



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

VOL. 3.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

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The Rapides Gazette.



T. G. COMPTON, Editor.
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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, April 6th, 1872.

TERMS:

THE GAZETTE is published Weekly at
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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate
of \$1.50 per square for the first in-
sertion and 75 cents for each subse-
quent one.

Short 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 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 gener-
ally that he has opened at

GOFF'S 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
Bill drawn in favor of A. Bartelle,
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.

Death in a Hotel.

A SHOWMAN SHOTS HIS WIFE—ACCI-
DENTALLY, AS HE CLAIMS—WILL-
FULLY, AS THE LAW ASSESTS.

We copy the following from the Cin-
cinnati Gazette of Saturday:

At about half past eleven o'clock
yesterday morning considerable ex-
citement was occasioned in the Metro-
politan Hotel, on Main street, near
the levee, by the persistent ringing of
the bell connecting room No. 36 with
the office. The first comers, upon en-
tering the room from whence the loud
summons came, witnessed a ghastly
sight. Seated upon the bed was the
male occupant of the room, James C.
Davis, as he had registered himself,
and in his arms lay the limp and al-
most lifeless form of his wife. Blood
was issuing from her mouth, and on
her right lower jaw, just under the
bone, it had evidently flowed pretty
freely. A Colt's navy revolver lay
upon the floor. A little Mexican dog
had sought to hide himself in one
corner of the room, but aside from this
there was nothing in the appearance
of the room calculated to excite won-
derment or even more than a passing
notice.

The husband, penetrating the mean-
ing of the suspicious scowls bestowed
upon him, at once explained matters.
He said that he had been sitting in
the room in conversation with his wife,
and holding the dog in his arms. His
wife had requested him to take the
revolver, which was lying, fully cocked,
upon the mantel piece, and shut
down the hammer, as the chamber-
maid, in cleaning up the room that
morning, had been afraid to touch it,
and had mentioned the subject to her
(Mrs. Davis). This performance he at-
tempted to execute, but had very
foolishly kept the dog in his arms while
doing so, having no thought of the
pistol going off. It had done so, how-
ever, and the ball had struck Mrs.
Davis, who was sitting in a chair near
him, under the right jaw. She utter-
ed a shriek, then staggered to her
feet, and asked him to catch her and
give her some water, as she was dying.
As she sank into his arms, he knew
too well by the pallor which rapidly
stole into her face, and the fixed posi-
tion her eyes assumed, that no care of
his could avert the fearful consequen-
ces of his carelessness, and in a few
—a very few moments the shadow of
death had come down over the sun-
shine of life in the dear form he so
tenderly clasped in his arms.

Officers Colby and Taylor were sent
for upon the discovery of the affair,
and they, upon reaching the room, ar-
rested Davis on the charge of murder.
An investigation of the apartment re-
sulted in the discovery of three dead-
ly weapons, the fatal revolver and two
small derringers, the latter being found
in a pair of old boots; and with these
weapons in their possession, the offi-
cers, with their prisoner, proceeded to
the Hammond street stationhouse.
Davis was locked up in the solitude of
the cell room, there being no other
prisoners in custody at the time, and
his meditations were evidently of the
most painful nature, for subsequently,
when visited by reporters, he was
found crying, silently, but incessantly.
He appeared sincere in his lamenta-
tions, and all questions put to him were
answered simply and plainly. He is
about twenty-six years of age, and a
resident of New York city. He has
spent the greatest part of his career
with circus companies, being gener-
ally engaged in the business management.
Until within a week or two ago he
has, in company with his wife, been
playing with Backinson's Cosmopoli-
tan Circus and Menagerie in the South-
ern country. His occupation has been
that of ringmaster, and his wife (who,
until the death of their marriage, about
three months ago, has appeared as
Mlle. La Rosa) performed on the
trapeze under his name.

They left the show at Vicksburg,
Mississippi, intending to visit this city
for the purpose of perfecting arrange-
ments for the coming spring cam-
paign. They arrived here in company
with James Howell and wife (dog ex-

hibitors, with the same organization)
on last Monday, the eighteenth in-
stant. They had engaged quarters at
the Metropolitan, but on the same
evening Howell and wife departed for
Marietta. Davis' statement of the
manner in which the act was commit-
ted is given above, and he seems to
feel very deeply hurt at being charged
with the murder of his wife.

About three o'clock in the afternoon
Coroner Underhill, having been noti-
fied, appeared upon the ground, and
in a few minutes a jury was impaneled.
The room was visited, and stretched
upon the bed, in the position in which
her husband had left her, lay the body
of the dead woman. She appeared to
be about the medium height, and her
age was judged to be in the neighbor-
hood of thirty years. The coroner
probed the wound, and after a careful
examination gave it as his opinion that
the ball must be lodged at the base of
the brain, having penetrated just be-
low border of the right jaw. After the
jury had witnessed this operation, and
satisfied themselves as to the identity
of the woman, and the manner in
which she had come to her death, the
inquest was adjourned until to-day.
In the meantime it is expected that
some outside information upon the
character of the parties, the harmony
of their relations towards each other,
and similar points of interest will be
forthcoming.

John Whitney, a circus manager,
telegraphed from Dubuque, Iowa, to
the chief of police of Cincinnati, that
the woman shot and killed by one
Davis a few days since, in the letter
city, was his (Whitney's) wife, and
that he would be in Cincinnati as soon
as possible.

Twenty-Five.

HOW THE WIFE OF A UTICA EDITOR
CURBED HIS UNGOVERNABLE TEM-
PER.

I found the cherished face of Mary
Ann wreathed in smiles, the other
evening, when I returned from my
arduous daily toil. (I am engaged as
standingman at a saloon. So many
candidates are treating that the saloon-
keeper hires six of us to be treated.
We all drink with every candidate
who comes in, and it makes business
pretty brisk.)

Said my chosed one: "Joshua, I
am afraid you do not always find me
an angel in disposition."

Said I: "That's so—bic—my dear,
I don't seldom find your 'angel in—
in anything."

"And," she added, "you are not al-
ways the most pleasant man in the
world."

I did not feel called on to reply.

"Now," said she, "read that."

She had cut an item from the columns
of some paper, wherein a demoted
writer told about some impossible wo-
man, who, being troubled with bad
temper, counted twenty-five every time
she was provoked, and thus became a
sweet, amiable and dearly-loved orna-
ment of the house of her delighted
husband. I read the article as well as
the condition of my head would allow,
and remarked, "Bosh."

Mary Ann paid no attention to me,
but unfolded her plan. She said that
every time I got mad I should count
twenty-five, and every time she got
mad she would count twenty-five. I
asked her who she thought would pay
our rent while we sat and counted
twenty five over and over all day long.
Then she said I was always raising ob-
jection to her plans for our mutual im-
provement, and I said I was not, and
she said I was enough to try the
patience of a saint, and I said she was
too, and she came for me, and I told
her to count twenty-five; but she for-
got all about that, and just talked one
in my left eye.

Then I was going to remonstrate
with the poker, and she told me to
count twenty-five, and I said I would
not, but I did before she had pulled
more than half my hair out. Then she
made made me count twenty-five over
and over until I was out of breath and
felt real pleasant and good natured.
So we went to supper. Now, the cat

was curled up in my chair, but I did
not see it until I sat down, and I did
not see it then, but I was pretty sure
it was there—in fact, I knew it was
there as well as I wanted to, and more
too. I felt inclined to rise up sudden-
ly, but as I gathered to spring she
brandished the teapot and murmured:
"Joshua, your temper is rising; count
twenty-five or I'll break your head,"
and that cat was drawing a map of the
tenth ward with her claws around be-
hind me, with the street and broadwa-
yers marked in my blood. I rose to ex-
plain, and said, "My dear—I—" but
she caromed on my head with a well-
shot teacup, and sprinkled my head
with a quart of hot tea, and I sat down
and counted twenty five, but it killed
the cat. The old fellow died hard,
though. I could feel him settle as his
nine lives went out one by one.

A few days' practice of this rule, un-
der the loving instruction of Mary Ann,
has enabled me to conquer my temper
completely. Nobody can get me mad
now; I am in a state of perpetual calm,
and I want to see the man that wrote
that story. I want to fit him for the
hands of an undertaker, and make a
demand for mourning goods among
his friends. Then I can die happy—
counting twenty-five.—[Utica Herald.

Terrapins.

A JOKE ON GENERAL BUTLER BY SUN-
SET COX.

A rather amusing story is in circula-
tion at the expense of the eminent gen-
tleman from Massachusetts, commu-
nity called "Old Strabismus." At the
President's levee the other night, which
was densely crowded, an old lady
from the interior, somewhat in a faint-
ing condition, requested her husband
to get her an ice.

"Can't be did," responded "hub,"
in some irritation; "there ain't no re-
freshments here."

"Don't believe it, Didn't we get
plenty at Belknap's the other night?"
the good woman said angrily. "Now
go and get me an ice and some lemon-
ade."

"I tell you, now, don't be a fool.
There ain't no refreshments; every-
body says so," grunted the lord and
master.

"You are quite mistaken, sir," said
the Hon. S. S. Cox, who happened to
be near, and who never loses an oppor-
tunity to put in a joke. "The Presi-
dent always provides substantially.
There is his butler, whose business it
is to show ladies to the supper room,"
and the honorable little jester pointed
to General Butler. "You'll find him
a little stack up and cross, but you
waint mind that. Tell him to get you
terrappins."

This was said so gravely that the
two struggled through the crowd to
where General Butler stood talking to
some ladies.

"I say, mister, I am told you are
the butler," said the man.

"I'm General Butler," replied old
Strabismus pleasantly, thinking the
two some country people, filled with
admiration of his greatness.

"I don't care whether you are gen-
eral butler or nor, but my wife wants
some terrappins and lemonade."

"Sir," snored old B. in amazement
and disgust.

"Oh! don't put on airs, old cock.
Come, now, hurry up those terrappins."
"You must be drunk, sir! you must
be drunk."

"No he ain't screamed the wife,
He's a good Templar; he ain't drunk,
but I guess you are.

Roars of laughter greeted this, in
which S. S. Cox was forced to join.
General Butler reddened in the face
and began puffing his cheeks out in
the most violent manner.

"I don't understand this extraordi-
nary conduct. What do want, sir—
what do you want?"

"Terrappins, I tell you."

"What do you take me for, you
cussed fool?" roared Benjamin.

"You call me a cussed fool, and I'll
hit you on the snout," screamed the
man.

At this juncture an officer of the
police seized the belligerent husband

and led him away amid much laughter.
Butler, turning suddenly, saw the mis-
chief-maker.

"I say, Cox, did you do that?"

"Well yes, I'm afraid I did."

"Well, I owe you terrappins, and I'll
pay you, mind that—I'll pay you."

And the two walked lovingly away.

Strange Sequel to a Hanging.

RESUSCITATION OF THE VICTIM BY
TWO DOCTORS—A NEGRO WITNESS
KILLED AND PLACED IN THE COFFIN.
[From the Abilene (Kansas) Chronicle.]

We are about to relate one of the
most astounding developments that
has ever come to light in this Western
community, we may safely assert, with-
in the recollection of any truthful per-
son. The occurrence, commencing
with the killing of Kelley and the
hanging of his murderer, with all its
ghastly sequels, is not nearly equal to
the dreadful scenes that subsequently
followed, as related to us by an eye
witness. It will be remembered that
the dead culprit was boxed and buried
by an undertaker, Mr. Eicholtz, a
short distance from the town cemetery.

On the night following his burial
Mr. Johnson, a Texas cattle dealer,
was returning from his herd. It was
one of those beautiful moonlight nights
for which this latitude is famous. In
the bright moonlight he continued his
journey far into the night. On ap-
proaching Abilene he noticed the sus-
picious movements of three persons,
who were apparently digging in an
isolated locality. Dismounting, he tied
his horse, and approaching, hid him-
self in a favored spot. He discovered
the parties to be well-known physici-
ans of Abilene, and a colored man.
Presently the spade of the negro struck
a hard substance. "That's it," said
one, and they shortly after had in full
view a large box, whose cover was
ripped off in less time than it takes to
relate it.

No words were spoken, and in a
short time the musical ticking of a
galvanic battery was heard, with an
occasional sigh, apparently from the
box. Presently, his blood running
cold, his hair almost standing on end
the terror-stricken looker on saw the
form of the hanged culprit sitting
erect in his box. Whereupon the
negro, more frightened than he, com-
menced yelling and shrieking in the
most piteous manner. "Shut up,"
said one, "you will have the people of
Abilene after us," as the other doctor
passionately struck the negro with an
iron bar used in prying open the box.

The other, gazing at the new corpse
attentively, knelt down by his side,
put his hand over his skull, now
astarated with his life current, and in
mild but emphatic words said; "He's
dead!" Then ensued a moment of such
acting as, our informant tells us, he
never witnessed before. Anger, ter-
ror, grief and remorse were quickly fol-
lowed by an almost unnatural cool-
ness as these two quietly drew forth
the resurrected criminal from his box
and again nailed the lid over a corpse
not to be resuscitated—that of the
darkey himself. Quietly they pro-
ceeded with their original work apply-
ing the plates of the poles of their
battery first over one collar bone, then
over the other, while the other plate
was placed apparently over the stom-
ach. While this was being done by
one worker, the other seemed to alter-
nate the work by repressing the chest.
Assiduously these two silent men work-
ed on, not a word spoken or scarce an
utterance given, unless from the en-
living hulk that lay before them.

Ever and anon a movement of some
part of the body before them would
attract attention. At last the first
worker, taking a vial from his pocket,
poured a few drops in the mouth of
the subject. He seemed satisfied, for
he stopped his work, and putting his
hand on the heart, remarked, "It
beats naturally." A few moments
longer and another application from
the bottle, and the subject spoke
audibly, and in reply to questions,
gave a full account of the occurrences
during what were supposed to be his
last moments. Hanging, he said, was
rather pleasant than otherwise, for

after the first spasmodic struggle for
breath, a delightful tickling sensation
followed his veins to the tips of his
limbs. Consciousness seemed to lose
itself very gradually, and for a time
a portion of the brain seemed to re-
tain its vitality. The happiest mo-
ment of a life-time was centered in a
dream at that instant. Feeling and
all thoughts of the occurrences about
him went with his effort for breath, at
last darkness clouded the remainder
of his mind. From that moment un-
til he found himself in the hands of
science he knew nothing.

A MONKEY ON A SPREE.—A mon-
key remarkable for his knowledge of
men and things, and his loving liberty
more than bananas, slipped his chain
on Sunday, in the aviary on Kearney
street, in San Francisco Jocko's first
proceedings was a close examination
of the canaries. After several in-
fectual attempts to get one through
the bars of its cage, he was seized
with indignation, and taking a round
turn with his tail on a stanchion, he
praped the cage in both paws and
baried it angrily at a mocking bird,
who with head twisted knowingly,
was surveying his pranks. A veteran
parrot, with all the gravity of a mem-
ber of the Academy of Science, chatter-
ed her disapproval of these doings, and
denuded a craker in a voice broken
with excited remonstrance. The na-
dacious monkey responded by clamber-
ing up to Polly's cage and thrusting
his paw through the bars in a defiant
manner. The parrot grabbed it at
once, and held on like a vise, while
Jocko moaned and apologized and
fretted; but Polly made the best of
the situation, and held her grip. At
last the monkey wrenched the suffering
paw from his sharp beak, and darting
down to a small bird cage flung it at
his enemy, who screamed, "Shut the
door!" and "Send for the doctor!"
with the view of calling to the rescue
a little white poodle dog, who was
looking on in amazement. The latter
understanding that something was ex-
pected of him, and not being proof
against an appeal from one of the
gentler sex in distress, stood up on
his hind legs and walked around the
shop barking vigorously. The head-
ish monkey was on him in a second,
and straddling on him, promptly
commenced to chaw his tail. The poodle
yelped in agony, but the inexorable
monkey had no compassion for the
parrot's defender, and varied the
torture by twisting the puppy's ears.
The proprietor, arriving on the scene,
captured the monkey, to Polly's de-
light, and Jocko was again put in
chains.

SINGULAR MANIFESTATION OF SPITE.

—About forty years ago there
resided in the town of Jackson, Wash-
ington county, a well-to-do farmer by
the name of Ferguson. He was in-
dustrious and frugal, but after a time
became addicted to the use of in-
toxicating drinks, and when under the
influence of his favorite beverage
would be liberal to such an extent
that he would give away any prop-
erty which might be at his disposal at
the time. Fearing that he would
thus squander all his effects, a com-
mission was obtained and the prop-
erty placed in the hands of his son.
When the papers were served on the
old man he remarked: "You have
taken my property from me, have you,
and are obliged to support and take
care of me? Well, then, take care of
me." He immediately took to his bed
his continued to remain there, day
and night for twenty years. For the
first few years he would get up and
shave himself every Saturday, and
then immediately take his bed again
but for the last fifteen years of his life
he was waited upon as an infant, not-
withstanding he enjoyed good health
and was in the possession of all his
faculties, mental and physical.—[Sche-
nectady Star.

A St. Louis woman, hearing that the
boarding house of her lover was in
flames, and that he was in the upper
story unable to escape, rushed franti-
cally to the spot, seized a ladder and
mounted it, despite the entreaties of
her friends. Agilely ascending, she
soon disappeared amid the smoke and
flame which enveloped the windows of
her fourth-story room. A breathless
silence fell on the multitude below, but
soon the brave girl reappeared with
her darling in her arms. As she de-
scended, the ladder bent and swayed
beneath the double burden, and the
increasing flames caught in her long
crinoline and erinoline, but the steam
played on her unheeding, and amid
shouts which rent the skies preserver
and preserved reached mother earth in
safety.