In the midst of merry laughter
and gaw badinage, a low rumbling noise
fell upon their ears, followed by a loud
crash.

All sprang to their feet in an instant,
the ladies pale and trembling, the men
somewhat startled.

"What is it?"

Nellie's face was palid as she asked
the question. Without a word Allen
Trevor sprang upon his horse and rode
away in the direction of the sound, fol-
lowed by a number of the gentlemen.

In a short time a horseman was seen
returning, galloping like mad toward
them. It was Mr. Huntley. He threw
himself from his panting horse, and
hurried forward, pale and agitated.

"It is in the coal mine over there!"
he cried hurriedly. "There has been an
explosion; a portion of the shaft has
fallen in, and nobody knows how many
are buried alive there."

A scene of excitement followed the
dreadful announcement. Some of the
ladies fainted—all were terrified, but
Nellie Huntley stood quiet, and out-
wardly calm. When her father had
finished, she laid one small hand on his
arm.

"Get my horse, please, papa," she
said. "I want to go there. I may be
of some assistance."

"Are you crazy, child? You must
not think of such a thing."

"Yes, I know all that, papa, I'm not
going to think about it—I'm going right
at once. Miss Renshawe and some of
the ladies will accompany me, I am
sure."

Who would have believed it of those
gay ladies of fashion and frivolity? Not
one forsook our little maiden in her
humane errand.

The horses were hastily saddled—the
servant who had accompanied them fol-
lowed with ice and wine, in case some un-
fortunate should be rescued, and they set
off at once.

Arriving at the spot they found a ter-
rible scene of excitement. A crowd had
collected around the shaft. There were
women crying and wringing their hands;
women on their knees, beseeching
heaven for mercy on the dear ones shut
out from their eyes by that awful bank
of earth. There were men standing sul-
len and gloomy, with arms folded on
their breasts, and in their faces grim
despair, while the very air seemed heavy
with groans, and sobs, and ejaculations.

As our party approached, a lull fell
on the tempest of grief—something
going on—a group had gathered around
a tall form, and were heaving and ex-
postulating. It was Allen Trevor. Nel-
lie's heart stood still as she heard his
words, in a firm clear tone.

"Do not try to dissuade me. I am
convinced that there is hope, and if you
assist me I may save some life. There
is an opening sufficiently large for one
man to descend with a rope."

Before Nellie could approach him, he
had hastened to the pit, the necessary
preparation was made, and he had dis-
appeared from sight into the bowels of
the earth. With a horrible feeling at heart,
Nellie sank upon her knees. She dared
not pray. She knew that at any mo-
ment the bank of earth, stayed in its
progress, might easily become detached
(the slightest ray would do it), and
would bury the mouth of the shaft from
view. This was the awful fear that
filled the hearts of all gathered there.

It seemed hours—ages—that she
kneelt there mutely imploring heaven's
mercy. At last a wild shout pealed
upon the air, the rope was pulled from
below, as though a weight were attached
to it. Slowly they drew it up, and so
one man was saved. In a few words he
explained the case. The miners were
all disabled, and must certainly have
perished but for the superhuman efforts
of Allen Trevor, who, bearing each man
in his strong arms to where the rope was
waiting, proposed to fasten it to their
bodies, and so they would be rescued.

I can not tell you in detail of that
heroic deed. One after another of the
miners was brought to the surface, some

bruised and bleeding, and some dying.
All were received by our party, and
kindly and tenderly ministered to.

At last there came a moment—if Nel-
lie should live to see the next centennial
she will never forget that moment—when
the last man was safely landed, and the
rope came up alone. At that instant a
low, rumbling sound was plainly audible;
Nellie bowed her head.

"Oh, my God, what shall I do?" she
waited, then, with sudden desperation,
she sprang forward. "Lower the rope
once more!" she cried. In her heart she
had determined "if he does not come
up this time, I shall go down there my-
self. At least we can die together."

With deferential glances at the young
girl, the men obeyed her mandate,
while others stood near, awed and
silent.

Sinking upon her knees, Nellie waited
in awful suspense for that which was to
come. The rope descended; it dangled
loosely for a time, then there came a
feeble pull. With loud cheers of en-
couragement, the men above drew it
slowly upward. Oh, the agony to the
waiting heart, which now for the first
time was unavailed, for Nellie knew, be-
yond doubting, that she loved Allen
Trevor.

At last—at last—the end of the rope,
and fastened to it, pallid and nearly life-
less, the form of the brave man who had
so nobly risked his life. Kicked it in
behalf of the rough and uncouth men,
who, as the death-white face of their
preserver appeared above the awful
chasm, rushed forward, and, wounded
and bleeding as they were, lifted him in
their arms, and bore him away triumph-
antly. They would not lose sight of him.
They hovered around and waited for his
eyes to open, that they might grasp his
hands, and pour forth their wild and in-
coherent gratitude.

Last of all came a white-faced girl,
agitated and worn with suffering. She
knelt by the side of the brave man, and
laid both her hands in his. And so Nel-
lie found her hero after all.

A Broker's Political Ignorance.

But few politicians have an idea how
little the general public know or care
about them. The writer, last winter,
went to Washington, and the amount of
ignorance displayed by them about public
men and affairs has been simply ap-
parent. What could you think of brisk
young business men who understand
horses and money making to perfection,
and who do not know whether Sam Ran-
dall was speaker of the House or pre-
siding officer of the Senate? The worst
case I ever knew was a provincial broker
from the heart of the howling wilderness
known as Wall-street. He was in Wash-
ington for the first time in his life, and
was anxious to see the Congressional
boys. "I am death on sight-seeing you
know," said he, "but I would like to take
in what you think might be interest-
ing." In the Senate he looked placidly
around a moment.

"Where is our man, Conkling?" he
asked.

"Over in that corner, talking with
some of the strikers."

"Oh, yes; that is the first time I have
ever seen Conkling. Broad-shouldered,
some chest, but bad legs. Where is
Senator Sprague?" I would like to see
that cuss."

"Sprague is not in the Senate now."
"Is that so? Well, who is that stout
man over there?"

"David Davis."
"Who is he?"

"David Davis."
"See here, that won't do. You are
chattering. Where is he from?"

"Illinois."
"A Western buck? Been in the Senate
long?"

"Not very long."
"Thought not; never heard of him
before. Where does Carl Schurz sit?"

"Mr. Schurz is not in the Senate at
present."
"Out of the city?"

"Oh, no. He is at present a member
of Hayes' Cabinet."
"Come to think, I ought to have re-
membered that. Where is Charles Sum-
ner?"

"God knows."
"What do you mean?"

"Alas! poor Sumner has passed
away."
"Too much rum? Was it sudden?"

"The Senators are gay old boys, I under-
stand?"

Thus this gay New York child of Na-
ture rattled on. His ignorance was not
assumed. In the House of Representa-
tives he asked, "What place is this?"
It more closely resembled his stock board
room than any other place he had seen.
In the Supreme Court room he asked if
"all the old cooks" always sat in a row
listening to cases. He thought one at a
time quite enough, and did not see why
the nine should not change about so as
to rest each other. For the full Bench
to sit was to him an aggravating waste
of the raw material.

Talk Around It.

An old lawyer was giving his advice
to his son, who was just entering upon
the practice of his father's profession.

"My son," said the counselor, "if you
have a case where the law is clearly on
your side, but justice seems against you,
urge upon the court and jury the vast
importance of sustaining the law. If on
the other hand, you are in doubt about
the law, but your client's case is founded
in justice, insist on the necessity of
doing justice, though the heavens fall."

"But," asked the son, "how shall I
manage a case where both law and jus-
tice are dead against me?"

"In that case, my son, talk round it,
talk round it!"

SOUTHERN NEWS.

THE Howard colored school, at
Columbia, S. C., has 700 pupils.

The sugar-cane crop of Louisiana is
said to be the finest ever known.

A NEW postoffice in Sumner County
Tenn., will be known as A. B. C.

EIGHT tobacco factories are in opera-
tion at Redsville, N. C.

THE lumber business in Florida is
constantly assuming greater proportions.

THE convicts at the Texas State peni-
tentiary turn out 60,000 bricks daily.

GUANO of the value of \$146,220 has
been sold this season at Hawkinsville, Ga.

ARKANSAS has more miles of navig-
able rivers than any other State in the
Union.

OVER 200,000 head of cattle will be
driven from Texas to Kansas this sum-
mer.

THE penitentiary shoe-shop, at Rich-
mond, Va., has been leased by a Boston
firm.

CHATTANOOGA is to have a paint fac-
tory with a capacity of five tons per
day.

TOM BOYD received only \$15 for
leaping from the bridge at Nashville
Saturday.

VIRGINIA has a new county—Dickin-
son—formed of portions of Lee and ad-
joining counties.

ONE hundred and sixty thousand
shad were placed in Deep River, North
Carolina, last week.

RICHMOND, Virginia, has forty-five
churches, which are attended by one in
sixteen of the population.

THERE are fifty colored type-setters in
the United States, nearly all of whom
find employment in the South.

THE cotton mills of Columbus, Ga.,
have used during the last eight months
15,462 bales of cotton.

A PARTIAL census of the physicians in
Arkansas shows that there are 1,079
in sixty counties in that State.

THE South Carolina State Library
which occupies a single room in the
State Capitol, contains 28,000 volumes.

A LOT of jute seed has been distributed
among the farmers of Hanover County,
N. C., for experiments in jute culture.

EIGHTEEN gentlemen in Bryan
County, Ga., have organized a Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals.

A QUARANTINE warehouse, to be
used for fumigating mails and freights
in case of quarantine, is being erected
at Orange, Texas.

THE growing of pineapples and bana-
nas has been successfully tried on the
Upper St. John's and the Indian River
country, in Florida.

AT Yorkville, S. C., a dealer, while
distributing some guano, found in it
two joints of a human finger, on which
was a gutta-percha ring.

THE fines and costs of a man con-
victed of selling beer illegally, as as-
sessed by the Criminal Court at Nash-
ville, Wednesday, amounted to \$150.

THERE are in one hundred counties
of Texas 5,150 registered physicians.
Grayson County has the largest number
—158. One county was without a
physician.

THE deer which have been driven to
the high grounds of Louisiana by the
high water are being slaughtered in
large numbers, regardless of the game
laws of the State.

TWELVE molders at the Wason Car-
Works, at Chattanooga, have stopped
work because a negro was put on the
force and given a place in the room
with the other workmen.

THE Baptist revival in Raleigh, N.
C., has assumed such proportions that
the church can not contain those who
attend, and the congregation had to se-
cure Metropolitan Hall.

THE third annual fair and races of the
Georgia Stock and Fair Association will
be held at Oglethorpe Park, Atlanta,
commencing Monday, October 18, and
continuing six days.

THE capital invested in the sugar in-
terest in twenty-four Louisiana parishes
amounts to \$80,000,000. The product of
sugar and molasses in these counties in
1879 amounted to \$22,000,000.

SOME of the best signs of the return
of better times in Eastern North Car-
olina are shown from the general good
condition of the county finances. In
many counties their paper is as good as
gold.

TWO large ships have been chartered
by the Virginia and Tennessee air-line
to be loaded for Liverpool with cotton
from Memphis direct. Seven thousand
bales will arrive at Norfolk in a very
few days to be loaded by that line.

OVER three hundred men are employed
in the machine-shops of the South Car-
olina Railroad Company at Charleston.
They are able to turn out every kind

of work needed on the road, including
the building of locomotives and passen-
ger coaches.

The old records of the city of Char-
lotte, N. C., have been accidentally dis-
covered, and now the people there
are busy studying their past history.
Among the old city ordinances is one
that provides for the purchase of a city
bull, and that this bovine champion
shall be allowed to roam the streets un-
molested.

THE Arkansas Africans who passed
through Memphis some weeks ago on
their way to Liberia are now in New
York in a destitute condition. Several
of the number have died, and the re-
mainder will be compelled to go to the
poor-house, as the funds contributed by
the charitable for their subsistence have
been exhausted.

IN Howard County, Ark., Sarah
Stokes, only eighteen years old, stabb-
ed and killed Linda Stephens, aged twenty.
The cause of the murder was a quarrel
begun by the mothers of the two girls
and continued by the young people.
The murderers made no attempt to
escape, and is now on trial. The fan-
tastical and adjoining farms and have
been neighbors for many years, and
both sides have many friends, between
whom there is much feeling.

New Style of Burgling.

The plea of the *Sun* for a higher order
of burglars has been answered. We
claim of some time ago that our burglars
were a hard set, a lot of miserable crea-
tures who had no fine sensibilities, and
who could not earn a living in any decent
occupation, and we asked that a class of
burglars be raised up to us who had
some accomplishments. The first in-
stance of the appearance of the new kind
of burglars occurred at Savannah on Sat-
urday night. The burglars entered the
residence of Mrs. Coats, where only
ladies were present. The gentlemanly
burglars asked that the diamonds and
money be handed out to them, but the
natural modesty of the ladies prevented
their stirring around as lively as the
masked gentlemen desired, so one of the
burglars gently caressed Mrs. Coats with
the butt end of a revolver, over the
head, choked her, and finally found
\$1,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry.
Before leaving they passed resolutions
thanking the ladies for the courtesy that
had been extended to them, one of the
burglars sat down to the piano and
played "Home, sweet Home," while
the others sang, and after a pleasant
evening the gentlemen entered their
carriages and were driven away. This is
something like it. The only unpleasant
feature was the refusal of the lady to
give up her valuables, which resulted in
the burglars being obliged to resort to
harsh measures. Ladies will soon learn
to hand over the money at the first de-
mand, and then burgling will be shorn
of many of its most unpleasant features.
We shall not be surprised to see these
surprise parties, after they become
popular, wind up with a dance. A bur-
glar could take a fiddle along with him,
and any of the ladies could play the
piano for an accompaniment, the other
two burglars could choose partners, and
to fill up the set the man of the house
could be woke and a neighbor or two
called in. Then the visits could be pub-
lished under the head of "society notes,"
and what is now considered an intrusion
of uninvited masked guests might be
looked forward to with much interest.
Burgling is rapidly becoming a science.

Pleased With His Sentence.

The punishment of death, it is often
asserted, has but little terror for the
hardened criminal, who usually prefers
ending his life on the gallows to a lin-
gering existence within the walls of a
prison. By criminals, however, who are
not hardened, hanging is viewed with
repugnance, and some striking evidence
on this point is afforded by a scene which
took place in the Sheriff Court, of Dun-
dee, Scotland. A deaf and dumb man
was charged with an assault on his aunt,
whom he slightly wounded in the neck
with a knife that he snatched from a
table in a fit of passion. The substance
of the evidence having been interpreted
to him, he admitted its truth, but would
not plead guilty. His doggedness, in
persisting in his innocence arose, it was
ascertained, from the fact that he la-
bored under the impression that he was
being tried for murder, and was sure to
be hanged. The Sheriff found the charge
proven, and passed a sentence of thirty
days imprisonment. On the sentence
being communicated to the prisoner by
means of the finger alphabet, he could
not at first realize the fact that he was
not going to be hanged after all; but on
being assured by the interpreter that
his life would be spared, his joy knew
no bounds. Leaping to his feet, his
face radiant with delight, he danced in
the dock, kicked his hand several times
in rapid succession to the Sheriff, in-
sisted on shaking hands with the inter-
preter, and was led out cutting the most
grotesque capers as an expression of his
intense happiness.

A STORE was broken into one night,
but strange to say nothing was carried
off. The proprietor was making his
boast of it, at the same time expressing
his surprise at losing nothing.

"Not at all surprising," said one of
his rivals. "The robbers lighted a lamp,
didn't they?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," continued the rival, "they
found your goods marked up so high
they couldn't afford to take them."

PASSING SMILES.

Cows have an original taste for
music but they look too many bars.

CAN any one improve his condition by
walking? If not, whine not.

"MY bird is light," remarked the
little man carrying a big torch in the
procession.

WE are told that liars shall not pros-
per, yet Jules Verne has made \$250,000
out of his original books.

"YOU'RE a man after my own heart,"
said the blushing maiden confessed when
her lover proposed marriage.

IT'S twice as much work to spade up
ground for garden purposes as it is to dig
it over for bait.

JUDGING from the tone of the Chi-
cago papers the St. Louis girl is obliged
to go up stairs sideways.—*Danbury
News.*

TAKEN together all the beauties of
art and nature do not begin to interest
the inquisitive female so much as the
view she gets through a keyhole.

"PLEASE to understand," said the
honorable Billy, the other day, "I'm
not such a fool as I look." "No," said
Bob, "that would be too much."

A MAN has invented a chair which can
be adjusted to 8,000 different positions.
It is designed for a boy to sit in when
having his hair cut.

"THEY have women tramps out in
Iowa," and soon they'll be monopolizing
that business, and poor man will be
obliged to work for a living.—*Old City
Journal.*

A NEW JERSEY colored man, whose
wife had left him, said: "she would
come back if I trowed her some sugar;
but I ain't frowin' no sugar, do you
heah?"

IT is a time-honored custom in
Quincy, Fla., to salute a newly married
couple by firing a cannon. This is to re-
mind these present that the battle of life
has fairly begun.

WHEN a boy falls and peels the skin
off his nose the first thing he does is to
get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and
hurts herself badly the first thing she
does is to get up and look at her dress.

"I DON'T wish to say anything against
the individual in question," said a very
polite gentleman, "but would merely
remark, in the language of the poet,
that to him truth is stranger than fic-
tion."