



Gazette.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 3.

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

NO.

The Rapides Gazette



T. G. COMPTON. C. B. STEWART. Editor.Publisher. OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE and Parish ALSO, OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE

ON THE CORNER OF SECOND AND MURRY STREETS.

ALEXANDRIA, CA.

Saturday, March 30th, 1872. TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at Four Dollars per annum; \$250 for six months. INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate sertion and 75 cents for each subsequent one.

BIGHT lines or less, constitute a square. The following are our rates to vearly Advertisers :

One Column	\$300 00
Half Column	175 00
Third of Column	130 00
Pourth of Column	100 00
Cards, (occupying space of	. I See
eight lines or less.)	20 00
THE RESERVE THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PERTY OF	THE OWNER OF THE OWNER.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

J. G. P. HOOE, Proprietor.

HE undersigned have leased the ICE HOUSE HOTEL and have The House and furniture will immediately undergo a thorough renovation, and no pains will be spared to make the premises as comfortable and attractive as possible.

The table will be bountifully sup-

plied, and a full corps of servants engaged to be in constant attendance on boarders. The doors will be open at all bours, of both the day and night. Both travelers and regular boarders will find it to their interest to give us

The subscriber has had considera ble experience in the business and confidently appeal to the public to aid him inhis efforts to maintain a first class Hotel in this community.

J. G. P. HOOE. January 11th, 1872.

The Jewel COFFEE HOUSE.

-C:0:C-THE SUBSCRIBER has again taken charge of the long estab-

JEWEL COFFEE HOUSE

that still areas a stand BILLIARD SALOON. and will endeavor to keep it up to its former reputation under his management. He has laid in a

PULL SUPPLY OF THE BEST LIQUORS. An attentive and competent Bar Keeper will always be on hand, to at-

LUNCH EVERY DAY AT 19 M. JOHN BOGAN. January 11 1872.

LIVERY Stable.

DAN TAYLOR

ISHES TO INFORM HIS friends and the public generally that he has opened at

GOFFE'S OLD STAND,

a first class Livery Stable. Intending to be always on hand, he s his customers, that their stock will not be neglected.

CAUTION.

HE public are hereby cantioned not to negotiate for a certain Due Bill drawn in favor of A. Bartelle, for the sum of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in trade, as we are not resible for the payment of the

LAZARUS & LENGSFIELD. Peb. 24th 1872.

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 mystery the world knows. Tell you? Lord bless you, every one of 'em is proud of PARISHE'S OF GRANT AND VERNON it. They delight to think they can puzzle and bewilder people. The greatest compliment that can be paid a woman, next to swearing she is a beauty, is to vow that she's " an enigma-a puzzle." Don't they show it pleases 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 experience as it comes to me. I'm a dissectof \$1 50 per square for the first in- 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 woman. 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

> But all of the above will be termed digression, and I will go back to my first experience as a dissector of wo-

Some incredulous people and a few old greenies will doubt, perhaps, the truth of the following statement; but on my honer, 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 de votion, and I had almost declared it to her. Am very glad I did not. Well it happened I was put into a room next to the delicions Ruby. There was a window 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 scrumptuous! She was tall, with golden brown hair, and ever so much of it; done up brown in the last style; her perfect form was made more so by the graceful drapery that cover. and then turning to her husband : ed it She never used to go low-neck ed, and her complexion was all that was fresh and lovely. With a half defore the whole house. Do you hear, sigh she commenced to and-disrobe, I mean. The handsome dress was laid aside, and I looked with wonderment on the layers of wadding fastened deftly on the back of the waist, between the shoulder blades. That portion of the dress that covered the shoulder and upper part of the chese was also padded. I did not know what it all meant until I looked at her shoulders scrawny aint the word for it-why, my young black and tan could have cuddled up nicely in the hollows in her shoulders. This peeling off process did not strike my fancy much, but the spirit of discovery urged me to remain and see it all through with. Surveying herself in the glass, she next disengaged from her corsets-stays it ought to be-two circular mountains of wire that fluttered and quivered in her hands like-palpitators, as they were. Now I was determined to find something not artificial, so I watched with bated breath when she took off from "the States" and crossed the her shoes and stocking. Thank heavens, her foot was small-maybe there not sharp enough to see. The ankles he saw.

for thought?

fashionable beauties take one drop of her dead. prussic acid in a glass of water, hold The news was carried to the village it about a foot off from the eye, and 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 inpromptu 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 appeared. The scene opened with the appearrance of the town woman and the husband. They took a seat in the orchestra and the hasband made hitself particularly agreeable. Things went on swimmingly and the husband doubtless thought all was well-but he hadn't looked behind him. If he had one so he could have seen a tall, welldressed lady enter the Opera House and carefully scrutinize himself and companion. One or two glances seemed to satisfy her pecfectly, and then she deliberately walked down the centre aisie 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 woman, and waited. They were not obliged 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 lond! You

they all hear you. Now don't!" Wi e-"I hope they will all hear,

me get at ber a moment!" And the wife did get at her, and

"Now I want you to go home with fear an explosion. me, sir, and if you don't I'll expose you

The husband evidently heard, for he tremblingly arose, put on his hat and lollowed his wife out of the hall. white 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 plains in search of gold, made a foolish boast before starting from home to the wasn't a way so to fool me that I was effect he would shoot the first Indian

The party crossed the Missouri were bandaged so tight as almost to stop circulation, and the upper part of River and soon found themselves in the stocking was padded in the most the great Valley of the Platte. Passartistic manner. Of course everybody ing up this valley they encamped one would know all her lovely brown hair evening on the banks of the stream diction; we send to our butcher for a was laid away in the drawer, but spoken of, which at that time was sweetbread, and if we want a sweeteverybody would not know her face nameless. As the train was about meat we send to our baker.

Peeping into a Lady's Dressing- was covered with a thick paste of meal ready to move out the next morning, and milk; the finger tips and wrists a small party of young Indians who bandaged tight in strips of cotton, and had come across the river from the a patent clothes pin, put on the nose. Pawnee village on the opposite side, Thus pinched and pasted, my Juno re- approached the encampment. These tired to rest, dreaming no doubt of how were the first Indians the party had she would complete the conquest over seen, and the young man who had said poor ine. Poor me? no, rich me! for that he intended to shoot the first Inhad she not given me abundant food dian he saw was reminded of his boast, and he immediately picked up his rifle, I have since heard how some ultra- took aim at a young squaw, and shot

at once, the party of whites were surgaze steadfastly into it until the eye rounded by exasperated Indians, and pains them. This lends a brilliancy to the young man who had done the the eye that can never be attained by shooting was seized, stripped, tied to the use of orange juice, beliadouna or a wagon wheel, and skinned alive, the poor fellow begging of both enemies and frends 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 on the shoulder, called out: 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 occurred has been known as "The Raw Hide."

TAKING CARE OF LAMPS .- The easi est 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 vessel thus cleansed fit for keeping beverages 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, is not convenience. 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

A simple knowledge of the inflama ble nature of the finid would probably put a stop to nearly all the accidents. As the oil burns down into the lamp, a highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, and as the oil decreases the gas increases. When the oil is nearly consumed, a slight jar will often in-(and she talked londer). You are a flame the gas, and an explosion is sure pretty thing to be there with that to follow, dealing with it death and mean thing beside you, and your childestruction. A bombshell is no more dren half starved at home. Just let to be dreaded. Now, if the lamp is not allowed to burn more than half way down, such accidents are almost slapped her in the face with her glove, impossible. Always fill your lamp in the morning; then you need never tor, trying to conceal his agitation.

> ADVICE TO GIRLS .- Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is controlled himselt, and went on colworth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism:

Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine sauce-this is not help for a man who expects to raise. a family of boys on veritable bread a d had been unkindly tanned with the meat. The piano and lace frames are infirmity which perhaps had come good in their place, and so are rib bons, and frills, and tinsels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter-and awful as such an idea may seem to ple truth, and the young man would you, both dinner and bed blankets are be deprived of his place at once. necessary to domestic happiness. Life has it realities, as well as funcies; but you make it all decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forget ting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen ! You cap him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourselt worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help riously for the end. you find a market.

Very Strange!-Life is a contra-

Judging From Appearances.

"Hulloa, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute, hurry up, or we shall him to the vacant seat, said : leave you behind."

The car was waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The baggage master was busy with his checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, pack ages and trunks. Men, women, and children were rushing for the cars, hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted and puffed.

A man carelessiy dressed, was stand ing on the platform of the depot.

He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame, and at a hasty glance one might have supposed that he was a man neither of wealth or influence.

The conductor gave him a contempt uous look, and slapping him ramiliarly

"Hulloa, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind." "Time enough, I reckor," replied the individual, and he resumed his

seemingly listless air. "All aboard!" cried the conductor. "Get on, Limpy!" said he passing the lame, carelessly dressed man,

The laine made no reply. Just as the train was slowly moving away the lame man stepped on to the platform of the last car, walked quiet

ly in, and took a seat. The train had gone a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door oj the car where our friend was sitting.

Passing along he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Your ticket, quick!"

"I don't pay," replied the lame man quietly.

"Don't pay ?"

"No sir."

"We'll see about that; I shall put you off at the next station I and he seized a valise which was over the head of our friend.

" Better not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a mement, and seeing that he could do no more then, passed on to collect the fare from the other passen-

As he stopped at a seat a few p off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up to the conductor, and asked:

speaking to just now P

" No. sir."

"That was Peter Wurburton, the President of the road." "Are you sure ?" asked the conduc-

"I know him."

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he lecting his fares as usual.

Meanwhile, Mr. Warbarton satquietly in his seat; none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what the next movement in the scene would be. And he, of what though he?

He had been rudely treated; he through no fault of his.

He could revenge himself if he chose.

He could tell the directors the sim-

Should he do it!

And yet why should be care ! He knew how he had risen to the position he now held.

When a little orange peddler, he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff.

He had outlived those days of hardships; he was respected now

Should be care for a stranger's roughness or taunt?

Those who sat near him waited en-

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side; he took his books from his pocket, the bank bills

"I resign my place sir," he said. The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning

"Sit down, sir. I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him a face his which there was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone:

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a strager, would have been injurious to the company. I might tell the directors of this, but I will not. But in the future remember to be polite to all you meet. You cannot judge a man by the coat be wears, and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your book, sir, I shall tell no one of what has happened. If you change your course nothing that has passed shall injure you. Your situaion is continued. Good morning, sir."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A high note-One for a thousand dollars.

Proverbial-Fiery men are easily

To night Birds-Whatever you do, nend the break of day.

What always follows the hounds? Their tails.

What class of persons are most subect to shooting pains? Poachers.

Counter-irritants-people who examine the whole stock and buy nothing. A dumb man recently went to law with a deaf man; the latter, of course, was the deaf-endant.

Needy farmers, like some poets, are

partial to an acre on tic (k.) Another one—If a dinner could speak, what would it say? Give me

one of your jaw.

Calibary men.—How to serve a din-

ner properly—Eat it. If a man loses his breath, has shouldn't run for it; he will catch it

quicker by standing still. Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's caue? Because

it hurts the pupil. No noose is good news, as the man said when he was reprieved.

Why is an oyster like a horse! Be-

The first Tabular bridge-The bridge A Western bachelor editor inserts

iarriages under "Melancholy Acci-

"Molly, my darlin', what o'clock is it? and where's the pudding. "It's eight" (ate,) said Molly. What did that young lady mean when she said to her lover: "You may be too late for the cars, but you

can take a buss. " Did your fall hurtyon !" asked one

Irishman of another who had Jallen from a three-story building.
"Not in the laste, honey," replied the other; "but it was stopping so quick that injured me."

A woman who went into a photoa woman who went into a pasto-graphic establishment the other day to have a picture of her baby taken, gave the child z preliminary spanking, in order, as she said, "to bring a healthy bloom into its cheeks, so it would make a pretty picture.

The cauder of childhood is beauti ful. The other evening a young fellow, much in love with an up-town beauty, called upon her, but was told by the servant that the young lady was not in. "Yes, she is," said a little five-year old, running out, "but she says she hates that ugly-The young man retired permanently.

The most ingenious device for ponularizing the Scriptures is that of a pious and eccentric individual in Rhode Island. Every greenback that comes into his possession he takes to a printing office and has a scriptural text indorsed on it. So far he does not seem to have labeled enough of them to af-fect the gold quotations.

A ball room conversation is thus reported: A young gentleman advan-ces to a lady who considers berself the belle of the room-not among young ladies an isolated condition of mind. He makes a low bow, and stammers forth, blushingly, as follows: "Might I ask you—ah—". The young lady understands him at once; and rather understands him at once; and rather haughtily, at the presumption, and to show her exact value, replies. "I am sorry, but I am engaged for the next three dances." "It's not dancing—ah—it is—it's—beg your pardon; you are a—sitting on my hat?" The look of the lady was even more crushing has been placed. and the tickets he had collected, and then her physical performance had laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.