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CURES
ALL DISEASES OF THE
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FOR SALE
BY ALL DRUGGISTS
PRICE, DOLLAR.

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Dyspepsia, General Debility,
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It contains only the Purest Drugs, among which may be enumerated PRICKLY A S H BARK AND BERRIES, HARRIS, SUGAR, KAWA, &c. It cleanses the system thoroughly, and as a

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It is not an intoxicating beverage, nor can it be used as such, by reason of its Cathartic Properties.

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Cancer Cured.
NEW DISCOVERY!
TREATMENT PAINLESS

Mr. C. A. Hooper, a native of Rapides parish, has discovered a certain and painless remedy for the permanent cure of Cancer. He offers his services to all who may be afflicted with this heretofore supposed incurable disease.

Persons in indigent circumstances will be treated free of charge.

Refers by permission to Dr. John Casson, a practicing physician of Alexandria, Terms and charges reasonable.

Address, C. A. HOOPER,
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G. W. BOLTON,

Pineville, La.,
Has received a large and varied assortment of Goods adapted to the wants of the trade, which, owing to

"HARD TIMES" and the great scarcity of money, will be sold at PRICES LOWER THAN EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

The entire stock having been purchased in the leading markets of the country in accordance to cash buyers will be offered not to be found elsewhere.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS,

A Complete Stock!

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

At Prices to Defy Competition!

Jeans, Flannels, Linseys, Notions, Domestic, Prints, Tickings, Plaids, etc., at astonishingly low prices. My entire stock of Clothing will be sold at a small fraction above cost. Saddlery and Bridles, among which will be found the Celebrated Texas Saddles, made by Pagot.

Call and examine, the Goods must and will be sold. ja7

Now is Your Time

TO BUY

CHEAP GOODS

FROM

McKnight & McNeely,

Colfax, La.

They call special attention to the fact that they have just received the largest lot of Ready Made

Clothing,
Boots,
Shoes,
Dry Goods.

Notions,
Ever brought to this market, all of which were bought on the most favorable terms and will be sold at such low prices as to defy successful competition.

Their Stock of

HARDWARE,

GLASSWARE

and **CROCKERY**

is complete in every particular. They also have a full line of

Saddlery and Harness,

FAMILY GROCERIES,

Tobacco,

Whisky and

Canned Goods.

They have pleasant and accommodating clerks, who take pride in showing goods to customers. They pay the

Highest Market Price for Cotton.

When you come to Colfax, before buying elsewhere, be sure to call on

McKNIGHT & McNEELY.

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Still Booming!

New Spring and

Summer Goods

JUST RECEIVED BY

B. TURNER

Pineville, La.

A Large and Well Selected Stock of New SPRING and SUMMER GOODS.

Ladies', Men's and Children's

Shoes of Every Description,

Clothing, Fancy Goods

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SADDLERY, HARDWARE, CROCKERY

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SUPPLIES,

and everything usually kept in First-Class Country Stores.

Will guarantee satisfaction, both as regards Quality and Price. mh9

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive from a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRU & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE FINE WHITE STALLION,

WILL STAND THE SPRING

AT COLFAX OF 1885

ROBERT E. LEE,

Sired by Planter, dam bred by the celebrated Leconte stock. Will stand for the spring season at Colfax. mh27 J. F. NEAL, Proprietor.

ESTRAY NOTICE

Strayed before me this day, by J. H. McNeely, one Bay Mare, with black mane and tail, about 13 or 14 hands high, and branded on the left shoulder 8.

The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property and pay charges or the same will be sold according to law. A. L. GROW, J. P. Colfax, La., April 20, 1885.

MONEY BAGS TIED TIGHT.

We have lately published two able articles from the City Item, in relation to the disadvantages under which Louisiana farmers labor to secure money to carry on their crops. After giving the matter considerable thought and discussion we see no better way to remedy the trouble than that suggested by the Item, namely, to "domiciliate contracts in New Orleans," thus doing away with the necessity of money lenders enforcing their collections in the country courts. Under the present system, where the debtor can only be sued in his domicile court, the delay, difficulty and expense of enforcing payment is such as to cause banks to decline positively to take the risk; and, until this matter is remedied by legislative enactment, our planters can not hope to escape paying double rates of interest, as they will never be able to secure the requisite means, save through the medium of their merchants. The intermediary service of the merchant is fully understood by the planters, and, while they grow and continue to pay for such service, no effort has as yet been made to throw off the yoke. This is a matter of vital importance to the material prosperity of the planting interests of Louisiana, and the next Legislature could not do better than devote a fair modicum of its time devising ways and means to accomplish the much desired consummation by which farmers can deal directly with the banks.

THE END OF THE WAR.

A controversy having lately been raised as to the exact date of the suspension of hostilities in our "late unpleasantness," some interesting facts have been brought out. Richmond was captured and occupied by Federal troops April 3, 1865. Lee surrendered April 9th. The last combat of the war east of the Mississippi was the carrying of Columbus and West Point by Gen. Wilson April 21st. The last battle of the war was fought west of the Mississippi, and singular to say was a Confederate victory, being fought May 13th on the Brazos, in Texas, between a body of Union troops under command of Gen. Slaughter. The Union troops were driven back with a loss of 75 or 80 killed, wounded and missing. By degrees Congressional legislation began to refer to the war as a thing of the past, in such phrases as "the late insurrection," yet more than a year passed after the last Confederate troops disbanded before the formal official announcement that this insurrection was over. At length such a proclamation was made by President Johnson, and thereafter the judicial tribunals fixed upon that announcement as the true legal date of the end of the war. Thus the Adjutant General's office, in a letter to Gen. Carleton of Feb. 24, 1883, uses this expression: "The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the war of the rebellion closed on Aug. 20, 1866, the date on which the President issued his proclamation declaring the insurrection at an end." These citations form perhaps as convenient and terse a method as any of presenting the fact that, for legal purposes, the civil war is interpreted as a five years' conflict. So far, however, as actual hostilities are concerned, they were all over before June 1, 1865.

The war between England and Russia, which was considered so imminent two weeks ago, is now thought to be postponed for a time at least. The quarrel grows out of a dispute as to the limit between the two powers on the Afghanistan frontier, and the settlement of the question is to be left to the arbitration of neutral powers.

The river is at a stand at Shreveport, and falling at all points up to Falton. All fears of an overflow from the present rise may as well be dispelled.

THE FARMERS AND THEIR HOBBY.

It is a prevailing idea among farmers that nobody but themselves know how to farm, or are competent to point out the mistakes of farmers. We deny this proposition flatfooted, on the principle that the man in the hollow of a tree can not see a coon in the tree top as plainly as the man standing a short distance away. Thus with the looker-on palpable mistakes are more apparent than to the man engaged.

We are led to this comment from the criticisms of our planting friends, some of whom appear to have taken umbrage at our article two weeks ago, headed "Make Farm Life Attractive," and particularly to the first item of rule No. 1, which was "Take more sleep and do less work." Such advice to a class who are frequently accused of downright laziness and sluggishness, we know may sound out of place to the superficial thinker. But we have no charge of laziness to make against our farmers. As a class they are the hardest working and most persistently industrious people on earth. It is this hard work, this persistent industry, that we object to. Our farmers and their wives and children need rest. They grow old and peevish from sheer exhaustion of the nervous system. The boys and girls are old and jaded and want to leave home.

This is all wrong, and there is no necessity for such a state of affairs. A little forethought and planning will give an occasional holiday to relieve the monotony, and systematic work and order will reduce fully one-fourth the time now spent in labor on the farm. Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for eating, feeding the stock, resting, and recreation, is the true division of time for a farmer. Not a particle of need in the world to rise an hour or two before daylight, except in rare instances of some unusual emergency. No man who habitually rises before the night is over is either healthy or good natured, nor does he accomplish any more than the man who rises at daylight. The writer of this article for ten years of his life, while working on city newspapers, seldom went to bed before 3 o'clock in the morning, and he has made it a point to observe the effect of loss of sleep upon men engaged in the various avocations that require them to work while others sleep. We reach the conclusion that those who lose the first half of the night are healthier and happier than those who lose the last half, and that in proportion to the hours of sleep lost between midnight and day, just in that proportion is the effect upon the nervous system developed.

So, with due deference to the opinions of the farming friends who object to our advice, we must repeat: "Take more sleep and do less work." As a kind of compromise, however, we will qualify the sentence by adding that the kind of work we refer to is that persistent, slavish labor that sometimes prevails with persons who imagine that because they get up in the night and are eternally engaged, and keep wife and children dragging themselves around at some kind of drudgery, it betokens industry. Never was the mark wider missed.

And now, as we have offered a kind of compromise to our friends we feel at liberty to lay before them some more good rules for farmers. Remember, any fool can give advice, but it takes a wise man to profit thereby. Read the fifteen rules below, and if you follow them your success as a farmer is certain:

1. Never purchase land on a credit, unless it be in a new country where it is certain to enhance in value rapidly.
2. Keep no more live stock than you can keep in good condition.
3. Never allow your stock to suffer from cold, by housing them in open, rickety buildings, and remember that warm comfortable stables are a saving of one-third of the feed that otherwise would be required. This in three years will overpay for all stables needed on any place.
4. If your farm is so large that you cannot cultivate all of it to advantage, nor keep good fences on it, sell a part, and put the money out to interest. You will save a great deal of care and trouble,

and make money faster than by skimming over a large surface to get poor crops, and those half destroyed by unruly cattle breaking over your dilapidated fences.

5. Look well to your orchard, and remember that it costs no more to produce apples that sell for fifty cents a bushel than it does those that sell for twelve and a half cents.
6. Keep none but the best implements that can be produced, and when you possess them take care of them. It is shocking to a good farmer to see his neighbors leaving their plows and harrows in the field week after week, to soak in the rains and crack in the sun.
7. Never suffer yourself to be unprovided with suitable work for yourself and hands on a rainy day. A commodious workshop is necessary on such days, and plenty of good tools. In such cases a good farmer will never lack for work. Much money may be thus saved that otherwise would go to the wheelwright.
8. Never borrow tools, unless it be in some unforeseen contingency. Every farmer should own every kind of implement necessary on his farm.
9. Never put off till to-morrow what may as well be done to-day. Thousands of tons of hay and fodder have been ruined by not heeding this rule.
10. Do all your work well. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
11. Don't try to make merchants, lawyers, physicians or clergymen of your sons, because the farmer's vocation is without honor. Gen. Washington was not ashamed of being a farmer, and you are no better than he was.
12. The soil must, like the horse or the ox, be fed, in order to give forth abundantly, and it must have rest. A judicious rotation of crops is the great secret of prosperous farming.
13. The manure heap is an important consideration with the farmer. It should be increased by all substances that are easily procured, of a decaying nature. Remember that ammonia is the essence—the life of all manures, and that plaster absorbs it, and retains it in the heap, while lime sets it free and causes it to escape. Carting manure to the field, and leaving it in heaps for months or weeks before it is spread and plowed under, is but one step short of insanity. It should be carted out no faster than it can be spread and plowed under.
14. Never leave your hired hands to work alone. Be present with them, even if you do nothing but look on. A pair of eyes will sometimes do wonders with workmen.
15. The farmer who refuses to lay before his children several good periodicals of the day, including one agricultural paper, is allowing his health and the usefulness of his family to run away at the bung, while he is saving at the spigot.

Mrs. Ava Hildenbrand, the accomplished proprietress and editress of the *Gretna Courier*, lost a bright and lovely boy aged seven years and seven months on the 7th inst. Publisher D. B. Woodruff, in his sympathetic condolence with the bereaved mother, makes use of the following touchingly beautiful and poetic language:

"Not always, as to-day, will linger the sharp pangs of sorrow. Whatever is bitter will pass away, and the image of a loved angel form alone will dwell in memory. Each returning sunset will tint his resting place with a softer glow; while all the rugged thorns of grief, which rise from his grave, to wound so sharply to-day, softened by the finger of time and watered with tears of love, will be transformed, in days to come, into a garniture of roses."

Mr. Eastis assuming to speak for the Democracy of Louisiana, and saying that "Mr. Cleveland, from a Democratic standpoint, has been a conspicuous and humiliating failure," is going just a little too far; and, when he and his coinciders array themselves in opposition to the President, they will also find themselves opposing about two-thirds of the Democrats in Louisiana.

Incidents in Court.
His honor is becoming a terror to our pistol rowdies. He is right. In the case of Joseph Ballio, the attempt was made to show that a supposed pistol was a pipe. Joseph was piped off for 30 days. The district attorney fairly won the title of "professor," in drawing a nice grammatical distinction, and deserves credit for his keen perception. When an attorney asks the question where a witness is living now, he should not become riled when informed that just at that time witness is living in the court house.

One of the curiosities in court this week was a witness who swore that he has twenty-five cooks. The attorneys on both sides of the Ben Allen case have displayed considerable acuteness and ability, but we think have consumed a good deal of time unnecessarily. Side remarks may show wit, repartee, zeal, etc., but they consume moments that the public has to pay for at the rate of twenty dollars an hour.

Three Drunken Young Negroes.

Last Sunday night Hudson Wermisley, Phanor Thompson and John Rausger, alias Bussy, three young colored bucks filled themselves with chain lightning, some times called Natchitoches whisky, and started out to have what they considered a little fun. They went to the colored Methodist church on the hill where the Rev. Mr. Wright was holding the usual Sunday night services, and amused themselves by slamming the doors of the church, shooting, cursing and singing their drunken songs.

They succeeded in a short time in breaking up the services, as it was impossible to carry them on, in the midst of the uproar that prevailed. They evidently thought they had done a good thing and went to their homes in very jovial frames of mind. On Monday morning early Mr. W. S. Greneaux, the efficient executive officer and master of ceremonies of the city council, waited on each of the above mentioned gentlemen, and presented on behalf of his honor, R. S. Calves, and urgent request that they attend in a body a reception to be given to a limited number of citizens that day at the city hall. Mr. Greneaux was so anxious for their attendance that he even insisted on being allowed to accompany them. After hearing from the accusers and the accused, his Honor invited them, in default of an appropriate contribution to the depleted city treasury, to take up their abode for a period of fifteen days in that fashionable hotel that is conducted strictly on the European plan and presided over by Sheriff G. L. Triche.

We hope that when these young rowdies have finished their term in jail, the district court will take them in hand and give them the full extent of the punishment prescribed for such an offence as they are guilty of. It is simply outrageous that in this free country the peaceable and law abiding citizens cannot meet and worship God as they choose, without being disturbed and prevented by drunken bullies.—Democratic Review.

Some years ago, says Pomeroy's Democrat, we had in our employ a man who several times a day ran out of the office to buy a drink of whisky. Every time he went out the cashier was instructed to drop ten cents into a drawer to our credit. At the end of 17 months the man who had gone out so often had drank himself out of a good situation; and the drawer, when opened, was found to contain \$490, which we loaned to a young man at seven per cent interest. He used it to purchase a set of tinner's tools. On the 16th of February, 1876, he returned it to us with interest, saying in his letter that he had a wife, two children and property worth \$500. The other fellow is a bummer, hunting for fool.

A Lady's Opinion.
Mrs. Geo. Gilbert, Bryan, Ohio, writes: "Dr. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio: I commenced on the fifth bottle of your PERRUNA this morning, and should just as soon think of doing without my meals as without my medicine. I have been doctoring for about four years, and kept getting worse all the time and was just giving up in despair when I got one of your books, 'The Ills of Life.' I was in bed at the time. I read and re-read your book and felt like trying your medicine. My folks thought there was no use in trying anything more. I was too far gone, and might as well make up my mind to die. I told them PERRUNA was the medicine I needed, and I intended to try a bottle. It proved a success in breaking the chills, and if it had not done one thing more, I would have been satisfied. But it has done more, and I feel like another person. Everybody that sees me is surprised to see me looking so well, as they all thought I was dying with consumption, and now my own folks have as much to say for the PERRUNA as I. I recommend it to everybody I see. There were two of our neighbors in yesterday inquiring about the PERRUNA. I gave the one my book to read; told her to bring it back, as I prized it very highly. The other got the name of the PERRUNA to send to his son in Chicago. He is a telegraph operator. My disease is something similar to Mrs. Milo Ingram's, though nothing compared to being so bad. There was a lump raised on my collar bone, and it was a long time before it looked like opening. The doctor said he would have to lance it in a few days, but I thought I would attend to that myself, so I put a little fly blister on it and it opened; then I put a poultice on and then salve, and kept the salve on all the time. It got so bad and spread upon my left shoulder, and one place under my left breast. Then there were two places on my head, one near the temple and one back of my ear that was just dreadful. No tongue can tell what I suffered. My head felt so strange sometimes, I thought I was going crazy. Since I have used the PERRUNA (I don't use the salve any more) my sores healed up right away. And oh, what a relief it is to get around without chilling and having to suffer with my sores. I feel like letting everybody know all about it."

John Ferguson, Gallatin, Pa., writes: "Your PERRUNA is a good medicine, and we sell lots of it. Will you please send us some more 'Ills of Life,' with a few German."