

THE COLFAX CHRONICLE.

An Independent Journal, devoted to Local and General News, Literature, Science, Agriculture, Etc.

COLFAX, GRANT PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1876.

{NO. 3.

The Colfax Chronicle.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
J. M. SWEENEY.

TERMS:
One year, in advance, \$2 00
Six months, " 1 25
Three months, " 75c

ADVERTISING RATES:
1 Square, (1 inch space) first insertion, 75c; each subsequent insertion 75c. All insertions of a square charged as a full square, unless otherwise agreed upon. Cards of a Personal nature, when desirable, charged at double rates.
Professional and Business Cards, of one square, \$10 per year; two squares, \$15.00.

CANDIDATE'S ANNOUNCEMENTS—\$5.
The cash must in every instance accompany the order.

Space	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
Column	\$10	\$20	\$30	\$45
" " "	\$15	\$30	\$45	\$65
" " "	\$25	\$45	\$65	\$100

All advertisements sent to this office, when not otherwise specified, will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Obituary and Marriage notices of over one square in length charged as advertisements.

Transient advertisements payable in advance; quarterly ads. monthly in advance; yearly ads. quarterly in advance except by special contract.

If advertisements are not paid for when the time expires for which they have been ordered to be published, they shall be continued, and payment exacted for the full time they appeared in the paper.

JOB WORK must be paid for on delivery.

An Editor's Table.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
His countenance furrowed with care,
His mind at the bottom of business,
His feet on the top of a chair;
His chair-arm as arm supporting,
His right hand supporting his head,
His eyes on the dusty old table,
With different documents spread.

There was thirty long pages from Howler,
With underlined capitals topped,
And a short requisition from Growler,
Requesting his newspaper stopped;
There were lyrics from Gusher, the poet,
Concerning sweet flowrets and zephyrs,
And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer,
Describing a couple of heifers.

There were bills from beautiful maidens,
And bills from a grocer or two,
And his best leader hitched to a letter,
Which enquired if he wrote it, or who?
There were raptures of praises from writers,
Of the smooth and mellifluous school,
And one of his rival's last papers,
Informing him he was a fool.

There were several long resolutions,
With names telling whom they were by,
Canonizing some harmless old codger,
Who had done nothing worse than to die;
There were traps on the table to catch him,
And serpents to sting and to smite;
There were gift enterprises to sell him,
And bits attempting to bite.

There are long string "ads." from the city,
And money with never a one,
Which added, "Please give this insertion,
And send in per bill when you've done."
There were letters from organizations—
Meetings, wants and their laws—
Which said, "Can you print this announcement
For the good of our glorious cause."

There were tickets inviting his presence,
To festivals, parties and shows,
Trapped in notes "Please give us a notice."
Demurely slipped on at the close;
In short, as his eye took the table,
And ran over ink-stattered trash,
There was nothing it did not encounter,
Excepting, perhaps it was—Cash.

A lady in accounting to her friend for her temporary absence from society, said she had been celebrating her wooden wedding, being just married a blockhead.

Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Aladdin was an Arabian night who reached a high degree, although nothing but the son of a poor tailor originally. Now, a man may carry on the tailoring business and get rich, and be yet a mighty poor tailor; but we are assured that Aladdin's family were really in reduced circumstances.

Aladdin was one of the most careless, good-for nothing boys I ever knew. He wouldn't learn a trade, unless it was to trade jack-knives, but loitered away the most of his time on the streets. His father worked himself up so because he couldn't make his son work, that he died in a fit—the only fit, as his customers said, that ever came out of his shop.—Then Aladdin became more indolent than ever. Yet, as showing the enduring love of a mother, although he nearly bored the life out of her, she continued to board him.

One day a traveling magician came along and "showed" in their town. He saw Aladdin, took a liking to him as suited his purpose, and offered to take him traveling with him, and if he wanted to become a magician he would learn him to "magish." This just suited Aladdin, who always wanted to go with a circus, so he went.

They left the town that night on foot (as magicians are often compelled to do when business is bad) and proceeding in the direction of the next town, where, as the magician said, they were holding the county fair, and a show would pay. He had "worked the fairs," and knew.

But, instead of going there, he led Aladdin into a deep valley. Arrived at a rock, the magician, by some magic spell (for he was a capital speller), opened a great hole in the ground as though he had been an earthquake, much to the surprise and alarm of Aladdin. Then the magician, facetiously remarking that it was a fine opening for a young man, ordered Aladdin to descend and bring him a certain lamp he would find there, threatening the direst penalties if he failed to comply.

"Now, see here, old man," said Aladdin, "fun is fun, and I like fun as well as anybody; but aint this running it into the ground?" There being no help for it, he descended, first receiving the magician's magic ring, together with instructions. But wasn't it cruel to take A-laddin-in so?

It was a magic cavern, of course, and filled with fruits and vegetables, of the finest gold, as they always are. He saw more gold "turnips" than a watch factory could turn out in ten years; carrots two-hundred and fifty carats fine; gold cabbages equal to any cabbages that have been made on the National Treasury, and diamond squashes worth money enough to squash all the indictments found by our united grand juries. When he saw an orchard full of golden apples he exclaimed, "Here's just old fruit," and filled his pockets with them.

Finding the lamp, he returned to the entrance of the cavern, and asked the magician to help him out.

"Not until you give me the lamp," was the reply.

"Then you won't get it," retorted Aladdin, who feared some trick, which so enraged the man of

magic that he threw down the stone which closed the cavern, shutting the poor boy in. He took on, of course, as any boy naturally would under the circumstances, weeping and rubbing his hands, but in doing so he rubbed the magic ring, when an immense Genie appeared.

"Who are you?" said Aladdin.

"I am slave of the ring," replied the Genie.

"What ring? Whiskey ring?" This rather offended the Genie, as he was a prohibitionist, and one of the most reputable Genie underground. But he explained he was compelled to do whatever the possessor of the ring required, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

"Then get me out of this," said Aladdin, "and take me home," which the Genie did in less time than it takes to write these lines, set up the type, print the paper, and put up the mails. He was hungry, and his mother had nothing in the house to eat. "But here is the lamp you brought home," said she. "I will clean it, and perhaps it will bring something." It did. It brought another member of the Genie family, as she rubbed it, who announced himself as "Slave of the Lamp," and said he followed the business of waiting upon anybody who possessed it. What did they wish?

"Dinners for two!" shouted Aladdin, as though he was in a cheap restaurant, with unbounded credit. "And, mind you, give us plenty of fresh vegetables—green corn if you have got it." In an instant a banquet was spread before them of the richest description, and on plates of gold. From that time they boarded in this manner, Aladdin disposing of the gold plate at a pawnbroker's and playing with the money at keno. He just kept that Genie humping. Probably no Genie that ever lived was so overworked as this one was. He wouldn't be at home in his cavern an hour any time a day before Aladdin would rub the lamp for something, when Mr. Genie had to arr, muttering as he did, "Ay, there's the rub!" Besides bringing his meals to his room (for which he couldn't have the privilege of even charging him extra) he had to fetch his morning cocktail and black his boots.—What a degradation for a born Genie-us!

At length Aladdin aspired to marry the Sultan's daughter, who was very beautiful. His mother attempted to dissuade him from it. She reminded him that he was only the son of a poor tailor, and advised him to be content with some respectable seamstress. But he insisted, and actually induced the old lady to go to the Sultan and demand his daughter's hand in marriage for her son, which was very insulting to the Sultan.

Gold and diamonds did the business, however, as they do yet and always will until there is a radical change in valuations; and Aladdin married the princess. He built her a magnificent palace in one night—or his Genie did—on a vacant lot owned by her father, that had a frontage of 100 feet on the principal street, and was 200 feet deep. (The Sultan had refused \$200 a front foot for the lot, repeatedly.) And then they proceeded to live happily.

But one day a circus came to town, and connected with one of

the side-shows was the wicked magician. He saw the palace, and heard that it was put up in one night by Aladdin, and divined the truth at once. The Genie, Slave of the Lamp, must have been the boss carpenter! He devised a plan for obtaining the lamp. He got some bran-new ones and went to the palace when Aladdin was away, crying "New lamps for old," when one of the kind girls traded off the magic lamp, ignorant of its value as of everything else, thus making Aladdin a lamp-lighter (than he was) the magician, assisted by the Genie, transported the palace, together with the princess, to the heart of Africa—one of the most remarkable instances of riches taking wings, that has ever fallen under my observation.

Aladdin searched high and low (to say nothing of Jack and the game) for his missing wife and real estate, and in sheer desperation he at length joined an expedition about to penetrate to the interior of Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone. He did not find the Dr., but he did his palace. He communicated secretly with his wife. She drugged the magician's "bitters" one night, and got possession of the lamp for Aladdin, and by its means the palace was transported back to Arabia, tho' it was no more transported than Mr. and Mrs. Aladdin were at getting home.

All lived happily after that, except the wicked magician, who, as a punishment for his eccentricities, was compelled to be confined at hard labor all his life as a comic writer.

COLFAX, GRANT PARISH, LA., }
July 17, 1876. }

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

With your permission I propose to consider our town and its surroundings, in the past, present and future. Like all other towns, Colfax has had its day of tribulation, created in times of high political excitement. It was a legitimate result that the political parties should contend for supremacy in controlling the political bearing of the parish. The names given the parish and the town were distasteful to the white citizens of the new parish of Grant, and in the struggle for place and power, much bitter feeling was engendered. The struggle was long and fierce, and finally culminated in what is known as the Colfax riot. I do not propose to consider the causes in detail that led to that unfortunate affair, nor to pass upon its merits or demerits. Suffice to say that it has given to our town and parish rather a public as well as unenviable reputation, from which we are now, Phoenix-like, just emerging; and we would ask from the public that the mantle of charity be thrown over our shortcomings, and that a liberal extension of time be allowed us for reformation. To-day we are a reconstructed, social people. In no town within my knowledge is there more good feeling or more tolerance of opinion. Our people meet and discuss the general topics of the day—political, agriculture, and other subjects—just as they did of yore, with no bitterness or acrimony, and we are, in truth, a happy and prosperous people. The tomahawk has been buried and we smoke the calumnet of peace, secure under the foliage of our own vine and fig tree. So much for the past.

The present is indeed encour-

aging; we have no cause of complaint; the husbandman sees in his broad fields the prospects of full reward for his labors; the merchant looks forward with bright anticipation in the future, and all classes are jubilant over the brilliant prospects of a rich harvest.

The future of our town and parish is, indeed, cheering. The town of Colfax is located on the magnificent estate of the late Mrs. M. E. Calhoun, and now the property of her children, Mr. W. S. Calhoun and his sister, and no where in the valley of Red River is to be found a more picturesque or richer country. Every product necessary to the sustenance of man or beast, is grown in superabundance, with the least imaginable labor, holding out rare and unsurpassed inducements to the agriculturist in quest of a good home and with becoming liberality none are sent away empty, who desire to make their homes in this parish. Lands are rented, capable of producing from one to one and a half bales of cotton per acre, and corn from thirty to forty barrels per acre, at the nominal sum of from four to five dollars per acre; and a cordial invitation is extended to all who desire to cultivate the soil, to cast their lots with us.

The health of the country is unexceptional; the depleted pocket-books and tattered appearance of the disciples of Aesculapius speaks in language too plain to be misunderstood. That ours is emphatically a healthy country, two seedy members of Galilea hold on to the legal horn of our dilemma, and while they are engaged in their depositions, they are willing to sever citizens. Unfortunately for them, like Othello, their occupation is gone; and, if any, it is in homoeopathic doses that it neither pays them or injures anyone else, showing exclusively that we are a law-abiding people.

MORE ANON.

The Frenchman's Bow.

There are many theories on this subject; there have been many professors of the noble science of salutation; there are, even in these degenerated days, differences of opinion as to the exact nature and ordination of the movements which compose a bow; but the generally adopted practice of the best modern schools is after this wise:—When you meet a lady that you know, you begin, four yards off, by calmly raising your outside arm, right or left, as the case may be. There must be no precipitation in the movement, and the arm must be maintained at a short distance from the body, with a sort of roundness in its curve and motion; that is, it must not come up too direct, and especially not too fast. When the hand arrives at the level of the hat rim it must seize it lightly, slightly, with about half the length of the fingers; it must slowly lift the hat, and slowly carry it out in the air to the fullest length of the gradually extended straightened arm, but not in front, it must go sideways, horizontally from the chest, and on a level with the shoulder; this part of the operation must last several seconds. Simultaneously the hat must be turned over, by a calculated gradual movement, in exact proportion to the progress of its passage through the atmosphere, so that, starting perpendicularly with the crown upward, it may

describe a semi-circle on its road, and reach the extreme limit of its distance at the precise instant when it has become upside down, and the lining gazes at the skies. At the instant when the hat is lifted from the head, the body begins slightly to bend, the inflection being so organized that the full extent of curving of the spine shall be attained concurrently with the greatest distance of the hat. A slight respectful smile is contemporaneously permitted to flutter furtively about the corners of the mouth. Then the hat comes slowly sweeping back again, its inward motion presenting the exact inverse of its outward journey; the back grows straight one more, the smile disappears, the hat resumes its accustomed place, the bow is over, the face grows grave, and you, the author of that noble act, murmur within yourself, "I think I did that rather well." But if the lady should stop to speak to you (she alone can determine whether the conversation can take place out of doors), you remain bare-headed; the arm is slowly dropped till the now forgotten hat hangs vacantly against the knee; the back continues somewhat bent; and when the talk is over—when, with a half courtesy and inclination of the head, the lady trips away—the bending of the body becomes more profound, the hat starts off once more to the full distance which the arm can cover, but a rather lower attitude than before, it executes a majestic radiating sweep through space, and then goes on to the hat, and all is over. Written description renders the whole process somewhat absurd, but the impression is very different when the act itself is contemplated. Modern manners offer scarcely any form of deference so grand, so thorough, so striking in its effect, as a really well executed bow. English people are rarely able to judge it rightly, for their notices and practices on this subject take so different a form that the Frenchman seems to them to ridiculously exaggerate when he superbly waves his hat all around him; but, on the other hand, the British fashion of salute is miserable and contemptible in Gallic eyes, and especially, utterly inexpressive of the courtesy and of the homage which men ought to manifest toward women. In France the very boys know how to bow; and tho' the nation exhibits every sort of degree of capacity in the matter, from the lowest, the dogma that bowing is a really important function is believed in almost everywhere.—Blackwood's Magazine.

CURE FOR SWEENEY.—[Not the editor of the CHRONICLE, bear in mind, as he is incurable.] "We always doctor the shoulder, if it shows any sign of shrinking, in the following way: Take a firm hold of the skin at the top of the shoulder-blade; draw it out well, and then pass the small blade of a pocket-knife through the skin, penetrating both skins. Then take any stimulating liniment, or the yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of salt; rub them together until the salt is dissolved, and rub the shoulder with it, using a corn-cob to rub it in with, and in a few days your horse will be well."

[Now, we got the foregoing from a good veterinary surgeon, and have a strong belief in its efficacy; but if your horses are not affected, we don't want you to try it on us, because we might be thought such a good subject.]