

Mrs. Grover  
**THE COLFAX CHRONICLE.**

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

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**Old John Horker.**

On Monday afternoon a house painter, swinging on a scaffold attached to a high building heard some one calling upon him to come down. Thinking it was the owner of the block, he descended and met a wrinkle-faced old chap who was holding an ancient umbrella over his head.

"Is your name Duke?" inquired the old man in a soft voice.

"No, sir," was the reply. "My name is Ogden."

"There it is, you see!" cackled the stranger. "Your name isn't Duke because it is Ogden. A plainer case never came to my attention. If your name was not Ogden it would be Duke."

"Did you want to see me?" asked the painter.

"Nominally, yes. Did you ever devote any time to the study of philosophy?"

"Philosophy be hanged!" retorted the painter. "If you didn't want me what did you call me down here for?"

"You now illustrate another principle!" chuckled the old man. "Why do you betray vexation? Simply because you are vexed. If you were pleased you would smile. Let us go back 1800 years to the first principles of mind formation."

"You'd better go back to the Lunatic asylum!" muttered the painter.

"Why are lunatic asylums necessary?" asked the old man. "Because we have lunatics. Why do we have lunatics?"

"Don't talk to me," replied the painter, starting to enter the building.

"Why do I talk?" inquired the old character, barring the doorway. "I talk because I have a voice. Fish do not talk, and why do you?"

"I don't want any more fooling around!" exclaimed the painter, trying to pull the old man out of the way.

"We will go back to what is known as the stone age," said the painter, spitting on his hands as he meant to resist. "Did you ever reflect that you might have been a bull or a valley as well as a

man? Suppose you had been a side-hill? What would have been your policy?"

"Just about this!" gasped the painter, as he got a collar hold and jerked with all his might.

"I sometimes think," said the old man, as he kicked the painter in the stomach twice in succession, "that man may have descended from earth. I may have been a hill, you a knoll, that man over there a glade."

There was a pause for a minute, as the painter bit him on the mouth. He retaliated by a left-hander on the nose, and securing a hold on the painter's hair, he held him against the wall, and went on:

"Why do we fight? Go back to the days of Adam and let us see how madness came to exist."

They were about half-way back there when a policeman came along and collared the old philosopher and marched him off. He was recorded as John Horker, and as he was placed in the cell, he remarked:

"Why this prison jug? Because there are jugglers. Let us retrace our steps to the drift period and discover who was first incarcerated in a cooler."

The painter looked after the old coon as he was walked off, and giving his bleeding nose another wipe, he said:

"If that's what they call philosophy I'm going into training to-morrow morning!"

**Scientists on Spiritualism.**

The Subject Discussed before the British Association.

At Glasgow, in the anthropological section, Prof. Barret read a paper on some phenomena associated with the abnormal conditions of mind. The subject was one, however, in regard to which there had been a great change of opinion, and no better instance could be given of this change of front than that afforded by Dr. Carpenter. Prof. Barret on one occasion took a card and put it in a book, and gave the closed volume to a girl. She held it close to her head a little behind the ear, and then said, "I see something inside the book with red spots on it." He then asked her to count the spots, and she replied that there were five, which proved to be quite correct, for the card was the five of diamonds, and yet he was the only person in the room who could have known what it was. This appeared to him to be a clear case of clairvoyance and the important point was that every care had been taken to prevent any unconscious muscular action giving any indication to the subject of what she was being asked about. In another case there was a lady who was in the habit of telling the time on a hunting watch after the hands had been turned about in all sorts of directions. On one occasion they found, as they thought, that she was wrong. Returning the watch to her they told her so. She persisted, however, that she was right, and on examining the watch they found that such was really the case, and it was they themselves who made a mistake. In that case the thoughts of the mesmerist were against those of his subject. He had asked Mr. Maskelyne, one of the cleverest conjurers of the day, and a gentleman who was engaged in an attempt to disprove the reality of

spiritualism, to see some of these phenomena with him, and he had since received a letter from Mr. Maskelyne's manager in which he said: "In matters of this kind your great men of science are more easily deceived than the men of ordinary talent."

Mr. Crookes, speaking as a spiritualist, contended against the theory that people were deluded into the belief that they saw manifestations which never occurred. He maintained that a trained scientific inquirer was much more than a match for any conjurer, and that if it were a mere matter of hallucination that the trickery would have been found out long ago.

Dr. Carpenter said that there were some people who had a curious power of thought reading. Detective policemen, he believed, had this power in a wonderful degree, and he referred to the Constance Kent case and others to show that the officers hit upon the truth by intuition. As to Dr. Siade, he frankly confessed that that gentleman had done things which had astonished him, and just before leaving London he had challenged him to repeat them in his own house, and in the company of his own friends, and with nothing but his own furniture in the room. Dr. Siade had agreed to do so, and therefore he considered him on his trial and refrained from saying more of him at present.

Mr. Parke Harrison referred to an American case in which a woman had confessed that she had been paid to pretend that she was a medium.

The president said that this woman was afterwards proved to have been telling falsehoods when she had made the pretended confession.

Prof. Barrett, in replying on the discussion, charged Dr. Carpenter with changing his position.

Dr. Carpenter denied that he had done so, and in regard to what had been said about clairvoyants referred to the instance in which Sir James Simpson had put a £500 note in a case, and said he would give it to any one who would tell its number, the result being that it remained unclaimed for months.

During this exciting incident, Rev. Robt. Thompson was seen at the back of the platform flourishing a bank note, and apparently offering to submit it to the test, but no attention was paid to him.

**The Rapides Fair.**

We take the following from the Louisiana Democrat, and we are sorry that the Rapides Fair, did not prove a success:

"The Fourth Grand Fair of the Rapides Agricultural Fair Association, has come and gone, and we regret exceedingly to record it as a partial failure, and are forced to the belief, that our people are yet dead to the protection and welfare of such undertakings as are calculated to aid and assist them in the true developments of the material interests of their cherished Rapides. There can be no use of our wasting words of complaint at this not unexpected mishap to many of us, there is no use blaming any one in particular for it, for suffice it for all to know that the late Exposition and Races close the career of that Association. As a friend of it from its very incipency we have watched and fostered it with all our editorial might, nor have our personal efforts in its behalf been weak, but yet the hour of its

sad demise has come and we tenderly strew violets and daisies on its grave.

But our people should know, and we feel glad to let them know it, that the stockholders and managers are men who have not printed in their vocabulary, that evil word *fail*, and they are now more firmly resolved than ever that their beautiful and valuable property shall never be deserted or turned over to base uses. The public will hear from them as soon as the temporary fogs of their *faux pas* have cleared away, and our word for it, the management that we have followed and praised in sunshine, and whom we yet to cling to with "faith hope and charity" in this their hour of tribulations, will soon be found equal to the emergency and the future redemption of their most cherished hopes. We are yet for them, of them, and will cling to them now stronger than ever."

**Hopkins' Experiment.**

The inextinguishable hatred with which the people of Arizona regard the Apache Indians was excited by a somewhat singular circumstance. Many years ago a man named Hopkins, who was an enthusiast upon the subject of music, conceived an idea that the surest way of civilizing the red man was to bring him under the soothing influence of the divine art. Hopkins concluded that this could best be done by teaching each individual Indian to play upon some instrument. So he bought about sixteen hundred flutes, and started off for Arizona. He settled down among the Apaches, who were much pleased with Hopkins' scheme. So Hopkins began to give music lessons, and in a few weeks he had all those flutes employed, and the silence of the plains was broken by a perfect cyclone of B flats and C naturals. The Indians went into the thing with enthusiasm, but the white people in the neighborhood regarded the uproar with disgust. And that melodious old ass of a Hopkins used to rush out his sixteen hundred braves upon calm summer evenings and make them roost along on a fence and practise their scales in unison until the hair of every white man in the neighborhood was screeched up on end. After a while Hopkins educated them up to try to play Auld Lang Syne, and the way those aboriginal performers would slide around among the notes and tear up and down the bars, and improvise extraordinary and appalling variations, would have made even an Italian organ-grinder commit suicide. But Hopkins said he felt encouraged, and so he marched his orchestra into town one evening for the purpose of serenading the mayor. And when those performers had wrestled with that tune for about a quarter of an hour the citizens formed a vigilance committee and hung Hopkins, while they shot the orchestra all to atoms and made a bonfire of the flutes. Since that time the Apaches and Arizonians have not been on speaking terms; but they hate each other fiercely. The cause of musical science has not received any attention since then from the Apaches.

Vanderbilt's physicians have resolved to either kill or cure their patient or perish in the attempt. Only two of them have perished thus far.

**How We Patronize Street Cars.**

Each city has its own peculiar way of patronizing the horse-car companies. When a Chicago man takes the car he stands in the middle of the street and clutches for the railing as the thing goes by, and swinging himself upon the step takes a seat. All the way down town he hitches nervously about, and half a block before his place of business is reached, starts for the platform, drops into the mud, with the car under full head way, and dashes for his office.

In St. Louis it is different.—There a man waits on the street corner, and having brought the car to a full stop, slowly proceeds to mount. Settled in a seat, he enters into conversation with his neighbor, and when the conductor comes along mentions to him the number of the street where he wishes to alight. Arrived at the locality, the conductor stops the car, and stepping to the passenger informs him that his place is reached.—The passenger then bids an affectionate adieu to the man with whom he has been conversing, and after shaking hands with two or three friends, leaves the car and sleepily wends his way to his counting-room.

In Milwaukee the aim of every man is to get his money's worth out of the railway company. To this end the citizen hitches down a block or two to meet a car, and riding to the end of the track, proceeds to walk back to his saloon or brewery.

In Boston a man whistles, waves his umbrella, and stands on his head until a conductor deigns to stop the car for him, gets in very meekly and behaves like a good boy. When he wants to stop he signals to the conductor, but if that efficient person be busy, the Boston man makes no fuss, but drops himself on the platform, and strikes the curbstone with the tip of his nose.

Affairs in Europe have reached such a point of complication that the average mind cannot look into them without feeling bewildered. In Turkey the war sentiment runs so high that throughout the length and breadth of the land the Mahometans are holding war meetings and conventions, and vigorously arming. The animosity against the Christians is growing more violent every day, and serious apprehensions are entertained of a general massacre. Russia is in almost as bad a condition, financially, as Turkey, and according to the latest news, is threatened with a financial crash of a most serious character. Russian Government stock cannot be sold at any price and the country is being flooded with inconvertible paper money. Austria is not as badly off, but her financial condition is critical, and it is a question whether she could support the pressure of war expenses. Germany is poor and her credit, in case of a general war would be greatly impaired if not annihilated. England is doing very well now, but an interruption of her commerce would very soon bring her to the verge of bankruptcy.—France is the only nation now in Europe whose finances could resist the brunt of war, and she is the only one who has no direct interests involved.—N. O. Democrat.

Pity is akin to love. Poetry excites pity, not unfrequently for the writer.

**Europe.**

LONDON, October 21.—The council to be held by the Queen, on Monday, is summoned to meet at Balmoral. The further prorogation of Parliament will then be ordered. At the close of the last session Parliament was prorogued until October 30, 1876. On Monday the prorogation will be extended, probably until February next.

The man-of-war Shah, carrying twenty-six guns, and reported to be the fastest vessel in the navy, has been ordered to reinforce the British fleet at Besika Bay.

The Post has information that Russia has ordered the mobilization of the corps d'armee, which has its headquarters at Warsaw.

A dispatch from Belgrade to the Reuter's Telegram Company states that the Turks have captured Schlicovaz and taken the heights of Gredetin.

The Paris correspondent of the Times intimates that there is a probability of Turkey throwing overboard the protection of the powers and negotiating directly with Russia. Turkish statesmen think they can save Bulgaria by granting the liberty of the Bosphorus to Russia. It is true Turkey is bound by the treaties of 1836, to which the freedom of the Bosphorus is contrary, but the powers of Europe are driving Turkey into negotiations with her bitterest enemy, and the Porte may break the treaty in despair.

A dispatch to Reuter's Telegram Company from Paris says: it is stated here that England has replied to Russia, that as she has already supported a six month's armistice she can now recommend one of six weeks, but she will not oppose it. No power appearing willing to take the initiative, the question rests between Turkey and Russia.

A solution can thus only be looked for at Constantinople. Diplomatic circles here still hope for a pacific settlement.

To-day's dispatches necessitate a serious modification of previous views entertained in regard to the Eastern question by the confession of the Times Vienna correspondent. He was mistaken about the powers which had declared their acceptance of the six months armistice. Neither Austria, France nor Italy had notified the Porte of their adhesion to that proposal, though none had objected to it. England alone, therefore, took formal action in its favor. The effect of this is that all powers except England remain in the position to urge the Porte to concede the Russian demand. On the other hand it seems certain that Russia has not the support of either Germany or Austria in the contemplated movement against Bulgaria.

One of those strange coincidences that serve to imbue the minds of credulous people with a belief in spiritualism occurred in Hartford last week. A Dr. Langley, a medium, was shown a lock of hair from the head of a hospital patient who had the consumption, and he informed the parties who consulted him that nothing could save the consumptive; that he would die in exactly four months and a half. Nothing was thought of the matter until last week, when the patient died, and it was found that he had died exactly on the day that Dr. Langley predicted he would. As the patient was never informed of the prediction, he could not have been frightened into dying on that day. Dr. Langley was formerly a gambler and a faro-bank dealer, and says he quit that vocation because the spirits said he would never win again.

A doting young father boasts that his baby son is so affectionate that he sits up with his parents nearly all night, and is so tough that he seems to have no conception of fatigue or of time of day.

A woman's hand; How beautifully moulded, how faultless in symmetry, how soft and white and yielding, and oh, how much of gentle memory its pressure conveys. Yet we don't like it in our hair.

The man well to do in this world ought to be able to do well.