

# The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum"

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## THE LIVER AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

It has become a well established fact that the larger portion of diseases to which the human family is subject arise from the liver. This organ is not only the largest, but at the same time one of the most important. The venous blood, as it returns to the heart, passes through this organ, and in its passage the impurities and the secretions which are necessary for digestion as well as for a continuance to assist in the removal of waste material are accumulated. From this source it is responsible for its proper functions. The office of removing all objectionable matter from the blood, but allowing it to pass through, carrying with it the poisons of which it should have been relieved.

With 120 parts of blood the circulation becomes affected. From this source it is responsible for its proper functions. The office of removing all objectionable matter from the blood, but allowing it to pass through, carrying with it the poisons of which it should have been relieved.

DR. B. F. SHEPARD'S PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. The result of years of steady, earnest medical research and practice of Dr. B. F. SHEPARD, its inventor, and its success in curing all the diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels, and kidneys, is a fact which is well known to all who have used it. It is a powerful purgative, and its action is so gentle that it can be used by the most delicate. It is a powerful tonic, and its action is so gentle that it can be used by the most delicate. It is a powerful tonic, and its action is so gentle that it can be used by the most delicate.

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## THE YEARS PASS ON.

"When I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do! I'll be great and good, and noble and true; I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor— No one shall ever be turned from my door; But I'm only a little girl now." And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time To think of heaven and things sublime; My time is now full of studies and play; But I really mean to begin some day; I am only a little girl now." And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said, "I'll try to do right, and not be afraid; I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys Of the world with all its dazling toys; But I'm only a young girl now." And so the years pass on.

"Ah me!" sighed a woman gray with years, Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears, "I've kept putting off the time to be good, Instead of beginning to do as I should; But I'm an old woman now." And so the years pass on.

## THE BLUE SATIN BOOTS.

There was a church fair and festival on hand at Waynesville, and all the young ladies were in a state of feminine flutter.

Pretty brown-eyed Jenny Carson had one of the fancy tables. She had also a new dress for the occasion. The soft, shining folds of dark blue silk were draped over the bed, and Jenny was kneeling upon the floor, arranging the loops of satin ribbon to her taste, when Miss Bell Dorsey, who was Jenny's most intimate friend, burst into the room.

"Oh, what a pretty dress, Jenny! You'll look ravishing in it. You only need a pair of blue satin boots to match it, and then you'll be the best-dressed girl at the festival."

"But—satin boots are very expensive," said Jenny, hesitatingly.

"Oh, well, yes, somewhat. But there's nothing sets off a lady's appearance like nice shoes and gloves. I heard Dr. Chester say he never considered a lady well dressed if she wore ill-fitting boots or gloves." And Miss Bell complacently crossed her own pretty French kids, while Jenny nervously put away the pretty silk.

What Dr. Chester said was beginning to be a matter of some moment to Jenny Carson. She was conscious of a longing for the blue boots; but alas! they were too expensive for her.

Miss Bell presently took her leave, and Jenny, with half her pleasure spoiled, went on with her preparations.

"Well, daughter," said her father at the dinner-table, "do you need any fallals for your frolic to-morrow?"

"Yes, I do need some new shoes, and some gloves," said Jenny.

"You do, eh? Well, what must I give you to buy them with?"

"Whatever you can spare, papa."

"Well, here's a \$10 bill. I guess that will be enough. Get a good, sensible pair now, something to keep you warm this cold weather, and no flimsy things."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, papa. I'll do the best I can," said Jenny; but she blushed, for in her heart she felt very guilty.

However, she did mean to buy a pair of warm kid boots for everyday wear. She hoped to get the blue ones for about \$4, which would leave her enough for the others, and for the gloves.

But when she stood in Turner's store and asked the price of the dainty, shiny things offered her, the clerk promptly answered \$7, Miss Carson.

"Oh, dear! I was in hopes they were cheap," frankly confessed Jenny laying down the boots.

"Indeed, they are cheap," said the clerk. "I assure you, Miss Carson, we have sold these right along at \$8. This is the last pair, so we offer them for less. They're very fine."

"Yes," admitted Jenny.

"Nothing sets off a dainty foot like a pair of these dainty boots," pursued the wily clerk, with an eye for his trade. "Very few young ladies could wear so small a shoe—just your size, you see, Miss Carson."

Poor Jenny sighed, thought of the thick, warm boots she ought to have, cast a longing look at the blue beauties, recalled what Dr. Chester said, and, silly little puss, for once let her vanity run away with her reason.

"I'll take them," she said. After the boots were paid for, there was barely enough left to buy her gloves and a ribbon or two.

The next day, the great one, was clear and cold, with a sharp wind. Overshoes would ruin the dainty satin boots, but luckily for Jenny, the ground was dry. But it was frozen hard, and when she

reached the gayly-decorated room of the new church her feet were like ice.

Jenny presided at one of the fancy tables. She made a lovely picture in the beautiful blue silk; her throat and wrists shaded with the softest lace, and the dainty blue boots fluttering in and out below the plaiting of her skirt.

Bell Dorsey was already at her post, and as Jenny came up she opened her eyes wide and exclaimed: "Oh, my, you blue angel! Did you drop from the clouds?"

Jenny laughed, and, happening just then to catch a glance from Dr. Chester, who stood near, blushed with pleasure, while the gentle heart in her bosom throbbled tumultuously.

Jenny had a very busy day of it. There was much buying and selling, and Jenny's table was very popular. But, as the new church was large and not yet finished, it was not very warm. The girls at the table were chilly all day, and by the time evening came Jenny's feet were so numb and cold that she could hardly stand.

A hot supper, however, had been prepared at the hotel just across the street. Dr. Chester waited on Jenny at the table. Glad enough was she to get something warm and be near a fire.

But Dr. Chester, though kind and polite, was not what he had been. He seemed strangely cold and distant, and Jenny felt as if her bright day was spoiled. But girls know how to hide these things, and Jenny was the gayest of the gay. She had to return to her stall again immediately after supper; and oh! how sharply the cold struck her as she stepped out into the night.

Dr. Chester left her at the door of a small room designed for a vestry, but now used by the ladies as a dressing room. Jenny ran in to put off her wraps, but, while doing this, heard her name spoken in the narrow passage without.

"It's all settled, I suppose, Doctor, between you and Miss Carson," was what she heard.

"No, Fred. I've seen the folly of that, to-day. The tones, which answered, were the well-known ones of Dr. Chester.

"You astonish me!" replied Fred.

"I don't mind giving you the reason, Fred," said the doctor. "Just look at that young lady's feet, and you will have it. In spite of this cold day she wears nothing but a flimsy pair of blue-silk shoes. I have more than fancied Miss Carson; I don't deny it. But you will see at once that a girl who can so utterly sacrifice her reason to her vanity is not the wife for a poor, struggling doctor, with his fortune yet to make. But enough of this. Let's go in. It's chilly here."

Poor Jenny! Fortunately, there was no one in the dressing-room but herself. She flew to the furthest end and hid her burning face on a pile of cloaks. But, after a brief struggle, she rallied. It would never do to cry. It would never do to go to her table with red eyes. It was a very erect, firm-mouthed little lady who walked to her table presently, and the heels of the pretty blue boots came down upon the floor with a sharp, resolute little click; for Miss Jenny had made up her mind to do something very odd.

"I am a little fool," she said to herself, "but I don't quite deserve to lose a good man's good opinion, and I won't either if I can help it."

It was late before she was ready to go home. Just as she was about to start, Dr. Chester, who was her escort, handed her a pair of overshoes, saying, quietly, as if it were a matter of course: "Miss Jenny, please put these on; it is too cold a night for such thin shoes as I see you wear."

Poor Jenny! Her face was scarlet with mortification. She made out to utter a confused "Thank you," and put on the offending overshoes without another word. Then she took the doctor's arm, and they went out together.

Jenny's heart was beating so fast that it almost choked her, but she was as determined as ever. Before ten steps had been taken, she said:

"Dr. Chester, do you think it right to condemn a person for a single fault?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor, promptly.

"Then, why do you condemn me?"

"I don't understand you," said he.

"I heard every word you said to Fred Somers to-night," rejoined Jenny, quietly.

"Miss Jenny!" He stopped, startled.

"I did. I don't blame you, Doctor; I gave you reason to think me only a wail, silly girl. But please hear my defence and how sorry and ashamed I am, won't you?" And then Jenny made her penitent, little confession, ending

with, "I don't know what you think of me now; but, indeed—"

"I think you the dearest, bravest little girl in the world, and 'tis I who am the fool," cried the doctor, ardently. And then—but then, I don't know that outsiders like you and I, reader, have any business to listen.

When Jenny got home she took off the blue boots which had so narrowly cost her a lover, and flung them under her wardrobe, saying:

"Lie there, you blue wretches! But you've taught me a good lesson. I've done with you. I'll buy my wedding boots before long, and they'll not be blue ones, either."

## A MACHINE THAT WOULDN'T SELL.

A Nevada man invented a lying-machine and went round trying to sell 'em. The machine was warranted to trot out a first-class lie on any subject at a moment's notice. Put it didn't sell well. He took it to a horse-trailer. Said the trader: "Come, you, get out of this, I tell the truth in my business." The inventor presented it to a lawyer, and he also looked horror-stricken and offended. A fishing party looked hankeringly at it but their language was to the effect that they abhorred untruth. A young man, who was engaged to three different girls, also felt indignant at the offer. At last the disheartened inventor tried an editor. The writer flew mad in a minute. "You scoundrel," he cried, "do you mean to insult me?" "No," tremblingly answered the poor man. "Then what the blazes do you mean by offering me that thing?" "Why, I—I—thought you might occasionally want to use it in your business." "You wretch, what do you take me for?" "Oh, sir, I didn't mean to insinuate that you were a liar! I don't for a minute think, sir, you could tell a lie!" "That's it!" cried the editor, "that's what I'm mad about! You conceited ass, you think you're able to invent a machine that I can't lie all around, and that without an effort. I never was so insulted in my life! Get!!" Editors are not hypocrites, anyway.—*Boston Post.*

## THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Ducks are reported to be able to fly 1,500 miles at one time, and the pace of the swallow and martin is put down at 900 miles in twenty-four hours. Linnets and other seed-eating birds have been known to settle on the mast and rigging of ships far away from land out at sea. They will take their night's rest on the rigging, and when leaving the ship know exactly in what direction to continue their flight. It is said that the migration of birds will foretell severe weather, and it is well known by the bird-catchers, when the larks and other northern birds appear, that snow and hard weather will follow the flight. These warnings, of migratory birds, though apparently insignificant, may be of vast political and even national importance. If the Emperor Napoleon, when on the road to Moscow with his army in 1811, had condescended to observe the flights of storks and cranes passing over his fated battalions, subsequent events of the politics of Europe might have been very different. These storks and cranes knew of the coming of a great and terrible winter; the birds hastened toward the south, Napoleon and his army toward the north.

## TABLE MANNERS.

Nothing reflects more upon home training than bad manners at table. Restlessness, shown by fidgeting in your seat, moving the feet unnecessarily, playing with the table utensils or crumbling the bread is very annoying to those who have been trained correctly in youth.

To open the mouth while chewing the food instead of keeping the lips closed; to talk when the mouth is full; to suck up soup from the spoon; to put a knife in the mouth; to bend the head down over the plate; eating rapidly, or to make a noise in eating, are branches of good manners.

Chew the food well, but quietly, and eat slowly. Never use a spoon for anything but liquids, ice cream, cheese, fish (where silver fish knives are not used.)

Everything that can be eaten without a knife, or a spoon, should be eaten with a fork—such as sweetbread, rissoles, pies, etc. Bread is always broken, when not buttered; not bitten nor cut with a knife.—*Youth's Companion.*

MR. BIBLE is running for a political office, and a contemporary thinks he will "end with Lamentations." If elected, he should be judged by his acts, and—but it is hard to give a new version to these old puns.

## THE LITTLE MAN IN THE YELLOW COAT.

Two hundred years ago, almost at the very moment when his soldiers were entering Strasbourg, the *Dai Sobit* started out from Fontainebleau to take possession in person of his new conquest. The day before—that is to say, on the 29th of September, 1681—Louis XIV. had announced to his court, in the presence of the German Ambassador, that he had made up his mind to go to Strasbourg in order to receive the oath of fealty which the treaty of Nimègue gave him the right to exact from the city. It was a *coup de theatre* and no mistake. But how happened it that the King was so well informed as to the actual condition of affairs at so distant a point? Well, the story runs as follows:

One evening the Minister Louvois sent for a young man who had been recommended to his good graces, and said: "Sir, you will get into a post carriage which you will find at my door. My servants have exact instructions what to do. You will proceed to Bade without stopping, and you will reach there about 2 o'clock to-morrow. You will proceed immediately to the bridge which crosses the Rhine. You will remain there until 4 o'clock. You will carefully notice all that you may see there. You will then again get into the carriage and, without losing a minute, will return and report to me what you may have seen."

The young man bowed and started at once. The day after, at 2 o'clock, he reached Bade and at once hastened to take up his station on the bridge. Nothing extraordinary attracted his attention. It was market-day, and some peasants were passing and repassing, bringing vegetables and taking back their empty carts. A squad of militia passed. Townsfolk crossed the bridge, talking of the news of the day, and a little man, wearing a yellow coat, leaned over the railing and amused himself by dropping stones into the water, as if to create circling eddies, which he watched with a satisfied look. Four o'clock struck, and the Minister's messenger started on his return to Paris. Very late in the evening the young man, greatly disappointed at the result of his mission, arrived at the house of Louvois. The Minister was still awake and rushed to see his protegee.

"What did you see?" he asked.

"I saw peasants going and coming; a squad of militia passed over the bridge; citizens who walked along discussing the day's news, and a little man wearing a yellow coat, who was amusing himself by dropping stones into the water."

The Minister had heard enough, and he hurried to the King. The little man in yellow was a secret agent, and the stones dropped into the water was a signal that all difficulties had been overcome, and that Strasbourg belonged to France.

## IS DYING PAINFUL?

Our own observation fully accords with the opinion expressed by a physician, that in all ordinary cases there is little physical pain in dying. A previous correspondent had said that, "as a physical fact in ninety-nine cases out of 100, the act of death is suffering and agony which only those familiar with it can understand." To which the physician replies:

"I beg leave as a physician to object very decidedly to this statement. Since I began my novitiate on the battlefields of the South, I have been a frequent observer of the passing out of my fellow-beings, in the army and navy, in large hospitals, civil and military, and in private life, and hence cannot help feeling that what I have seen must be a fair sample of the methods of dying peculiar to our race.

"The result of these sad observations, covering eighteen years, is that the vast majority of persons do not find death 'suffering and agony.' Many suffer more from the various illnesses from which they recover than most do in the article of death. A very large proportion become unconscious and hence pass away without distress to themselves; while, as regards those who retain a good measure of intelligence till life is extinct, I have been greatly surprised, considering my early religious teaching, to discern in them almost general indifference to their fate.

"I have always supposed that, in spite of apparent mental lucidity, disease clouds the intellect so that apathy becomes the ordinary state of the dying. Of the few deaths I have witnessed the mere onlookers might call horrible, there was good reason to believe the patient unconscious."—*New York Observer.*

## PLEASANTRIES.

Proper furniture for a doctor's office—Bona settee.

It is the clean table-cloth that catches the early grease-spot.

AFTER all, the books of Euclid are rather problematical.

A CHICKEN'S neck is like a bell when it is rung for dinner.

It looks suspicious to see a man always take a clove before answering the telephone.

"LAYING down the law"—The Judge on the point of resigning.

"Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but some people wouldn't know very much if they obeyed it implicitly.

We are told that the evening "wore on," but we are not told what the evening wore on that particular occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

"I TAKE my tea" dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion of the scriptur' whar the Postle Paul pints his pistol at de Fesians."

It was wrong in Peg, the shoemaker, to say to the doctor who complained that he had made a poor job of that last pair of boots, "Physician, heel thyself."

"WHAT is the best attitude for self-defense?" said a pupil (putting on the gloves) to a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the significant reply.

"I NEVER argy agin a success," said Artemus Ward. "When I see a rattle-snake's head sticking out ov a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, 'that hole belongs to that snake!'"

It is announced that baldness can be cured by skin-grafting, but by married men the assertion is regarded as mere balderdash. They say the only sure cure lies in the amputation of the arms of the female.

A FRENCH writer remarks, "If a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat."

A GERMAN witness in a San Francisco court indignantly rejected the services of an interpreter. He was testifying in the case of a man accused of cutting another with a hand saw, and said: "I seen myself run dot saw against and cuts hees hand."

A CORRESPONDENT of an agricultural monthly asks: "Why does Timothy run out?" We haven't time to read the editor's reply, but if Timothy is at a theatrical performance, the answer may be very readily surmised.—*Norristown (Pa.) Herald.*

"FAGERS vont lie, vill they?" muttered a cockney arithmetician, who had just reeled out of an anti-temperance resort and was holding on to a lamp post. "Vell, perhaps they vont," remarked an observer, "but I see a figger as vont stand any how!"

"RAH!" he exclaimed with an expression of great disgust, after kissing his wife, "I do believe you have been smoking cigarettes—cheap and nasty ones, at that." "It's only too true," she replied, nonchalantly. "I took them out of the bundle you brought home last night."

## IN THIS COUNTRY THE COMPLAINT HAS FREQUENTLY BEEN MADE THAT WOMEN DOCTORS ARE NOT GIVEN A FAIR CHANCE FOR COMPETITION WITH MEN, BUT IN HINDOOSTAN NO SUCH DIFFICULTY EXISTS, AS IN THAT COUNTRY THE HIGHER CASTE WOMEN ARE NOT PERMITTED TO RECEIVE ATTENTION OF MALE PHYSICIANS WHEN SICK, THEIR ONLY RESOURCE BEING THE ATTENDANCE OF OLD HAGS WHOSE METHOD OF CURING ALL DISEASES CONSISTS OF CHARMS AND CONJURATIONS. NOT LONG AGO MISS BEILBY, AN ENGLISH MISSIONARY, ATTENDED THE WIFE OF THE RAJAH OF PUNNA DURING A DANGEROUS ILLNESS, AND SUCCEEDED IN NURSING HER BACK TO HEALTH. ON THE EVE OF MISS BEILBY'S DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE THE WOMAN WHOSE LIFE SHE HAD SAVED CONFIDED IN HER A MESSAGE TO QUEEN VICTORIA, DESCRIBING THE SUFFERINGS OF INDIAN WOMEN, AND ASKING THAT FEMALE DOCTORS BE SENT TO THEIR RELIEF. THE QUEEN HAS SIGNIFIED HER INTENTION OF THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATING THE MATTER, AND IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT SHE WILL BE AS GOOD AS HER WORD.

## THERE IS A REMARKABLE FAMILY OF SEVEN BROTHERS AND TWO SISTERS RESIDING WITHIN SHORT DISTANCES OF ONE ANOTHER IN OSAGE COUNTY, N. Y., REMARKABLE IN POINT OF LONGEVITY, THEIR UNITED AGES BEING 672 YEARS, AND THEIR CIRCLE NEVER HAVING BEEN INVADDED BY DEATH.

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A LETTER from Chattanooga, Tenn., to the Louisville Courier-Journal tells this romantic story: "In 1863 Elijah Walraven, of Marietta, Ga., enlisted in the Confederate army, and when he returned his wife and three children were missing. He searched long in vain, and all that he could learn was that they had gone North. Finally, he instituted suit for divorce, and it was granted. He then married a second time, but in November, 1878, his second wife died. His first wife, thinking her first husband dead, had also married, and her second husband also died in November, 1878. About that time one of Walraven's sons found a trace of him, and induced him to visit his mother. Mutual explanation ensued, and after eighteen years' separation the couple were happily married Thursday."

## RIGHTS OF WITNESSES.

A Boston man, who had been roughly treated by lawyers on the witness stand, is agitating the question of a law to protect witnesses from insults of counsel. He proposes that when any subject affecting a witness' reputation shall be opened in cross-examination, he shall be privileged to make a full explanation of the matter, regardless of its relevancy.