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"Libertas et Natale Solum"

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CUPID'S FIRST DIP.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Cupid one day amid wild flowers playing—
Wild flowers—the fittest for him—
In the bright stream, by whose bank he was stray-
ing,
Lunging to bathe—but the boy could not swim.
He ventured his foot in a shallow hard by,
When the nymph of the stream, with sharp mocking
cry,
Said, "Cupid, don't dabble—be cautious or bold,
Jump in, or keep out,
If you dabble no doubt
You'll go home with a cough,
And the ladies will scold."
For the very worst thing is for love to take cold."
Cupid, thus taunted, jumped in, nothing daunted;
"Well done," said the nymph to the boy;
"Once o'er head and ears, boy, away with your
feet—
The wider the plunge, oh, the brighter the joy!
To give you this lesson, sweet Cupid, is my
duty.
With your dear little wings, too—I'm sure you're
a duck—
But, wild duck, don't dabble,
The nymph said to him,
"Once o'er head and ears,
Away with your feet,
For love never sinks when determined to swim!"

FOR LOVE OF HIM.

"I," cried Haddie Winstanley, pit-
tously, "I a burden to my husband?
Oh, Sarella! Sarella! for pity's sake
don't say that!"

It was the day following the family
begins—that most dismal, doleful and
intolerable of days, when the furniture
was piled up in the echoing and uncarpeted
rooms, the pictures turned blankly
with their faces to the walls, the yawning
chimney-pieces destitute of crackling
flames, while the dreary spring rain
beat against the windows with a mournful
and monotonous sound.

At the back of the little farm house
the gnarled apple trees were striving to
break out into bud and blossom, and a
few faint-colored spring flowers lifted
their golden heads above the grass and
dead leaves, while at the front the rest-
less billows of the Atlantic, tortured by
the moaning wind, flung their fringes
of foam high up on the shores, flights of
sea-birds eddied overhead, and the low-
hanging reach of leaden clouds shut out
the misty shimmer of the horizon.

Haddie had wandered about the house
all day wrapped in a shawl, looking
about as forlorn as the daffodils and jon-
quils outside, in the vain endeavor to
find some habitable nook or corner where
she could pore over her book.

She felt herself ill-used in the extreme-
st degree, this sunny-haired, rose-lipped
human fairy, in that all was not made
smooth and easy to her little feet.

She had married Carlos Winstanley
three months ago, supposing that she was
entering into a human Eden through
the golden circle of the wedding ring
and the bowery arches of the orange blos-
soms; and here, lo and behold! he had
failed; the pretty little house in Park
Terrace had been sold, with its antique
furniture, its bric-a-brac and rose-lined
curtains, and here and there they were
banished for the rest of their lives to the
dismal, one-storied farm-house, the sole
relic of Carlos Winstanley's scattered
fortune!

"It isn't like a city house," said
the young man, cheerily; "but I've always
had a sort of loving for a farm life, and
we can be just as happy here as if it
were a palace—can't we, Haddie?"

And Haddie, with a half-frightened
glance at the restless waves of the At-
lantic and the groups of cedars writhing
in the blast, clung to his shoulder and
whispered:

"Yes. But," she added with quiver-
ing lip, "it will be very lonely, won't
it?"

"Sarella is coming to stay with us and
help get settled," said Winstanley.
"Why, what could such a butterfly as
you do with all this confusion?"

Haddie said nothing. "She could
hardly tell her husband how much she
loved and disliked his stern maiden
sister, who stood up so straight, and
wore her iron-gray hair twisted up into
a tight knot at the back of her head, in
an inexorable fashion, which made Haddie
feel as if her gold frizzes and braids
were vanity and vexation of spirit, in-
deed; and had a way of looking over
and beyond her, as if she (Haddie) were
of no account whatever.

But Sarella was needed, and she came,
just as she would have come to nurse a
wounded soldier, or keep watch over a
household of measles, or scarlet fever,
or undertake any other difficult or thank-
less task.

And, upon this rainy day, Sarella went
backward and forward, and looked with
a sort of contemptuous pity at the poor
black cat, wrapped in her floppy white
shawl, with a rose in her hair and a
stick in her hand.

"Dear me, Harriet!" she had cried
when at last her slender thread of

patience was quite exhausted; "why
don't you do something?"

"What shall I do?" said Haddie, pit-
tously.
"I'm sure there's enough to be done,"
said Haddie, eyeing the heap of carpet-
ing as if it had been a wild beast ready
to spring at her. "I don't think I
could sew anything so big and heavy."
"There's all the china to be washed
and sorted on the shelves," suggested
Sarella grimly.

"I should be sure to break it," fal-
tered Haddie.

"The curtains are all ready to be
tacked up to the west-room windows,"
said Sarella, looking around for a tack-
hammer.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Haddie,
more frightened than ever. "I
should be sure to turn giddy on top of
that step-ladder."

Sarella looked disdainfully at her
beautiful little sister-in-law.

"I wonder what you are good for,"
said she, sharply.

Haddie hung her head, flushed scar-
let, and said nothing.

"For all I can see," severely went on
Sarella, "my big brother might as well
have married a big wax doll. It was all
very well so long as he was a merchant
in receipt of a big income. But now—
goodness me, what sort of a farmer's
wife do you suppose you will make?"

"I don't know," confessed Haddie,
feeling herself arraigned before a sort of
consolidated inquisition.

"Do you know anything about butter
and cheese?" demanded Sarella, re-
lentlessly.

"No!"

"Did you ever make up a batch of
bread? or pies? or cake?" sternly
pursued this iron-hearted catechist.

"No," whispered Haddie.

"Can you cut and fit your own Ken-
sington stitch?"

"I can make the Kensington stitch
in antique lace, if that's what you
mean."

"Antique lace! Kensington stitch!"
echoed Sarella, in withering scorn.

"Can you make your husband's shirts?"

"He buys them ready-made," fal-
tered Haddie. "At least he always
did."

"Humph!" said Sarella. "I sup-
pose, now, you couldn't clean house, or
wash up the curtains, or make a lot of
currant jelly, to save your life?"

"No," said Haddie, with a trembling
voice. "I'm afraid I couldn't."

"You are nothing more nor less than
a burden to your husband," said Sarella,
with the air of a Judge pronouncing
sentence of doom. "You're no more
fit to be married than yonder white
kitten. And I pity Carlos from the
very bottom of my heart, that I do!"

And, thus speaking, Sarella picked up
the whitewash brush and stalked away,
while poor little Haddie wailed out the
beseeching words with which our story
commences.

"Oh, Sarella, dear Sarella!" she
pleaded, "I'll try to do my best."

"Your best!" repeated Sarella. "And
what does that amount to? You're a
100-pound weight around his neck—a
blight upon his future—that's what you
are!"

And she whisked into the kitchen,
while Haddie ran up stairs to the garret
to have a good cry.

Haddie was very sad and pensive for
a day or two. Carlos looked at her pit-
tifully, afraid to ask if she were discon-
tented in her new home, for he knew
well that he had none other to offer her.
Sarella sniffed at her selfish inefficiency,
and the very scrubbing woman put on
airs, while Betsy Baker, a neighbor,
who came in to help with the "settling,"
caught the popular tune, and said,
lollily:

"Please, Mrs. Winstanley, stand out
of the way while we're a-stretching
this carpet, and don't hinder us if ye
can't help us!"

At the end of the third day of domes-
tic saturnalia, when Carlos Winstanley
came home, Haddie was nowhere to be
found, and on her cushion was pinned
the following note:

DEAR CARLOS, I don't be vexed, but I have
gone away to stay with Aunt Dorcas Dutton
until the Beach farm is settled. I don't seem
to be of much use to anybody, and perhaps Sarella
will get along better without me. Affection-
ately your wife,
H. W.

"There!" said Sarella to Betsy
Baker. "Didn't I tell you so? She's
so lazy she can't bear to see other folks
work! And I don't know whatever Carlos
was thinking of when he married her
instead of Rosanna Martin, who took
the first prize for bread and cake at the

county fair, and has got a chest full of
linen and bedquilts at home."

But she did not express herself thus
plainly to Carlos, when he asked her,
wistfully, if she knew why Haddie had
gone away.

"I think she's sick of farms and farm-
work," said Sarella, turning up her lips.

"I think, Carlos, she's like the little
portulacas in the garden outside, that
only blossom when the sun shines."

And Carlos was more wretched than
ever, fancying that he had darkened his
young wife's life, and dragged her down
into poverty with him.

"She will come back to me when she
chooses," he said, sadly. "I shall not
go after her."

And he grew paler, colder and more
silent as he went about the duties of the
farm; and Sarella, to use her own ex-
pression, "flew around as lively as a
cricket," and put things into the nearest
of order.

"We're better off without Harriet
than with her, it's my opinion," said
she to herself. "A china doll of a wom-
an, only fit to be waited on and made
much of. I do think Carlos was crazy
when he married her."

At the month's end, however, Haddie
came back, and flattered down the flag-
shaded garden walk to meet her hus-
band, like a bird, as he returned from
his day's work.

"Oh, Carlos! Carlos!" she cried; "I
am so glad to be here again!"

"Little one," he asked, almost re-
proachfully, "why did you leave me?"

"I have been at school," said Haddie,
radiantly. "I have been learning—my
profession. Oh! Carlos, you can never
tell how awkward and helpless I felt
here, in my own house, knowing that I
was as ignorant as a child of all the
things I needed most to comprehend. I
love you—oh, so dearly—and I felt so
unworthy of you—so unable to help you
in your sore need—as a wife should help
her husband. Sarella despised my igno-
rance—the very servants looked down
on me as a helpless dolt; and they were
right. But they shall never do so any
more, for I've learned to be a house-
keeper at last—Aunt Dorcas has taught
me everything. I can make butter like
gold, and cheese that even Sarella will
not criticize. I shall prepare you some
strawberry shortcake to-morrow, and my
bread and biscuits are as light and as
white as swandown; and I've made you
a shirt, Carlos, all by myself, and Aunt
Dorcas says I needn't be ashamed of it;
and I can wash and iron, and clear-
starch as well as ever old Chloe did
when I was a girl at home."

"Haddie! Haddie!" he cried. "Why
did you do this?"

"For love of you," she answered,
simply; "to be to you what a wife
should be to her husband. You needn't
think I am going to settle down into
a common drudge, Carlos. I like
Shakespeare and the Kensington stitch
as well as ever. But a farmer's wife
should not be blind and helpless at the
head of her own household, and I am
thankful that I have learned to do all
these things."

"You are an angel, Haddie!" he said,
earnestly.

"I am only your true, loving little
wife," she answered, hiding her face on
his breast.

Sarella needed to stay at the Beach
farm no longer; Betsy Baker was dis-
missed, and Haddie took her place at
the helm, and all of his happy, efficient,
stirring farmers' wives Mrs. Winstanley
bore away the palm.

"I never supposed there was so much
in her," said Sarella. "Carlos couldn't
have made a better choice if he had
tried for a year."

"It does beat all," said Betsy Baker.

THIEVES' DIALECT.

Among thieves there is a distinct class
of slang which is in quite common use.
They denominate a sentence of imprison-
ment as "air and exercise," and call a
drunk a "ball." A penitentiary is known
as a "boarding-school," and a surgeon
is termed a "bone-setter." Money is
known among them as "chink," and a
policeman as a "cop." "Darbies" are
hand-cuffs; "earth bath" is a grave, and
"eternity-box" is the proper name
for a coffin. Hemp is denominated
"neck-weed," a slungshot is called a
"necky," while the head is known as
the "dimple."

When a man dies he is said to have
"croaked," and when he is buried he is
said to have been "put to bed with a
shovel."

By means of this slang the thieves of
various countries can talk to each other
understandingly, although ignorant of
the language of the country in which
they happen to be.

THE NEWSPAPER IN A FARM-HOUSE.

People who live near the great thor-
oughfares, where they have access to
two or three dailies and a half dozen
weeklies, do not fully appreciate the
value of a newspaper. They come, in-
deed, to look upon them as necessities,
and they would as cheerfully do without
their morning meal as their morning
mail. But one must be far off in the
country, remote from "the maddening
crowd," to realize the full luxury of a
newspaper. The farmer who receives
but one paper a week does not glance
over its columns hurriedly, with an air
of impatience, as does your merchant or
lawyer. He begins with the beginning
and reads to the close, not permitting a
news item or an advertisement to escape
his eye. Then it has to be thumbed by
every member of the family, each one
looking for things in which he or she is
most interested. The grown-up daugh-
ter looks for the marriage notices, and is
delighted if the editor has treated
them to a love story. The son who is
just about to engage in farming, with
an enthusiasm that will carry him far
in advance of his father, reads all the
crop reports and has a keen eye for hints
about improved modes of culture. The
younger members of the family come in
for the amusing anecdotes and scraps of
fun. All look forward to the day that
shall bring the paper with the liveliest
interest, and if by some unlucky chance
it fails to come it is a bitter disappoint-
ment. One can hardly estimate the
amount of information which a paper that
is not only read but studied can carry
into a family. They have, week by week,
spread before their mental vision a pan-
orama of the busy world, its fluctuations
and its vast concerns. It is the poor
man's library, and furnishes as much
mental food as he has time to consume
and digest. No one who has observed
how much those who are far away from
the press where men most congregate
value their weekly paper can fail to
join in invoking a blessing on the in-
ventor of this means of intellectual en-
joyment.—*Central Rapids Republican.*

CANDID MRS. LAFITTE.

The death of Mrs. Lafitte, the
daughter of the late Commodore Van-
derbilt, in Paris, calls to mind some pe-
culiarities of that truthful woman.

Her first husband was a favorite of
her father, and when he was stricken
with consumption old Vanderbilt felt
worse than his daughter about it. He
sent the pair down to Florida under the
care of a Mr. Lafitte, and Mrs. Barker
took a great fancy to the gentleman—a
fancy the sick husband was not slow in
discussing.

"Well, madame," he said one morn-
ing, "where have you been this hour?"
"Walking with your successor," an-
swered the bold lady.

And then and there she told him that
as his complaint was pronounced incur-
able—and she disliked a lengthy widow-
hood—she had selected Mr. Lafitte as
her second husband.

The sick man wrote post haste to pa-
in-law, who was greatly incensed, but
before any actual steps could be taken
the widow and her prospective husband
were bringing poor No. 1 home to bury
decently in the family lot. Then in a
very short time—a matter of weeks—
the lady became Mme. Lafitte, and
went off to live in Paris.

Old Vanderbilt stuck to his dislike;
he left \$500,000 to Madame, at her
death to revert to the children by the
first husband. So Monsieur Lafitte was
not pecuniarily benefited by his con-
nection with the millionaire's family.—
New York letter.

A curious person died recently in
Paris at the age of 72 years, the Count
Napoleon Bertrand, the son of the com-
panion of Napoleon I. at St. Helena.
The Count every year used to hire a
room in a hotel and go to bed for three
months, after having given orders for
food to be brought to him once a day,
and not a word be spoken by the serv-
ant. He was asleep during the siege of
Paris. One day the bread was so abom-
inable that he flew into a rage and forced
the waiter to tell him the reason was that
the city was besieged by the Prussians.
Count Bertrand was stupefied for a mo-
ment. At last he got up and wandered
about the hotel for a time, saying to him-
self, "Paris besieged? besieged? what
ought a Bertrand to do?" And, after a
few minutes' reflection, he said, "I will
go to bed." And he went to bed and
slept out the siege.

The Concord School of Philosophy
has adjourned without deciding whether
a man milking should prefer to have the
cow kick him or the pail over. Demand
an extra session.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

The Big Trees of Calaveras and Mari-
posa counties, in California, belong to
the same genus as the common redwood.
This giant of the Sierras is not a hand-
some tree, either when young or aged;
the branches are short, the spray less
graceful than the coast redwood, the
leaves small and awl-shaped, but the
cones are several times larger, and the
wood is of a duller reddish hue. It
seems these monarchs of the forest were
first seen by white men in the spring of
1852, when a hunter named Dowd
reached Calaveras grove, and later con-
ducted a party of miners to the locality
where the big trees grow. In the sever-
al groves where they have been found,
there are many trees from 275 to 325
feet high, and from 25 to 34 feet in
diameter. The area of the Mariposa
grove is two miles square, and it con-
tains 427 of the monster trees. The
largest in the Calaveras grove is "The
Keystone State," and is 325 high, and
its girth six feet from the ground is 45
feet. There are some in the Mariposa
grove which are not so high, but which
have a greater circumference. "The
Grizzly Giant," for example, being 93
feet at the ground, and over 61 eleven
feet above. Some dozen miles south of
the Mariposa grove is the Fresno grove,
which is said to contain about 600 trees,
the largest 81 feet in circumference;
while about fifty miles north of the
Calaveras, in Placer county, a small
grove has been discovered. Careful
computations have been made of the
ages of these trees, and some cautious
scientists admit, in regard to one of
them, that "its age cannot have ex-
ceeded 1,300 years."

HANGING WITH BRILLIANT SUCCESS.
William Scott was hung with more
eclat than any one else had ever been.
People who witnessed the exercises said
that they never knew a man to straight-
en out a rope with more unstudied grace
and earnest zeal than William did.

He seemed to throw the whole vim
and concentrated energy of a lifetime
into this emphatic gesture.

As he hung there limp and exhausted
at the end of the rope, the Chairman of
the vigilance committee said, while he
took a cigar from William's vest pocket
and lit it, that he had never known a
man to jump into the bosom of the great
uncertain with more chic or more
sprightly grace and precision than
William had.

This should teach us the importance
of doing everything thoroughly and
well. Whatever we undertake, aim to
do it better than any one else. It is
better to be hung and know that we
have brought out all there was in the
part, and to know that we expended our
crimes in a way calculated to win the
respect of all, than even to run for Alder-
man and get scooped.—*Nye's Boon-
crang.*

INDIANS are like a great many white
men in sometimes losing their courage
after getting on the ground for a duel.
Stilp Bob and Square Sam, young
braves of the Santee Sioux, were so
equally attractive in the eyes of Sal
Molly, their chief's daughter, that she
would not choose between them. She
promised, however, to accept the sur-
vivor of a duel, and it was agreed that
the fight should be a deadly one with
stone-headed war clubs. The meeting
was ceremonious in a high degree, and
it was only after lengthy preliminaries
that the two warriors, mounted on
ponies, armed with the murderous clubs,
and hideous in war paint, faced each
other for the encounter. They circled
around for an hour, harmlessly whoop-
ing and gesticulating; then they came
together, whacked away wildly a while,
but injured nothing except the ponies;
and, finally, Sam accepted Bob's offer of
five horses and a gun to relinquish his
claim on Sal Molly.

The Stockton (Cal.) *Herald* says: A
month ago J. E. Richardson, of this
city, received a postal card from his
brother in Haynesville, Iowa, contain-
ing over 5,000 words. It was written to
him as a letter, and the writing upon it
was so fine that it required a magnifying
glass to read a portion of it. Mr. Rich-
ardson made up his mind that he would
not be outdone, and four weeks ago
made preparations to reply in the same
style. He wrote during his leisure mo-
ments an answer, which he brought to a
close to-day, the space on his card hav-
ing been entirely consumed. When his
task was completed he counted the num-
ber of words, and found that he had
6,471, a number exceeding the one he
had received by over 1,000. It was
written with a steel pen and can be read
without the aid of a glass.

PLEASANTRIES.

An Albany woman woke her husband
during a storm and said: "I do wish you
would stop snoring, for I want to hear it
thunder."

It is cruelty to cast your bread upon
the waters if the bread is sour and
heavy. It might give the fishes the
dyspepsia.

When the bold Highlander went
courting he tersely introduced himself:
"Ann Saxton, I am Roderick Dhu." Ann
replied, "Dhu tell!"

It isn't because a woman is exactly
afraid of a cow that she runs away and
screams. It is because gored dresses
are not fashionable.

When a New Orleans man wanted his
picture in an heroic attitude, the artist
painted him in the act of refusing to
drink.—*Boston Transcript.*

A young lady wrote some verses for a
paper about her birthday and headed
them "May 30th." It almost made her
hair turn gray when it appeared in
print, "My 30th."

"You don't know how it pains me to
punish you," said the teacher. "I
guess there's the most pain at my end
of the stick," replied the boy. "T any
rate, I'd be willing to swap."

Bailey says: "What men call acci-
dents is God's own part," but it is hard
to convince a man of this when he steps
down a step that he didn't know was
there and busts a pet corn. He thinks it
that other party's part.

"It's a long way from this world to
the next," said a dying man to a friend
who stood at his bedside. "Oh, never
mind, my dear fellow," answered the
friend, consoingly, "you'll have it all
down hill."

He lathered at the festival,
A goblet in his fist,
A wishy-washy fluid brimmed
The marge his lips to kiss.
Quoth he, "I wish that I could get
A pair of trousers made
For summer wear as thin as this
Consumptive lemonade."
—*Old City Herald.*

"HALLOA! Bob, how are you?" Bob,
who had been in jail for (del.) for some
months past, answered: "Very well,
thank you; but I have been in trouble,
you know?" "What trouble ailed you?"
"A trouble passed in durance."

A young lady who was doing the Alps
reported progress to her guardian: "I
tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't
reach the top. It's absurdly high—
everything is high in this country.
Please send me some money."

I FEARED THE vile, pestiferous fly
That will not let me live
When I would take my morning nap;
I equim about and try to sleep
That fly,
But I
But slap my face in vain attempt
To kill the wretch.

An alleged poet says that violets are
"heavenly gems on Nature's polonaise,"
and we presume on the same plan it
may be said that white turnips are the
buttons on Nature's negro-minstrel
duster.

"I've five cents left," said a loafer,
"so I'll buy a paper with them." "What
paper do you buy?" said a friend, curi-
ous to learn the literary taste of his
acquaintance. "A paper of tobacco,"
replied the loafer.

TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.
I take about half a pint of rectified
spirit and mix with it a few drops of
coloring solution and concentrated es-
sence of brandy, that is the brandy flavor
prepared by the druggist, and by brisk
agitation the mixture acquires the ap-
pearance of cognac. You like a little
head? Very well; I add a little out of
this vial, a preparation of nitro-benzoin,
or artificial oil of bitter almonds. Now,
as I pour it out the bubbles remain for
some time at the top. However, it does
not taste ripe or full-bodied yet, so I add
a few drops of a preparation principally
composed of glycerine and called by the
trade "age and body." Another good
shake, and all I need is a label certify-
ing that the article is "10-year-old
cognac brandy," and there you have my
brandy ready for the market. Of course
the experiment has been a very hasty
one. I simply intended to show you the
principle. In practice about half a
pound of each of the substances I have
just made use of would be added to forty
gallons of rectified spirits, and a very
respectable and by no means injurious
brandy is the result. In brief, the
distillation of spirituous liquids, that is,
the artificial production in a few
hours by chemical progress of a similar
result to that attained by nature in the
course of months, or even years, has
every claim to be regarded as a triumph
of science.—*Dr. Lefman, in Philadel-
phia Press.*