

# The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

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## MY WINDOW-IVY.

BY MRS. MARY HAYES DOBSON.

O'er my window the ivy climbs—  
The ivy is in its prime—  
But all day long it looks at the sun,  
And at night it looks at the stars.  
The dust of the room may dim its green,  
But I call to the breezy air,  
"Come in, come in, good friend of mine,  
And make my window fair!"  
So the ivy thrives from morn to morn,  
The leaves all turned to the light;  
And it gladdens my soul with its tender green,  
And teaches me day and night.  
What though my lot is in lowly place,  
And my spirit behind the bars?  
All the long day I may look at the sun,  
And at night look out at the stars.  
What though the dust of earth would dim?  
There's a glorious sun for me;  
That will sweep through my soul if I let it in,  
And make it fresh and fair.  
Dear God! let me grow from day to day,  
Clinging, and sunny, and bright;  
Through plants of this kind, the window is near,  
And my leaves may turn to the light.

## OVER 2,000,000,000 BIRDS IN ONE FLOCK.

The passenger pigeon is one of the most wonderful of birds. Wilson's description of their camping grounds is: "As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the country came with wagons, oxen, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed us that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with branches, broken limbs, eggs and young squab pigeons which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upward to the top of the trees through the trees presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the crash of falling trees." It is utterly impossible to estimate the numbers that congregate together. On some trees more than 200 nests were found, and the branches were continually falling, owing to the weight of the old birds. The amount consumed by a flock of these birds is wonderful. Wilson calculates that, taking the breadth of a column of pigeons he saw to be only one mile, its length to be 240 miles, and to contain only three pigeons in each square yard (taking no account of the several strata of birds one above the other), and that each bird consumes half a pint of food daily, all of which assumptions are below the actual amount, the quantity of food consumed in a day would be 17,000,000 bushels. Supposing this column to be one mile in breadth, and flying at the rate of one mile a minute for four hours, and supposing that each square yard contains three pigeons, the square yards in the whole space, multiplied by three, would give 2,230,272,000 birds! In the Kentucky country, where they are mostly found, they appear suddenly, darkening the sky so completely that all work and labor is given up until they have passed. The air is literally filled with pigeons, and in some places mortars are used to bring down hundreds at one discharge. Their rapidity of flight is wonderful.

## EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

Many an illness is caused simply by imagination, and those of us who go about our work with calmness and confidence are much more likely to escape disease than others who are filled with apprehension should infection come within 100 miles of them. In connection with this the Arabs tell the following story:

One day a traveler met the plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus:  
"For what purpose are you entering Cairo?"

"To kill 3,000 people!" rejoined the plague.  
Some time after the same traveler met the plague on its return and said:  
"But you killed 30,000!"

"Nay," answered the plague, "I killed but 3,000; the rest died of fright."

A TRAVELER Irishman, who had gone the whole round of the Continent, was returning home, satiated with having "seen nothing," when, in a field by the road, he saw a fight; he stopped his carriage, hurried to the scene of action, took his side, with small reference to the question at issue, obtained his due amount of blinding bruises, and groped back to his carriage, exclaiming, "By Jove! this is the first bit of pleasure I have had since I have been from home."

## POSTAL NOMENCLATURE.

Some Funny Names of American Post-offices.

There are more than 43,000 post-offices in the United States, and the whimsicalities of the American people are nowhere more strongly illustrated than in their selection of names therefor. The Southern and Western States especially furnish many ridiculous instances of absurd mental freaks in this regard. The following names, taken from the United States Official Postal Guide for January, 1881, display at least a remarkable variety of taste:

In Alabama we find Blowhorn, Bucksnort, Gi, Gnatville, Lubbib, Quid Name, Rawhide and Shinbone. In Arizona, Bumble Bee, Snow Low, Tip Top and Tombstone. In Arkansas, Oil Trough, Sub Rosa and Tomahawk. In California, Bogas, Uncle Sam, Yankee Jim's and Zen Zom. Colorado boasts of Greenhorn, O. Z., You Bet and Troublesome. Baby Mine and Tenderfoot are in Dakota. Florida rejoices in Pallock, Serub and Sopheppy. Georgia has in her borders Alligator, Cheap, Clinchmen, Crackling, Crane Eater, Dark Corner, Dirt Town, Dobby, Hot House, Iceberg, Persimmon, Pisgol, Rock Pile and Ty Ty. Illinois turns out with Fish Hook, Half Day, Pre-employment, School and Zif. Indiana adorns the list with Bean Blossom, Bigfoot, Buckskin, Dice, Nogo, Polk Patch, Pucker Brush, Snoonover and Zulu. Odd, Unique, What Cheer, Yankee and Zero are in Iowa. Kansas furnishes Free Will, Haphazard, Og, Rattlesnake, Terrapin and Zenith. Kentucky produces Eighty-eight, Seventy-six, Backbone, Marrowbone, Devilshead, Headquarters, Humpy, Jamboree, Nobby, Pig, Scramble, Scuffletown, Slick-away and Tiptop. Louisiana contributes Happy Jack and Jump. Pattagunpus is in Maine. T. B. and Gunpowder in Maryland. In Tennessee are A. B. C., Dabbs, Forty-eight, U. Bet, Zed, Bero, Skull Bone and Calf-killer. In Texas, Blowout, Gunstight, J. Bob, Jehoy, Jimtown, Nameless, Straddle and Vox Populi. Pennsylvania donates Nine Points, Seven Points, Six Points, Seventy-six, Sabbath Rest, Scalp Level and Shickshiny. Nine Times and Ninety-six are in South Carolina; Seventy-six in Missouri; and Fourteen is in West Virginia. Dubbs, Rara Avis and O. K. are in Mississippi; and Dakota and Michigan each have a Stump. Washington Territory prides herself on Muck, Kumpstap and Skookchemuck; Virginia on Chuckatuck, Non Intervention, Pen Hook, Skinquarter, Tan Yard and Wolf Trap. Antiquity is in Ohio; Shoo Fly is in Iowa, also in North Carolina; Sleepy Eye is in Minnesota, and Wide Awake in Kentucky. None Such is in Michigan. Nix in Alabama, Last in North Carolina, and Last Chance in Iowa.

Tennessee blushing produces Sweet Lips to be promptly saluted by a Buss from Manitow county, Mich. Fillmore county, Minn., boasts of its Clear Grit, while Bay county, Mich., shows a White Feather. Blue Eye, Clapper, Grease, Protom, Tribulation and Zig are in Missouri. Fair Chance is in Pennsylvania. Fair Dealing is in Kentucky, but she finally pleads guilty to a Trickum, and so does Georgia. New York and Indiana each have a Big Indian, while Nevada has nothing better than a Sheep-head. North Carolina has a Day Book, a Hanging Dog, a Meat Camp, Old Hundred, Sandy, Mush, Shoe Heel, Short

## MORTALITY FROM CONSUMPTION.

The reported deaths from all causes in this city since 1816 number 1,009,804, and of these 137,218, or over 13 per cent., were from consumption. This disease is very destructive elsewhere, as shown by the last United States census, and especially in the Eastern States. In Maine it was the cause of over one-quarter of the mortality. The exact percentage given is 25.77. In New Hampshire the percentage on the total mortality was a little over 22; in the District of Columbia it was nearly 22; in Vermont it was over 20; in Rhode Island it was a fraction less; in Massachusetts it was nearly 20; in Oregon it was 18, and in Connecticut it was nearly 18. The percentage of deaths from consumption on the entire mortality was lowest in Arizona, 3.81 per cent.; in Nevada it was 4.89, and in Georgia 6.43. New York stands fourteenth on the list in regard to the fatality of this disease.—New York Sun.

"Yes," said the school-girl, who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in her class; "I shall have a horseshoe for my symbol, as it denotes having come from the foot!"

## Washington Etiquette.

Questions of etiquette are sometimes very troublesome in Washington, and all the more because very many of the denizens of that city, who come from distant and rural homes, know and care nothing about etiquette. How little the honorable gentleman from Scrimes' Hole suspects, as he is asked to take Mrs. Senator Red Velvet to dinner, that the lady whom he shall sit next, and the lady whom he shall hand out have been subjects of long and anxious deliberation. It is easy to call on Wormley, or Welcker, or Pinard, or some other chief, and order a dinner for twenty. But who shall sit where, and shall hand whom?—these are the questions which cause vexation and anguish. A distinguished official gentleman in Washington gave a noble repast in honor of a noted guest. It was ordered of the proper purveyor. "Now," said the host, when he had bade no expense be spared. "I don't know anything about the business of seating people correctly. You must attend to that, too." The purveyor went straight to another distinguished man, who had not been invited to the dinner because it would not be agreeable to some other distinguished man who was invited, and distinguished man number one was immensely amused that he was called upon to seat the guests at a dinner to which he was not himself invited.

It is all the more perplexing because, although Washington is always full of official persons who are really indifferent to etiquette, and who greet it with a hearty democratic laugh, yet because of its official population there has been from the first especial attention paid by experts to the subject. Washington took grave counsel upon it and Hamilton gave him some canons of behavior in writing, and there is alleged to be a more rigid system of social etiquette among official persons in Washington than is to be found in any circle elsewhere in the country. There are asserted to be due rules for the "first calling" of Senators' wives, and the wives of the members of the Cabinet and of Justices of the Supreme Court. Precedence at table is also a knotty point involving great trouble of soul. Some years ago a Senator gave a dinner to which the Secretary of State was invited. When dinner was announced, the host turned to the senior Senator, the dean of the Senate, and asked him to take the lady of the Secretary of State to the table. The senior Senator hesitated, saying to his colleague that the Secretary of State was in the room. "Pshaw! we Senators make Secretaries of State," was the answer; and the host insisted that in his house nobody should precede the dean of his own body.—Harper's Magazine.

## "NOTHER ONE BUSTED."

Three years ago Detroit, says the *Free Press*, had about fifty amateur weeklies in full blast. One by one they have succumbed to the chicken-pox, measles, whooping-cough and hard times, and the number yet alive can now be counted on the fingers of the left hand. The latest failure occurred yesterday just after the bells had struck 13 o'clock. An ambitious, persevering boy of 12 had established the *Twilight* in a little second-floor back room beyond the parka on Woodward avenue. In his issue of twenty-three copies in the forenoon occurred the following item:

"Notiss.—(There is a Road-headed Woman in this Sitty who Licks Her Children with the stOve handle. LEt her beWair or We SHall puBlisH Her nam."

The editor of the *Twilight* was seated in his sanctum at the hour named, when a female entered. She hadn't come to subscribe. She wasn't there to have a funeral notice published. She didn't look like the President of a female sewing society. No one could read her errand until she had locked the door. Then she kicked the press over, upset the standing-galley, knocked the legs from under the editorial table, and laid hands on the editor. Being taken by surprise, he did not realize what was going on until he had been shaken out of his boots and jammed into the wood-box head first, and ere he had regained his editorial composure the assailant had fled. Ruin and desolation brooded there. Havoc and disaster sailed around the room. The red-headed woman who licks her children with the stove-handle had played smash and left nothing to begin anew on. No insurance and no more *Twilight*.

## A MAINE SNAKE STORY.

In a certain town in Maine, some farmers went out haying and carried with them a jug of cider, which they put in the shade of a tree. While they were at work a snake swallowed a toad, which swelled him greatly. He then crawled near to the jug, which was tipped over on the ground, and espied another toad on the other side. Seeing the quickest way, the snake stuck his head through the handle of the jug and quietly swallowed the poor toad. Now, to the snake's amazement, he couldn't move either way, as he had swallowed a toad on either side of the handle. In that peculiar position he was captured by the farmers.

## THE TOILETTE OF THE FLY.

The toilette of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking glass he brushes himself up and waddles his little round head, chuck full of vanity, wherever he happens to be. Sometimes after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and little round body all soiled with sirup and butter and cream, he passes out of the dining-room and wings his way to the clean, white cord along which the morning-glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider that is practicing gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early at breakfast. It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raking them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clean. Then he pushes the two legs along under the wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting on his hind and middle legs, he raises his two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of his head and shoulders, using his proboscis every little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever committed suicide. Some of his motions very much resemble those of pussy at her toilet. It is plain, even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when he is finished he looks like a new fly, so clean and neat as he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is defiled, but floppy is himself again, and he bids the morning-glories a very good evening.

## THE WORK OF ONE DAY.

In the fall of 1790, Burns struck off at one heat the matchless "Tale of Tam o' Shanter." The poem was the work of one day, of which Mrs. Burns retained a vivid recollection. Her husband had spent most of the day by the riverside, and in the afternoon she sought him with her two children. He was busily engaged crooning to himself, and Mrs. Burns, perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind with her little ones among the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who was now even at some distance, agonized with an ungovernable excess of joy. He was reciting very loud, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated verses which he had just conceived:

"Now Tam! O Tam! had thee been queens,  
A' plump and strappin' in their teens,  
"I wish ye had seen him," said his wife; "he was in such ecstacy that the tears were happing doon his cheeks." The poet, having committed the verses to writing, came into the house, and read them in high triumph at the fireside. He ever after regarded it as the master-piece of all his poems, and posterity has not, I believe, reversed the judgment.—Men of Letters.

## DUTIES OF A LEGISLATOR.

The following humorous sketch of the duties of a legislator points out several evils which would not exist if all legislators were conscientious:

The Limekiln Club Committee on Judiciary, who had been asked to investigate and report on the query from Toledo, "What is the duty of a member of the State Legislature?" reported as follows:

1. To take a free pass from every railroad in de State. Dis puts him in a position to vote agin railroad monopolies an' subsidies.
2. To be absent often an' as much as he kin, an' to draw his salary with promptness an' dispatch.
3. To push free bills favorin' de interests of himself an' friends.
4. To spin out de seshuns as long as possible in order to draw de salary.
5. To let no occasion pass widout makin' a speech, an' to hab every one of dese speeches printed an' sent home to an anxious constituency.

The report was accepted and filed and Brother Gardner complimented the Chairman on his research and intelligence.—Detroit Free Press.

A GENTLEMAN who recently patented a fire escape has died, and a wicked person suggests that he may have abundant opportunity to test his invention.

## POLITICS AT THE BENCH.

"The greatest charm of inauguration should be its pointed simplicity," said the carpenter as he started a mortise.  
"True," said the apprentice, sawing into a nail, "so gimlet us have a piece."  
"You rip-saw the dangers of republican simplicity on the minds of the people," remarked the journeyman, "and so the effete monarchies framed their coronations with imposing ceremonies."  
"A good deal of it," assented the boss carpenter, "and I opine it is knot plane, or at least it is knot a first clear, why the same formalities should be drier in our Government."

"Sea, son?" the journeyman asked the apprentice.  
And the apprentice said, "Oh, yes, he saw."  
"You must, wat chisel illustrations very sharply," said the journeyman, "or you can't at hatchets proper meaning to each one."

"It axes myscrewtiny very keenly, indeed," said the apprentice, "to follow the thread of his keel marks."  
"Your mind wanders," said the boss, "the rolling grindstone catches no worms."  
"All work-bench and no play," said the apprentice apologetically, "makes Jackplane a dull boy."

"But," spoke the journeyman, "Jackplane is always a playin'."  
"Not when its eye dull," persisted the apprentice, sawing half way through an old hinge.

"I advise you to brace up a bit," said the carpenter, "and when I say that, remember that a wink is as good as a kick to a blind saw horse."

"Somethin' nails me to-day," the apprentice said, as he pounded his thumb with a lathing hatchet, and he turned aside to utter maledictions on the hatchet and the man who made it.

"I'd hold you so," said the journeyman, "and I'd hammer this way," and he showed him how strike.

But the apprentice said the last part of the lesson was entirely unnecessary. Thus do our laboring classes improve the current political events to their intellectual edification and mutual improvement.—Burdette.

## AMPHIBIOUS VENICE.

Water is the Venetian's native element. In the quaint gloom of twilight, the canals of Venice are alive with her male population, men and boys, and very many little maidens, too, in cloth gowns, sporting in the waters like so many dark-skinned Polynesians. They dive, they gambol, they shout, they splash, they make the old walls and slimy waters merry with their cries and laughter, while their nude, white bodies come out against them in shiny, dripping relief, like so many figures of a far-away primitive world, where innocence still rules supreme. Mothers sit knee-deep in water on their house steps, either holding their six months' old babies, while they kick and splash and coo delightedly on their own account at finding themselves thus early in life in their native element, or else they let the old ones loose, with ropes around their waists, securely fastened either to themselves or the door-ring, to be hauled quickly in in case of an emergency. To aid them still further in their nautical exploits, these infants are supplied with breast-boards on which to float until they learn to swim, which feat is soon accomplished, for they take as easily to the water as other children do to green-sward. Indeed, at this time of day it requires some extra skill on the part of the gondolier to pick his way through the swimming, floating, plunging population, as thick in spots as shoals of mackerel in their season, screaming and hustling one another in the brine as vigorously as if sporting on shore. Where there is so much rollicking nakedness about, stalwart models of men as nude, saving their waist-cloths, as the classical gods, and little girls and boys ragless, or next to it, at first blush on encountering them in these watery streets of a large city in broad daylight, the stranger is startled; but he soon gets accustomed to this novel phase of Venetian life. Salt water is a great leveler.

WIFE, given to literature and the drama, to her husband—"George, what is the meaning of the expression 'Go to,' you meet with so frequently in Shakespeare and the old dramatists?" Husband (not a reading man)—"I don't know, I'm sure, my dear, unless—well—perhaps he was going to say—but thought it wouldn't sound proper."—London Punch.

DR. HARDING says: "The assertion that American women are feebler than foreign women is known to be false by any who has employed foreigners as domestics. The foreign 'helps' are puffed up by watery vegetables and coarse bread, and look strong; but they have headaches, bad teeth, sore eyes, deafness and weak digestion, and they are tired out by little tasks which their mistresses can do easily and cheerfully."

WHAT is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whisky? One husband the corn and the other courts the husband.

## THE SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

The carrier's address, says the *Detroit Free Press*, is legendary with every newspaper, but no one ever hears of a "subscriber's" address. Why not? He has a side to this story, and it is entitled to a hearing. When he gets it his address will read something as follows:

"Say, you carrier-boy, hold on a minute! This is New Year's day the beginning of 1881. There are several new leaves I want you to turn over before the sun goes down to-night. When you come spooking along here at 5 o'clock in the morning to leave my paper I want you to remember that it is to be shored through the opening in the side door. I have left word at the office about fifty times, but you insist on throwing it on the front steps. If you persist in this persistency I'll make hash of you some fine morning!"

"There's another trifle I want to refer to. Why on earth can't you come along here without trying to raise the dead? You are not hired to slam gates, stone dogs, chase cats or whistle. You are not happy unless you wake up half your patrons, but I'm a patron who won't stand it any longer. The very next time you come along here with that infernal 'Sally Waters,' or whatever her cognomen is, I'm going to jump out of bed and take after you, and five minutes after I have got hold of your hair you'll take rank with the baldest bald-head in America."

"And, by the way, how often are you going to skip me this year? Your excuses are altogether too thin. Don't try that on me this year! I'm kind-hearted and long-suffering, but there is a limit to all things. The very first time I miss my daily I'm going to hire a field-piece, load it to the muzzle with powder, nails, glass and broken stones, and tie you where you will get the full force of the discharge right between the eyes!"

"And you want to leave that dog of yours at home. I'm laying for that cur! When you can't set him on our cat you manage to meet some carrier with another canine and get up a fight and raise a neighborhood hubbub. Oh! I've had my eyes on you, young man, and you've got to step high for the next 365 days! Yes, I know it's cold, and you have to get up early, and it's a long and lonesome route, but you must also respect my feelings. Here's \$1 for you, and I want you to brace up and drop your mean little tricks. No reason why you shouldn't some day be President if you begin right. That's all, and when you want a new pair of mittens you know where to come for them."

## A COW WITH A HISTORY.

"I have seen somewhere a statement that a cow was sold at auction in this country, some years ago, for \$40,000. Is this so; and if so, in what did her value consist? Please tell a doubter something about it if you can."

The statement is true. The cow was a famous short-horn owned by Samuel Campbell, a wealthy stock-breeder and manufacturer, residing at New York Mills, near Utica, N. Y. About one hundred animals at this sale brought over \$300,000. This particular cow was bid off by the agent of a rich Englishman for breeding purposes. After buying her the new owner came to the conclusion that he had paid too dear for the whistle, and instructed his agent, instead of sending her to England, to sell her in this country at the best attainable price. After a little the agent found a customer by knocking off exactly \$10,000. The new owner—a gentleman residing at Fordham, N. Y., we think—kept the cow until she dropped a calf, whereupon she was taken sick with milk fever, or something like it, and died. Her value consisted in her pedigree rather than in any wonderful capacity as a milk producer or butter maker, or to put it in mercantile phrase, her value consisted in what she brought her owner—and to the last two owners that wasn't much, unless in the way of valuable experience.—Philadelphia Press.

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