



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 3.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

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The Rapides Gazette.



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OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE State and Parish.

ALSO, OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE PARISHES OF GRANT AND VERNON

OFFICE:

ON THE CORNER OF SECOND AND MURRY STREETS.

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Saturday, March 30th, 1872.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at

Four Dollars per annum; \$2.50 for

six months.

INvariably in Advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate

of \$1.50 per square for the first inser-

tion and 75 cents for each subse-

quent one.

EIGHT lines or less, constitute a

square. The following are our rates

to yearly Advertisers:

One Column.....\$300 00

Half Column.....175 00

Third of Column.....130 00

Fourth of Column.....100 00

Cards, (occupying space of

eight lines or less,).....20 00

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

J. G. P. HOOE, Proprietor.

THE undersigned have leased the

ICE HOUSE HOTEL, and have

opened it for the reception of guests.

The House and furniture will immedi-

ately undergo a thorough renovation,

and no pains will be spared to make

the premises as comfortable and at-

tractive as possible.

The table will be bountifully sup-

plied, and a full corps of servants en-

gaged to be in constant attendance on

our boarders. The doors will be open

at all hours, of both the day and night.

Both travelers and regular boarders

will find it to their interest to give us

a call.

The subscriber has had considera-

ble experience in the business and

confidently appeal to the public to aid

him in his efforts to maintain a first

class Hotel in this community.

J. G. P. HOOE.

January 11th, 1872.

The Jewel

COFFEE HOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has again

taken charge of the long estab-

lished.

JEWEL COFFEE HOUSE

—AND—

BILLIARD SALOON,

and will endeavor to keep it up to its

former reputation under his manage-

ment. He has laid in a

FULL SUPPLY OF THE BEST LIQUORS.

An attentive and competent Bar

Keeper will always be on hand, to at-

tend to the wants of his customers.

LUNCH EVERY DAY AT 12 M.

JOHN BOGAN.

January 11 1872.

LIVERY

Stable.

DAN TAYLOR

WISHES TO INFORM HIS

friends and the public gen-

erally that he has opened at

GOFFES OLD STAND,

a first class Livery Stable.

Intending to be always on hand, he

assures his customers, that their stock

will not be neglected.

CAUTION.

THE public are hereby cautioned,

not to negotiate for a certain

Due Bill drawn in favor of A. Bartlett,

for the sum of THREE HUNDRED

DOLLARS in trade, as we are not re-

sponsible for the payment of the

same.

LAZARUS & LENGFIELD.

Feb. 24th 1872.

Peeping into a Lady's Dressing-Room.

THE MYSTERIES OF FEMALE TOILETTE,
AS TOLD BY AN UNOBSERVED OB-

SERVER.

[From the New Orleans Republican.]

Mr. Editor—It has been said of hash,

"it is the greatest mystery of the age."

Whoever said that was simply a per-

son I would not go to for truthful in-

formation. Any fashionable woman

will tell you she is the greatest myster-

ry the world knows. Tell you? Lord

bless you, every one of 'em is proud of

it. They delight to think they can

puzzle and bewilder people. The great-

est compliment that can be paid a wo-

man, next to swearing she is a beauty,

is to vow that she's "an enigma—a

puzzle." Don't they show it please

them, for they invariably say, "Do

you really think so? How very

strange!" I have not been in this

business long; it's pretty new to me;

but I am going to give in my experi-

ence as it comes to me. I'm a dissect-

er. I'm not a doctor, though, by any

means. I mean I cut up, examine, dis-

sect, anything and anybody I get a

chance to. I've just dissected a wo-

man. Married men are not expected

to read this; of course they know all

about it, and if they don't, then they

are blinder fools than I take them to

be.

But all of the above will be termed

depression, and I will go back to my

first experience as a dissector of wo-

men.

Some incredulous people and a few

old greenies will doubt, perhaps, the

truth of the following statement; but

on my honor, as a newspaper writer, I

declare its truth:

I went home one night last week

with a friend, or rather it was in the

evening. With a little pressing I was

induced to stay all night. Now, my

friend Smith had a sister; that sister

was the object of my serious devotion,

and I had almost declared it to her.

Am very glad I did not. Well it hap-

pened I was put into a room next to

the delicious Ruby. There was a win-

dow between the two rooms; the glass

was painted white. I had been in bed

for an hour when I heard the object of

my love enter her room. It was very

wrong, and if it were not that my eyes

are opened, I should blush to think I

got out of bed, tiptoed to the window,

and with my knife gently scraped away

a little of the paint on the window

pane. Angels of beauty! but she

looked scrumptious! She was tall,

was covered with a thick paste of meal
and milk; the finger tips and wrists
bandaged tight in strips of cotton, and
a patent clothes pin, put on the nose.
Thus pinched and pasted, my Juno re-

turned to rest, dreaming no doubt of how
she would complete the conquest over
poor me. Poor me! no, rich me! for
had she not given me abundant food
for thought?

I have since heard how some ultra-
fashionable beauties take one drop of
prussic acid in a glass of water, hold
it about a foot off from the eye, and
gaze steadfastly into it until the eye

pains them. This lends a brilliancy to
the eye that can never be attained by
the use of orange juice, belladonna or
cologne water.

Hoping you will hear from me soon
again, I am, yours sincerely,

BARONNE STREET.

An Indignant Wife.

There was a little "episode" at
Wilds Opera House night, that had
not been previously advertised. It
was one of those impromptu affairs that
sometimes occur in households not well
regulated. It was a bit of play in one
act, in which a husband, a woman of
the town, and an indignant wife ap-

peared. The scene opened with the
appearance of the town woman and the
husband. They took a seat in the
orchestra and the husband made him-
self particularly agreeable. Things
went on swimmingly and the husband
couldn't thought all was well—but he
didn't look behind him. If he had

done so he could have seen a tall, well-
dressed lady enter the Opera House
and carefully scrutinize himself and
company. One or two glances seem-
ed to satisfy her perfectly, and then
she deliberately walked down the cen-

tre aisle and stood before the loving
couple. About 600 ladies and gentle-

men turned their eyes from the actors
on the stage, and fastened them on the
towering form of the indignant wo-

man, and waited. They were not ob-

liged to wait long. The storm burst.

Wife—"Aint you ashamed of your-

self, sir?"

Husband—"Sit—sit—sit—down my

dear!"

Wife—"Sit—down beside you and

that thing there!"

Husband—"Don't talk so loud! You

they all hear you. Now don't!"

Wife—"I hope they will all hear,

(and she talked louder) You are a

pretty thing to be there with that

mean thing beside you, and your chil-

dren half starved at home. Just let

me get at her a moment!"

And the wife did get at her, and

slapped her in the face with her glove,

and then turning to her husband:

"Now I want you to go home with

me, sir, and if you don't I'll expose you

before the whole house. Do you hear,

sir?"

The husband evidently heard, for he

tremblingly arose, put on his hat and

followed his wife out of the hall, while

the audience cheered his brave wife.

At the door he tried to avoid her, but

she collared him, and again the audi-

ence cheered. It is to hoped she led

him home a wiser, if not a better, man.

—[Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

Skinned Alive.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati

Commercial, writing from Kansas, tells

the following terrible story of the white

man's cruelty and the Indian's horrible

revenge:

A few miles west of Omaha, a miry,

sluggish stream runs into the Platte,

and this stream is called the "Raw

Hide." It is said that soon after the

discovery of gold in California, a young

man belonging to a party who started

from "the States" and crossed the

plains in search of gold, made a foolish

boast before starting from home to the

effect he would shoot the first Indian

he saw.

The party crossed the Missouri

River and soon found themselves in

the great Valley of the Platte. Pass-

ing up this valley they encamped one

evening on the banks of the stream

spoken of, which at that time was

nameless. As the train was about

ready to move out the next morning,
a small party of young Indians who
had come across the river from the
Pawnee village on the opposite side,
approached the encampment. These
were the first Indians the party had
seen, and the young man who had said
that he intended to shoot the first In-

dian he saw was reminded of his boast,
and he immediately picked up his rifle,
took aim at a young squaw, and shot
her dead.

The news was carried to the village
at once, the party of whites were sur-
rounded by exasperated Indians, and
the young man who had done the
shooting was seized, stripped, tied to a

wagon wheel, and skinned alive, the
poor fellow begging of both enemies
and friends to shoot him, and thus end
his terrible suffering. The remainder
of his party were compelled to stand
by and witness the torture of their

comrade without being able to render
him any assistance. The unfortunate
man survived the operation but a few
moments, and the emigrants were then
allowed to move on.

Since that day the stream upon
whose banks this horrible affair occur-

red has been known as "The Raw

Hide."

TAKING CARE OF LAMPS.—The eas-

iest way to clean petroleum lamps is to

wash with thin milk of lime, which

forms an emulsion with the petroleum,

and removes all trace of it, and by

washing a second time with milk of

lime and a small quantity of chloride

of lime, even the smell may be so com-

pletely removed as to render the ves-

sel thus cleansed fit for keeping bever-

ages in. If the milk of lime be used

warm instead of cold, the operation is

rendered much shorter.

The best time for cleaning them is

in the morning, for reasons of safety,

it is not convenient. Scarcely a week

passes during the winter months, but

we read accounts of frightful accidents

from kerosene lamps exploding and

killing or scarring for life women and

children.

A simple knowledge of the inflama-

ble nature of the fluid would probably

put a stop to nearly all the accidents.