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PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRANKS OF YOUTH.

When you get two or three old fellows of 60 or so together, they are fond of telling stories about the pranks they played in their youthful days, and laughing proudly over their misdeeds. But this isn't always a safe thing to do. Old Judge Bees indulged in this recreation in the presence of his son, aged 14. The old man told of quantities of tricks he had played upon his father, and chuckled gleefully over them. It roused young Bees' ambition, and the next night, when the Judge went home, he had an awful time of it. There was a pail of water suspended over the front door that tipped as he opened the door and deluged him. He was both surprised and annoyed at that, and walked into the entry with oaths upon his lips, and immediately his feet caught a cord tied across the hall from the banisters to the hat-rack, and it tripped him up and pulled the hat-rack over on top of him. He was skinned in several places, and, by the time he disengaged himself, was awful mad. He started up-stairs, and part way up a cord stretched across at the right height caught him suddenly under the chin and threw him backward down the stairs. Then he started to crawl up-stairs, and part way up discovered a rope lying on the stairs and coming from the top. He pulled it, and hauled a barrel down upon himself that bounced him down stairs again. He was nearly delirious with rage as he rose to his feet that time, and utterly unable to understand the cause of all these contrivances being in his way. Once more he essayed to go up, and that time succeeded. On reaching the head of the stairs he thought he heard a snicker, and investigation showed his son peeping from his chamber and laughing. On being taxed by the Judge with fixing the traps the boy owned up. "What in the name of heaven have I done that made you do it?" yelled the Judge, aghast at the boy's wickedness and coolness. "Why, I heard you say you played these pranks on your father." "Yes, and he licked me like blazes for it, just as I'll lick you," roared the infuriated Judge. "You didn't say anything about being licked when you told the stories," cried the now frightened boy. This was a strong argument, but the Judge wasn't in a frame of mind to appreciate it. The boy's yells were heard in the next ward, and he has received, as soon as his raw spots get well, ten away to some place where they'll tell him the whole facts of a case. And the Judge thinks he has learned to be careful what he says before that boy.—*New York Mercury.*

CAUSES OF WAR.

A certain King sent to another King, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"
The other replied, "I have not got one, and if I had—"
On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and resources, and laid waste their kingdoms, they began to wish to make peace; but before this could be done it was necessary that the insulting language that led to the trouble should be explained.
"What could you mean," asked the second King of the first, "by saying, send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"
"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig. But what could you mean by saying, I have not got one, and if I had—"
"Why, of course, if I had I should have sent it."
The explanation was satisfactory, and the peace was accordingly concluded.
The story of the two Kings ought to serve as a lesson to us all. Most of the quarrels between individuals are quite as foolish as the war of the blue pig with a black tail.

THERE'S NO HURRY.

There is a young man studying law in a Galveston lawyer's office, and the young man is not very regular in his habits. Yesterday the old lawyer said: "Why didn't I see you in court yesterday?"
"Because I wasn't there, I reckon. I was confined to my room with the tooth-ache," was the response of the incipient Blackstone.
"Come, now," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, "stop that! You will have plenty of time to lie after you have passed your examination and been admitted to the bar."—*Galveston News.*
MANY persons consider themselves friendly when they are truly officious; they counsel not so much that you may become wise as that they may be known as teachers of wisdom.

OUR JUVENILES.

What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet.
A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.
But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.
So the foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hal-e-lu-jah, hal-e-lu-jah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.
This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her mouth a little twist, her head a little toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.
And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But patting down the silent street, and hurried up the stairs,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a handbox on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.
Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

FIVE CENTS.

"Well, my boy," said John's employer, holding out his hand for the change, "did you get what I sent you for?"
"Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost 28 cents, and there ought to be 22 cents change, and there's only 17."
"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"
"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."
"Then, perhaps, the clerk made a mistake in giving you change?"
But John shook his head: "No, sir; I counted that, too. Father said we must always count our change before we leave a store."
"Then how in the world do you account for the missing 5 cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"
John's cheeks were red, but his voice was firm: "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."
"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that 5-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat-sleeve?"
John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a little cry of pleasure. "Here you are?" he said.
"Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that 5-cent piece. I knew I had it when I started from the store."
"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—three important things in an errand boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking any further."
At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said, in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."
"Exactly," said Mr. Brown, "and if you had done it you would have lost the situation; that is all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over 5 cents, whether he is asked questions or not."

Jack-in-the-Box.

There had been at least three in the family before this one, which was destined to be the greatest fun of all.
This was Nan's. The first ones had all belonged to Johnny, and he used to laugh heartily when he was a very little fellow to see how he could frighten great big men with a Jack-in-the-box.
One man, a peddler, who was sitting in the kitchen, tumbled clear over on the floor when Johnny suddenly let Jack pop out at him.
Uncle Edward threw his arms up into the air, and grandpa dodged away into a corner whenever Johnny ran up to them with that terrible little man in the box.
But the fourth Jack-in-the-box was Nan's, and she kept it popping back and forth so constantly that in a day or two

it popped clear out of the box on the floor.

Then it was more fun than before, for Nan would catch him, put him back in the box, and shut him up tight, and then suddenly touch the lid, when he would jump maybe half across the room as briskly as if he were alive, and looking so comical with his red face and staring eyes.

At last Nan broke the box, which spoiled that part of the play, but Johnny in a day or so invented a new way to use the little man, who was now to be an ogre, if you know what dreadful thing that is.

First Johnny and Nan would build a tall, strong tower of blocks, with just a little low door at the bottom.

This was to be a prison for the ogre, whom they then bravely sought out and captured, and, pressing him down close to the floor, they pushed him through the low tower door.

As soon as he was in, and their hands were off, he would spring up to his full height inside the tower, and peer at them slyly through a crack, but he couldn't get out, oh, no!

It was such fun to play ogre that the children did not tire of it for a great while, but there came a time when the poor little Jack who hadn't any box lay forlorn and neglected among a lot of old toys.

Cousin Ted came in one day and spied him there. It is a long lane that has no turning, even for a broken Jack-in-the-box, and now there was to be more fun than ever with him.

"Pa's him up here, Johnny," said Ted, who at the same moment unfolded a handkerchief, and drew a book toward himself.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Johnny, wondering, as he obeyed orders, and Nan left all her dolls to run and see what was going on.

Cousin Ted put Jack on his middle finger, and dressed two of his other fingers in the handkerchief, and then held the book at a proper height before them.

The effect was that of an irresistibly droll-faced man making a speech over a desk.

This is the speech he made, with great noddings of his head and great wavings of his hands:

Suppose the trees were all cheese,
The seas were all ink,
It's enough to make an old man shake,
And scratch his head and sink!

With the last word down he sank out of sight behind the book.

It was so funny that Johnny and Nan fairly danced up and down, and laughed so hard that papa and mamma came hurrying in, and then, of course, they had to laugh, too.

SIXTEEN CHILDREN AT ONE BIRTH.

A man in Illinois, having sent to a Washington journal a photograph of five of his children who were born on the same day, asserting that "no other man can show a picture of five," the newspaper quotes him with the following statistics:

"Instances have been found where children to the number of six, seven, eight, nine and sometimes sixteen have been brought forth at one birth. The wife of Emanuel Gago, a laborer near Valladolid, was delivered the 14th of June, 1799, of five girls. The celebrated Tarsin was brought to bed in the seventh month, at Argenteuil, near Paris, 17th of July, 1779, of three boys, each fourteen and a half inches long, and a girl, thirteen inches. They were all baptized, but did not live over twenty-four hours. In June, 1799, one Maria Ruiz, of Luena, in Andalusia, was successively delivered of sixteen boys, without any girls. Seven of them were alive on the 16th of August following. In 1535 a Muscovite peasant named James Kyrloff and his wife were presented to the Empress of Russia. This peasant had been twice married, and was then 70 years of age. His first wife was brought to bed twenty-one times, namely, four times of four children each time, seven times of three, and ten times of two, making in all fifty-seven children, who were then alive. His second wife, who accompanied him, had been delivered seven times—once of three children, and six times of twins. Thus he had seventy-two children by his two marriages."

The salt district of Saginaw, Mich., has about ninety-five companies at work, with an annual capacity of 2,600,000 bushels. The first well was sunk only twenty-one years ago, and in 1859 the Legislature encouraged the enterprise with a bounty of 10 cents a bushel on all salt manufactured, and an exemption from taxation for all engaged in the business.

HOW INDIANS RETURN CALLS.

A party of Sioux Indians were guests at a leading Milwaukee hotel, says *Peck's Sun*, and the ladies had a great deal of amusement with them, studying their customs. That is, they all did except one lady. The ladies called upon the Indians and the savages returned the calls almost before the ladies got to their rooms. One lady called on a chief, and then went to her room and retired, and pretty soon there was a knock at her door, and she found that it was the chief. She told him to come in the morning. The lady unlocks her door in the morning so the porter can come in and build a fire before she gets up. She heard a knock in the morning, and supposing it was the porter, she said, "Come in." The door opened and in walked Mr. Indian. She took one look at him and pulled the bed clothes over her head. He sat down on the side of the bed and said "How!" Well, she was so scared that she didn't know "How" from Adam. She said to him in the best Sioux that she could command, "Please, good Mr. Indian, go away, until I get up," but he didn't seem to be in a hurry. He picked up pieces of her wearing apparel from the floor, different articles that he didn't seem to know anything about where they were worn, and made comments on them in the Sioux tongue. The stockings seemed to paralyze his untutored mind the most. They were these long, 90 degrees in the shade stockings, and they were too much for his feeble intellect. He held them up by the toes and said "Ugh!" The lady trembled and wished he would go away. He seemed to take great delight in examining the hair on the bureau, and looked at the lady as much as to say, "Poor girl, some hostile tribe has made war on the pale face and taken many scalps." He critically examined all the crockery, the wash bowl and pitcher, but he was struck the worst at a corset that he found on a chair. He tried to put it on himself, and was so handy about it that it occurred to the lady that he was not so fresh a delegate as she seemed to be. Finally she happened to think of the bell, and she rang it as though the house was on fire, and pretty soon the porter came and invited the Indian to go down stairs and take a drink. The lady locked that door too quick, and she will never leave it open again when there are Indians in town. She says her hair, on the bureau, fairly turned gray from fright.

A GOOD REPORTER.

An exchange remarks: "A good reporter is always first cousin to a necromancer, and can introduce himself to you in such a genial way that, for the time being, he seems like your long-lost brother, who is anxious to show you the strawberry-mark on his left arm in proof of his identity. You talk with him about the inner secrets of your life in a profuse sort of way, give him your opinion about the resumption of specie payment, and, as the conversation flows, freely unfold yourself on various other matters. He sits a silent and admiring listener, encouraging you by a nod when you are hunting for the right word, or possibly supplying it himself, and gives you the impression that he wouldn't disclose what you have told him—no, not for worlds on worlds. The next day you take up the paper, and, while carelessly looking over its columns, see your own name in capitals which seem to you as essential gaze as long as Bunker Hill Monument. Every word you have said is there. That man with the strawberry-mark on his arm was the small end of a speaking trumpet through which you unconsciously told the whole world all about yourself. He had no pencil or paper, and didn't evince any desire to write in shorthand. Oh, no; that is the clumsy way in which beginners work. His skill is not in his finger-tips, but in his memory. He memorized every word you said, and reproduced it with perfect accuracy. The accomplished reporter is as nearly ubiquitous as a merely human being ever becomes, and is beginning to be regarded as a moral restraint in many respects superior to the Decalogue. A man in the olden time might possibly break the Decalogue and hide the pieces, but nowadays the moment a law is broken the quick ear of the reporter catches the sound, and his persuasive lips compel you to tell him all about it. He is an animated interrogation point; a human corkscrew, who gets a deeper hold on your secret every time he turns round. His mission is summed up in the short, but terrible, sentence, 'If you do it, I'll tell.'"

Those gifts are ever the most appreciable which the giver has made precious.

DIED OF WATER ON THE BRAIN.

I guess none of you fellers ever heard of the winter of 1776, or you'd keep a leetle mum on the weather question, said the old settler, who had come down from Wayne county for a little visit. "I've knowed some snortin' old winters in my time, but my grandfather's experience in the winter of '76 beats anything o' mine."
"My gran'father were a great hunter an' Injun killer. He fit in the Revolution, all 'long the Del'war valley. The winter o' '76 was ter'ble cold. Ev'ry-thing in these parts was friz up tighter'n a snare drum. On one o' the coldest days my gran'father struck the track of some Injuns on the hills just above here. He follered 'em, an' killed a couple on 'em, an' then started back over the ridge fur his cabin. My gran'father lived to be 100 years old, an' to his dyin' day he stuck to it that what I'm goin' to tell you were ez true ez preachin', an' I b'lieve it. He started back fur his cabin over the ridge. He hadn't gone fur when he shot a wolf. He hadn't much more'n fired his ole flintlock when he heard a yell off to the left, an' lookin' that way see a big painter comin' fur him. Painters was a picnic for the old man, an' he rammed down a big charge o' powder an' reached fur his bullet pouch, when lo an' behold ye! it were gone. He lost it somewhar in the woods. Fightin' painters without bullets wadn't so much of a picnic. Besides, the old man had got cold while standin' thar, an' he didn't care to tackle an able-bodied painter while his hands was all stiff. The painter come a creepin' up with his fangs a showin' an' his jaws redder'n a round o' beef an' his tail a switchin' like a cow's in fly-time. Cold ez it were, my gran'father said the sweat started out on his forrid an' rolled down his cheeks bigger'n hoss ches'nuts. They dropped on the ground in big balls, fur they friz ez fast ez they fell. They piled up at his feet, an' the painter kep' a creepin' up. Suddintly an idea hit my gran'father plumb in the top-knot. He grabbed up a han'ful o' the sweat ez were friz in balls an' poured 'em in his muskitt."
"If I kin git these in on that painter 'fore they melt,' he thinks to himself, 'mebbe they'll settle his hash."
"Arter cramm'n' the sweat o' his brow in the muskitt, my gran'father blazed away. But the heat o' the gun-bar'l had melted the ice-balls, an' they went out'n the gun like a stream o' water out'n a hose. But the cold weather wadn't foolin' round there for nothin', an' 'fore the stream o' water had gone three foot it was friz inter a solid chunk, an' went kerpinkinty inter the painter's skull. But my gran'father said he owed his life to natur arter all, fur the charge o' ice never would a made the painter give up the ghost, an' it never would had no effect on him at all only there wadn't force 'nough to drive it clean through his head. That saved my gran'father from a chawin'. The chunk o' ice stopped in the skull. The animal heat melted it, an' 'fore the painter could re-cooperate an' git his work in on the old man he died of water on the brain. I was allus sorry my gran'father didn't have that painter stuffed an' handed down to the family," concluded the old settler, as he adjoined with the boys for refreshments.

BLACK WALNUT FOR TIMBER.

The growing demand for black walnut for timber, together with the acknowledged scarcity of this wood, opens a road to profitable planting. There are so many uses to which walnut wood is being put, such as its use by sewing-machine and furniture manufacturers, that there could hardly be an over supply. No doubt many persons have fields from which but little profit now comes and on which the walnut could be successfully grown. The nuts of this tree grow easily, and could thus be planted where the tree is wanted. Usually, seedling trees have first to be raised in a bed, and then transplanted when a year or two old. But, if the nuts of walnut be sown, they sprout easily, and one to a hill, so to speak, will be sufficient. Walnut trees grow very fast, and, when planted in rich ground, make large trees, bearing nuts, in eight or ten years. Ground should not be allowed to remain idle. Be it ever so poor, there is some profit to be got out of it by judicious planting of trees.

ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AIR.

A friend writes from the Colorado mountains to say that he has got as ravenous as a raven among the ravines, and sat down in one of the gorgeous gorges and gorged himself gorgandingly.

TOILET RECIPES.

To REMOVE PIMPLES.—Two ounces of bicarbonate of soda, one drachm of glycerine, one ounce of spermaceti ointment.

FACE WASH.—Two grains of bi-chloride of mercury, two grains of muriate of ammonia, eight ounces of emulsion of almonds.

CARE OF THE NAILS.—Brush them carefully at least once a day, according to one's work, pushing back the flesh from the nail, thus avoiding hang-nails. Under no circumstances bite them, but trim with either scissors or penknife. Do not cut the nails shorter than the fingers, or both will soon have a stubby appearance; and clean them with a blunt, not sharp, point.

PURIFYING THE BREATH.—Foul breath is usually caused by an unhealthy state of the stomach or poor teeth. If caused by the first, the physician should be called upon; if the latter, apply to the dentist. If from neither, take chlorate of lime, seven drachms; gum arabic, five drachms; to be mixed with warm water to a stiff paste, rolled and cut into lozenges. These will arrest decay in the teeth and neutralize acidity of the stomach, and will also remove all traces of tobacco from the breath.

CARE OF THE TEETH.—They should be brushed carefully after each meal, and particularly after supper just before going to bed, as what particles as may be left on the teeth after eating very soon destroy them. Brushing the teeth once a day with pure white castile soap will keep them clean and white. If you cannot remove the tartar that may accumulate by the use of a brush, take powdered pumice stone, and with a small stick made into a fine brush at the end, rub the teeth carefully with the pumice stone. Once a month will do for this, because, if practiced too often, it is apt to destroy the enamel.

RESTORING THE COLOR OF THE HAIR.—When the hair loses color, it may be restored by bathing the head in a weak solution of carbonate of ammonia—an even teaspoonful of carbonate of ammonia to a quart of water—washing the head with a crash mitten and brushing the hair thoroughly while wet. Bathing the head in a strong solution of rock salt is said to restore gray hair in some cases. Pour boiling water on rock salt in the proportion of two heaping table-spoonfuls to a quart of water and let it stand before using. Ammonia, if used too often, makes the hair lighter, and, if in a strong solution, burns and splits the hair.

APHORISMS.

ARE we not formed, as notes of music are, for one another, though dissimilar?
NEWSPAPERS are teachers of disjointed thinking.—*Dr. Rush.*

LISTEN to conscience more than to intellect.—*F. W. Robertson.*

FALSEHOOD may have its hour, but it has no future.—*Presence.*

THE symbols of the invisible are the loveliest of what is visible.—*Byron.*

LIFE is so short that it is the worst of stupidities to waste an hour of it.—*Gustave Dore.*

IT is a great misfortune not to have wit enough to speak well, or not enough judgment to keep silent.—*La Bruyere.*

PERSONS don't make their own faces, and it's no more my fault if mine is a good one than it is other people's fault if theirs is a bad one.—*Dickens.*

NO man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work with, for those who will, and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—*Loebl.*

WITH malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we have begun.—*Lincoln.*

THE FATAL BUCKET.

"It is much easier to get into a quarrel than to get out of it." In the year 1005 some soldiers of the commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which was worked into a long and sanguinary war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modeneses to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made prisoner. His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years' imprisonment, he pined away. His monument is now extant in the church of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the Cathedral of Modena, inclosed in an iron cage.