



"LET US HAVE PEACE."

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Love Will Go Where It Is Sent.

BY LOUISE C. McCARTY.

"Will you buy a book, sir?"

The words in themselves were nothing, but the voice that said them rang out in such perfect music that six gentlemen, conversing in Lawyer Simmons' office, turned as with one accord to see whence it came.

The speaker was a woman, dressed in rusty black—rusty unto very shabbiness—and with a white face, half hidden in the folds of a faded veil.

But little, one would say, in such a figure to attract, yet the six pairs of eyes remained stationary.

Man-like, they saw only a graceful, lady-like woman, and recognizing a strange music in her voice, were awaiting its tones again.

Whether the person addressed, however, was impressed by her is doubtful, for on the sweet voice continuing, "It is Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad.'" He not only gave her a grateful "No," but added: "Mark Twain and his 'Innocents' be hanged, and you, madam, pass on as quick as possible."

It was Helen Percy's first experiment in selling books, and for an instant she stood as if rooted to the spot.

The rough address had stung her to the quick, but without a word she turned to go.

Noticing her embarrassment, one of the gentlemen rose and opened the door for her.

With a slight bow she acknowledged the attention, and Henry Dumaine, impressed with a feeling he could never account for, walked out of the office and followed her.

"I say, Simu," remarked one of the others, "you were too hard on that feminine. She did seem a lady, and I think you brought tears to her eyes."

"Well," replied Simmons, "she shouldn't have come bothering about here with her confounded books; and then we have so many of them—the peddlers, I mean."

"Did you ever hear such a voice?" remarked another. "Clear and ringing as a bell."

"Gentlemen," here put in crusty Simmons, "this is not a club room, and, if you please, we will return to the business that has brought us together."

Thus recalled to their senses, the subject was dropped, and Dumaine's absence for the first time noticed.

They waited; but one moment followed another, and no Dumaine appeared.

"Strange!" muttered Simmons, and

he rose and looked uneasily out of the door. "I believe," said he, "that Dumaine has followed that woman, Humph! She seems to have unsettled you all."

A half hour passed, and still no Dumaine returned; so, vowing vengeance on his absent head, the business was gone through as best it could be with out him.

Meanwhile, what was Henry Dumaine doing? Just what Simmons said he was—following that woman. He certainly had no intention of doing so when he opened the office door for her, but he had heard her gulp down a sob, had seen her wipe away a tear, and for the life of him could not have helped going after her.

For nearly half an hour she walked about the neighboring blocks, but at last, to the young man's great relief, entered a large house on Nassau Street.

What was there in this woman, whose face he had hardly seen, that so completely charmed him? Was it the elegant bearing that, in spite of poor clothes, proclaimed her a lady? or was the tone of her thrilling voice still ringing in his ears and carrying him on?

Henry Dumaine asked himself none of these questions—he simply followed her, never once taking his eyes off her graceful form.

Mounting the stairs she had just ascended, he watched her in and out of every office in the house, and toward the exit door.

"Now is my chance," he thought as she reached it.

"Madam," he ventured with a slight bow, "I believe I see Mark Twain's last book in your hand; do you offer it for sale?"

She recognized him at once as the gentleman who had so kindly opened Simmons' door for her; but with her clear eyes she read the kindly motives in his, and said him a book.

In two minutes "Mark Twain" had changed owners, and Henry Dumaine had experienced a new sensation—he had fallen in love. It was a new sensation, indeed, for him—so new, that he only realized it after its fair origin had passed out of his sight, and a strange vacuum came into his breast.

He would have given anything, he thought, to know something more of her; but to follow a lady to her home was not in his code, so he resolutely turned his heels in the opposite direction, and crossly wished, what others have wished before him, that there was no such a thing as women, and that Eve had choked herself on that everlasting apple.

And Helen, she too experienced a change—a sensation of happiness came over her, and she walked on, wondering how it could be so. She had only sold one book, and the profit was small.

A year has passed away since the episode of Simmons' office, and the two hearts that for a moment became one, throbb and beat as strongly as then. The momentary lovers still exist. Their footsteps have trod the same streets, and their eyes have often rested on the same object, but they have never met. New York is a little world in which people only meet by appointment.

Henry Dumaine has not forgotten the event of that busy morning—a year ago. More than once has he quickened his pace as a little form in black passed him swiftly by, or a voice, in the throng about him, sent a tone like a distant echo through his heart.

But of the many forms that had hurried his footsteps and quickened his breath, on the busy streets, none proved to be the original of his memory and his dreams, and he had at last become weary—tired of chasing after ladies, who, when he saw their faces, proved wrinkled, ugly, or black, and not the one he sought.

"I shall never see her again," he said to himself; "and I'll give up, and make an end of it!"

Which he did, looking no more with anxious eyes after every slender girl that chanced to be attired in black.

Meanwhile what had become of the fair enchantress, Helen Percy? With the accumulated trials of poverty crowding about her, filling, as they ever do, the entire time of the "doomed to be poor," she had but few moments to spend in dreaming.

In the struggle for bread, even her old luxurious home in the once happy South was hardly recalled; the faces of her father and lover, whose bones lay beneath some deserted and far away battlefield, where but the shadow of a distant dream, and the dear friends of those other and happier days a faded vision.

She remembered—ever would remember—the gentleman who bought the first book she had ever sold; but with other pleasant memories she laid it on a shelf of the past, to be taken down now and then, glanced at and wept over.

The search for a living was her present duty, and would be her future; so she must look back neither to the right nor to the left, she said, up its zigzag path.

But Helen's fortunes have improved somewhat since we saw her a year ago. A kindly clergyman, who found her when even hope was at its lowest ebb, and starvation looking her in the face, had not only taken her to his own home for awhile, but secured her a few music pupils—so Helen was now, after a fashion, getting along.

It was about this time that she had a new acquisition to her small class, in the shape of a stylish young lady of fourteen, whose great fondness for music was only exceeded by her obstinateness as a pupil.

Numerous had been Helen's predecessors, some of whom the little lady did not like, and some who did not like her; but the present one, this capricious damsel said, was a perfect paragon, and indeed so incessantly did the young chatterbox talk to Miss Percy and her perfection, that her family were beginning to almost hate the mention of her name; and her eldest brother, who was no less a personage than Henry Dumaine, was heard to remark that he hoped himself and the lovely Percy might never meet, as he knew it would be the death of him. But even as he spoke, destiny was taking him by the hand and leading him to his fate.

The remark above quoted had taken place at lunch, and afterward Henry strolled into the extensive parlor for a short siesta; but he was no more than ensconced in his pet chair—an immense pillow affair—than a shrill cry from his sister announced the fact that the most perfect music-teachers had arrived. A sudden fear that he would be dragged in and introduced came over him.

"Horrors!" he thought, "not if I know it," and he made a plunge for his hat; but what tones were those that greeted his ears.

"Venus! Jupiter! and all the other stars!" he ejaculated, beneath his breath. "Her voice!"

Back to the shadowy recesses of the great chair he went; his hat making several rather uncertain circles where he had dropped it in the middle of the floor.

Patiently through the long hour he sat, the corrected mistakes, ringing discords and fearful repetitions falling unheeded on his love-stricken ears, for Helen's voice was ringing above them all.

The lesson at last was concluded, and the teacher turned to leave; but as she did so, Henry Dumaine's eyes followed her, and his heart beat wildly.

It is unnecessary, reader, to particularize as to the way Henry managed an introduction, the love-making that followed, and the orange-buds, fresh in their scented sweetness, that were woven shortly afterward; but rest assured that all these things transpired since.

"Love will go where it is sent!"

The people of Wyoming don't know whether to call their female judge a justness of the peace, or a justice of the pieces.

Staging It.

BY A. BACHELOR.

Those fossilized individuals who condemn the practice, which go-ahead men have got into, of making advances in the convenience of travel, deserve to ride for forty days and nights over the rough and rugged road which I crossed last week.

I didn't want to go; I knew that it was a benighted, and that the chances were in favor of my getting into trouble; but "circumstances over which I had no control"—how much general meanness has been laid to the charge of circumstances—drove me to it. I don't mind so much having to travel a rough road when I am out in their roads, and seemed to think that they were just a little ahead of creation, that it set me back a good way when I found just how it worked.

A man who has traveled on the Grand Trunk Railroad ought to be able to stand a good deal of grief, and I don't suppose that I am any worse than the rest of humanity in that respect; but my aching bones cry out against such fearful bumping as I have received.

I got out of these cars in a peaceful frame of mind, and looked around for the stage, and became conscious of a magnificent hearse drawn by a pair of bony quadrupeds, who certainly had not exhausted themselves by eating too much. Besides, there was a certain hammer-headed viciousness in the looks of that off-horse that I didn't like, as it reminded me irresistibly of the purchase I made myself not long ago. If that horse would not kick the roof off a man's head upon the slightest provocation, then I am no judge of horseflesh—and I advertise to have learned something about it lately.

The driver was a whimsical old genius, in a long gray coat, with many capes, like a watchman of the old times, who measured out his reigns with the hands of a muster, and seemed to struggle with a pair of obstinate mules, that would not think of moving for any loss pointed argument than a bayonet. I rather took to the old chap, however, and climbed upon the box by his side, and with a creak and a groan, like that of a sinking ship, the old ark got under weigh, and went waddling down the street, to the delight of the juvenile population.

"Somethin' like life, ain't it?" said coachee, touching up his horses. "See here, mister, I wonder a man of sense will risk his life on one of them feckly steam engines?"

"We don't ride on the engine. We generally stick to the coach," I said.

"Don't say! Now I don't want to skeer anybody, or say anything brash; but it's just flyin' fall in the face of Providence to ride in one of them things. Thankee—I don't keer if I do take a cigar. Why, don't them feckly engines beat up every once in a while?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"Bet they do. Hold on tight mister! G'lang, Diamond. That's the durndest hoss mister—if I didn't hang unto him like grim death to a dead Injun he'd tear us all to pieces."

I glanced at the quadruped in question, and could not see any signs of furious passion about him, and have reason to believe that his character had been traiduced. However, it kept me busy hanging on, for the old ark awayed about like a ship in a gale, and an uneasy feeling, like unto seasickness, began to take possession of my bosom. Three several times during the first half-hour did my heels fly up and point toward the zenith, and while I was struggling back into a perpendicular posture, that lelfloftin driver never ceased to chant the praises of staging as compare with that object of his hate, the "steam engine," as he persisted in calling the locomotive.

If I had not just left the luxurious cushions of a "Pullman" car for that hard box seat, and the level track of the Central for this vile apology for a

road, I might have stood it better. And, what was worse of all, that driver seemed to believe the sublime foolishness he was talking.

Once in five minutes we would strike a stone, and I would fly up about two feet, and come down with a bump which nearly dislocated my spine, and gave me a cramp in the back of my neck; and, if I don't have lockjaw out of this, then I miss my guess—and I always was a pretty good hand at guessing, anyhow.

This was bad enough, but, after we had gone about four miles, we struck a "corduroy road." Did you ever see one of those diabolical inventions for getting over a swamp? If you never did, and wish to become utterly weary of life and willing to depart just get into a heavy vehicle and ride over one.

They are built of heavy logs, half buried in the mud, with no particular attention paid to regularity; and, when that old stage went bumping over it, I struck some of the neatest attitudes ever heard of in the annals of lofty tumbling.

It makes me shudder when I think of it, and every bone in my body thrills with anguish unspeakable. I was holding on like grim death, and getting along with much agony, when we dropped from a greater height than usual, my grip parted, and away I went on a voyage of discovery.

After turning over in the air with a neatness which would have done honor to an acrobat, I tried to turn once more, and overdid it; for before I could get round, my head struck the mud, and I went in nearly out of sight, while a very pretty girl, who occupied the interior of the ark, and for whose benefit I had been putting on a variety of French airs, remarked "He, he!" in a state of intense enjoyment. I hope she liked it, and am quite sure that I did.

I struggled out of the Slough of Despond in a capital humor, and got back on the seat after that blasted stage got over the "corduroy," after exacting a promise that I should have fair warning when we approached another; and even as he helped me up, that villainous driver ascribed my downfall to my foolish predilection for "steam engines."

I got to my journey's end, nineteen miles from the station, bruised, battered and profane. I shall not be able to walk for a week, but when I do get well, I'll walk back to the station sooner than trust myself on the top of that stage again. Improvements are good enough for me, and although this particular stage might do for Adam or Noah, it is not my style. I can get along very well on a common railroad.

HOW SHE PUT THEM IN THEIR LITTLE BEDS.—The instances of the fact that, if figures won't lie, they will consent to do some rather peculiar things, may be well wound up by the story of how a Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travelers into eleven rooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here are the eleven bedrooms:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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"Now," said she, "if two of the gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait there a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having bestowed two gentlemen, in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9 and the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where, it will be remembered, she had left the twelfth gentleman, along with the first, and said to them: "I've accommodated all the rest, and still have a room to spare. Now if one of you will sleep in No. 11, you will find it empty."

Now, how did she manage this? and if anybody was left out in the cold, which of the twelve men was it?

Why are ladies out "shopping" like birds on the wing? Because it takes them a long time to settle upon their purchase (perches.)

A person who came upon a scientific treatise on the "Velocity of Light," says he can understand now how it is that his gas oil runs up so rapidly.

A Touching Incident.

A recent sketch of the lives of great lawyers contains this touching incident in the life of William Wirt:

In his younger days he was a victim to that passion for intoxicating drinks which has been the bane of so many distinguished in the legal profession. Allocated to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, he had made and broken repeated pledges of amendment, and she, after patiently and kindly enduring his disgraceful habit, had at length dismissed him, deeming him incorrigible. Their next meeting after his dismissal was in a public street in the city of Richmond.

Wirt lay drunk and asleep on the sidewalk on a hot summer day, the rays of the sun pouring down on his uncovered head, and the flies crawling over his swollen features. As the young lady approached in her walk, her attention was attracted by the spectacle, strange to her eyes, but, alas! so common to others who knew the victim as to attract little remark.

She did not at first recognize the sleeper, and was about to hasten on, when she was led by one of those impulses which for the turning points in human lives to scrutinize his features. What was her emotion when she recognized in him her discarded lover? She drew forth her handkerchief and carefully spread it over his face, and hurried away. When Wirt came to himself he found the handkerchief, and in one corner the initials of the beloved name. With a heart al-breaking with grief and remorse he made a new vow of reformation. He kept that vow, and he married the owner of the handkerchief.

A FISH STORY FROM FRANCE.—The Journal des Debats tells the story of a wonderful fish, which in spite of the seriousness with which the facts are stated, appears almost incredible. A carp has just died at Chantilly, in France at the extraordinary age of three hundred and seventy-five years! Only think of a fish in our day which was sporting in its native pond at the time that the Moors were being driven out of Granada by the Spaniards; which first saw the light some five years after Columbus first put his foot upon American soil, before glass was in use, or the art of printing invented; twelve years before Henry VIII. ascended the British throne and twenty years before Martin Luther's name was ever heard of! This extraordinary fish belong to Mr. G., a wealthy merchant of Chantilly, who bought it about a year ago for 1,300 francs. It was born on the estate of the Count de Coese in 1497, under the reign of Francis I, and has during its long life belonged to thirty-two different masters. It had naturally become quite an object of history, went by the name of Gabrielle, and measured ninety-seven centimeters in length—between nineteen and twenty inches of our measure. There is no knowing how much longer this creature might have lived, as it did not die a natural death, but was killed in mortal combat with an enormous pike. Mr. G.'s little son was present at the fatal battle, but, seeing in it only something to amuse him, he neither intervened nor called the domestics to separate the combatants.

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

"In the absence of gloves, how do you illustrate the shape of the earth to your scholars?" asked a committee of a school teacher in Illinois. "I shows 'em my head," was the reply.

"Ee do white folks be as dark as dat out dar," said a negro, who was gazing at some Japanese in California, "I wonder what is de color ob de black folks?"

A little girl wanting a fan, but not being able to remember the word, said she wanted a thing to brush the warmth off with."

A snob once asked an honest laboring man what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business, and pay my way," was the reply.

Ornithologists have often wondered that birds are not melancholy in the morning, as their little bills are all over dew.