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BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

DISCUSSES QUESTIONS OF ANNEXATION AND EXPANSION.

WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH FIGHTING

Expense of Maintaining Authority and Replenishing Banks Would Be Too Heavy For Taxpayers.

This Philippine business has given great occasion for expansion of mind and oratory, if not of territory, and I am proud to say that both in the senate and the house our Georgia members have borne themselves well and added lustre to our state's reputation for forensic eloquence. It now seems to be settled that the policy of the administration will not be sustained and the Filipinos will not be robbed of their country. Mr. McKinley will have to go back to his original declaration, "that forcible annexation would be a criminal aggression." Our twenty millions are gone where the woodbine twined and all we have left for consolation is the glory of the Manila victory. It may be worth that provided we can settle up things and establish a permanent peace. Peace is what our people want.

If Edward Atkinson's utterances even approximate the true situation, we are in a bad condition to carry on any more war. He is a great conservative statesman and is always careful about his facts. A fresh regiment every month to take the places of the troops who die in hospital from malarial and venereal diseases. Just think of it. No, we are not going to do it. Heard an expansionist say yesterday that the Anglo-Saxon race must rule the world because it was manifest destiny. Who are the Anglo-Saxons, or the English-speaking race, as they are now called? My reading tells me that there is no such race. There once was, but it has been lost by emigration and immigration and amalgamation. It came originally from north Germany when the Saxons conquered England, and is more Teutonic than English. It has not preserved its blood nor its language, as many other nations have done. The Russians and Prussians and French and Scotch and Irish and Jews are today more readily distinguished than the Anglo-Saxon.

Their purity as a race is gone, especially in these United States, where the blood of our forefathers has been crossed and recrossed until north of the line not one man in ten can locate his paternal and maternal ancestry. And even down south this corruption of blood is going on. Who am I? A cross of English, Irish and Scotch. Who is my wife? A cross of English and Low Dutch. Reader, who are you? But the preachers say we all speak English and that settles our destiny under God to Christianize the world. Well, Calvin did not speak it, nor Luther, nor John Knox. The Roman Catholics of this country speak it, but our Protestant preachers who are pleading for more missionary ground do not recognize them as fit for missionary work. Verily, when I think of trying to subjugate the Philippines to please the preachers, I am disgusted and am reminded of that scripture which saith, "The zeal of mine house hath eaten me up," and of what Paul said, "They have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

The Lord does not favor an unjust war. He may let it go on, just as He hardened the heart of Pharaoh that the plagues might come to punish him, but it is blasphemy to say that the Lord is behind this criminal aggression. Might as well say He was behind Napoleon in making widows and orphans of a million of people. I tell you, my brethren, if the scriptures be true there is an evil spirit called Satan, and he is still going to and fro upon the earth and walking up and down in it. For reasons we know not, he was not destroyed when he fell and is still permitted to tempt mankind from allegiance to the Creator. This is not only taught in the scriptures, but the greatest of the heathen philosophers, such as Cyrus the Great and Socrates, use the same language as did Paul, when he said, "Evil is present with me. That I would not do that do I."

Cyrus said I am ever conscious of the existence of two spirits within me—one inclining me to evil and the other to good. Satan is a spiritual being of great power and assurance or the Lord would not have held converse with him at Job's feast, nor would Michael the archangel had a contention with him about the body of Moses; nor would the Savior been led away to the top of a mountain by him and listened to his persuasions. I heard a good man say that Satan was very much of a gentleman in his way and had most fascinating manners.

But I did not start to preach a sermon. My thoughts ruminated that way, and I reckon that every man and woman has had the same consciousness of evil that Paul and Cyrus had. The devil is not dead, and war is his revival, his big campaigning. During its existence he catches men by the thousand—young men who behaved well at some, where they were under good influences, are turned into demons and brutes. This late Spanish war has been a horrible exhibition of human depravity, both among officers and men. The conduct of most of them is a stench on the page of American history, and the country will never recover from the debasement of the soldiers who were in it. Courage in battle is always to be admired, but hot

the brutal courage which a bulldog has. Courage without patriotic emotions or any other emotions except to kill somebody. That is the reason why I have no high regard for the soldier's profession.

The chief end and aim of a professional soldier is to fight and be promoted. I don't allude to privates, for they are hirelings. Neither do I allude to such noble men as Lee and Longstreet and the two Johnstons and Wheeler, but with a very few exceptions the officers of the late war were vain, selfish and corrupt. The country has no respect for them. Let them quarrel. No doubt they are all telling the truth on each other. The first commandment says: "The sins of the father shall be visited upon his children," but it nowhere says: "I will visit the sins of the officers upon the men." Of course, there are some honorable men among the privates and I have talked with some of them since their return from Cuba, and they all lament the moral depravity of the majority of the white soldiers and the total depravity of all the negroes. The tendency of war is to demoralize. Men will rob and plunder and commit nameless crimes who never did it at home; plunder is part of it, and it winds up with a pension.

But enough of this. It reads pessimistic, and so do the speeches of Hoar and our senators and the writings of Bryan and Carnegie and Atkinson. The hope of the country now is that new party lines will be formed, and any further war will be averted. There are a few honest statesmen left who have not bowed the knee to Baal. What a sad spectacle it is to see the son of General Grant openly buying a seat in the senate with \$20,000. What is to become of the country when money is openly used to secure office in the highest tribunal that makes our laws? But I forbear. I must walk out in the garden and get the ground ready for peas. Politics is depressing and so is war and the rumors of war. The best thing that General Grant ever said, was: "Let us have peace."—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. William O'Neill, late physician to several Lincoln institutions, sends the following account of a strange experience to the London Lancet. It describes a case of that very old and commonplace complaint, jealousy, or "spirit of jealousy," as it is named in the scriptures, where it is fully described and treated. Some years ago, he states, I was requested to visit a lady who, it was represented to me, was very ill, and required immediate attention. On entering the house I was shown into the so-called sick room, in which there were three persons, all of whom seemed to be in good health. There were present an old lady (owner of the house) and her daughter, who had arrived a few days previously from a neighboring county to spend two or three weeks with her mother, and the daughter's husband, whose visit was only to be for a day or two. The man was about 35 years of age, small in stature, swarthy in complexion and plain looking. The wife was a striking contrast to her husband. She was rather tall, remarkably fair and handsome and was a few years younger than her good man. I asked which of them was the patient, but no answer having been given to my inquiry, I asked again. Then the younger lady, with some hesitation, said:

"I am the patient, and my complaint is jealousy. I am jealous of my husband and if you do not give me something to relieve me I shall go out of my mind." This accusation against the little man seemed to me to be most ridiculous; indeed, I could not help thinking that if the accuser had been accused it would have been more in the nature of things. I assured the lady I was extremely sorry for her, the more so that I was quite incompetent to treat such a case. The husband protested his innocence and declared there was no cause whatever for her accusations. The wife persisted in reiterating them, and so the wrangle went on till suddenly she fell from her chair on the floor in a fit, the spasmodic movements of which were strange and varied. At one moment the patient was extended at full length, with her body arched forward, in a state of opisthotonos. The next minute she was in a sitting position with the legs drawn up, making, while her hands clutched her throat, a guttural noise. Then she would throw herself on her back and thrust her arms and legs about, to the no small danger of those around her. Then, becoming comparatively quiet and supine, she would quiver all over, while her eyelids trembled with great rapidity. This state, perhaps, would be followed by general convulsive movements, in which she would put herself in the most grotesque postures and make the most unlovely grimaces.

At last the fit ended and, exhausted and in tears, she was put to bed. The patient was a lithe, muscular woman, and to restrain her movements during the attack with the assistance at hand was a matter of impossibility; so that all that could be done was to prevent her injuring herself and to sprinkle her freely with cold water. The after-treatment was more geographical than medical. The husband ceased doing business in a certain town where the object of his wife's suspicions lived. He was enabled to do so by the kindness of a friend, who exchanged part of his district with him. The fit was not the disease, but it was the symptoms or manifestation of a mind diseased or deranged, the state of the mind being the result of a woman's broodings over her real or imaginary wrongs.

The Appetites of Monarchs. The czar of Russia has a moderate appetite. He hates the popular Russian caviar. He prefers French cooking. The Emperor of Austria has a predilection for mutton. The Sultan of Turkey is a great lover of eggs. The King of Italy is not a gourmand. He loves dairy food, being especially fond of all sorts of cream dishes. Kaiser Wilhelm has a gastronomical affection for feathered birds, and four thrushes for one meal are not too much for him. Queen Wilhelmina likes mutton chops and fillet of beef à l'Anglais.

SPAIN LEAVES AMERICA.

AFTER FOUR CENTURIES SHE FORFEITS COLUMBUS'S GAINS.

The Flag of Castile and Leon Waved Down From the Last American Possession—Once Floated Over Most of the Western Hemisphere.

More than four centuries of Spanish rule in both the Americas ended when the American flag was hoisted over Havana, Cuba.

The Spanish flag is swept from the western continent, north and south. The Stars and Stripes now flies in its place wherever the flag of some republic or one of the humane European monarchies did not already fly.

Spanish rule in America began in 1492, when Christopher Columbus, an Italian, discovered San Salvador Island. One voyage followed another—all South America and a good share of North America, were once claimed by Spain. Columbus died in chains, but Spain was only too eager to profit by his discoveries, and ships and men followed wherever he had set his foot.

Cuba was discovered October 27, 1492, and named Juana by Columbus himself. This name didn't suit, nor did several others. The natives called the beautiful island Cuba, and that name finally became its legal title.

Pinzon explored, thinking the island to be a part of India, but soon found out that it was an entirely new land. He found the Cubans a mild, hard-working race. It was easy to fasten on the Spanish yoke. With but a slight interruption it has endured ever since, the British capturing the island in 1762 with great loss and restoring it in 1763 under a treaty of peace.

The island was so fertile and its climate so salubrious that it was soon well populated, despite the never-ending cruelties and impositions practiced by the Spaniards. The revenue was enormous—\$25,000,000 a year—and Spain took it all. Spanish soldiers took care of the inhabitants when they protested.

They ruled all the neighboring islands, too, and put their unfortunate inhabitants under the same cruel yoke-imprisoning, executing, torturing them upon the slightest pretext, and allowing slavery to flourish.

Cuba is now free. So are all its 1,750,000 people. Porto Rico is also free. It passed under Spanish rule soon after Cuba, but never even had the single year of humane British rule that Cuba enjoyed. It is known as the healthiest of the Antilles, and but for Spanish oppression would have been the garden spot of the world. Its 800,000 inhabitants will hereafter see nothing but the Stars and Stripes from the flagstaffs.

Jamaica was the first of the Spanish possessions to get rid of the Spanish yoke. The British captured it in 1655 and have held it ever since. As a result Jamaica has outstripped all the West Indies. It is a beautiful island, rich in mineral wealth and fertile.

When Cortes invaded South America in 1521 he laid claim to all South America, Central America and North America. Spain claimed all the Pacific Coast from Cape Horn to Alaska, "all the Atlantic Coast from Cape Horn to Georgia, Central America and South America, as well as Mexico. No other European nation could well dispute that claim, and Spain promised to be the greatest nation on earth. Now not a foot of earth on either side of the continent owns the Spanish flag.

After Jamaica, Florida was the first North American province to be free. The United States bought Florida from Spain in 1821. In 1822 it became a territory and a few years later a State.

MAXWELL'S RANCH.

One Man Who Reproduced in New Mexico the Barbaric Splendor of Feudal Days.

During the Civil War the barbaric splendor and feudal rule of English nobles after the Norman conquest was reproduced in New Mexico. The territory was isolated, and the Government at Washington gave little thought to it; but one man, Lucien B. Maxwell, ruled the Mexicans, Indians and frontiersmen who inhabited it. Born in Illinois, he had wandered into the territory as a trapper and hunter, where by marriage and purchase he became the largest landholder in the United States. He owned nearly two million acres, states the Youth's Companion.

His house, contrasted with the dwellings of New Mexico, was a palace. It was large and roomy, American in construction. Its principal room was a baronial hall, with two fireplaces in which six-foot logs could be burned. The house was the gathering-place for Maxwell's vassals and friends, and they gathered there by scores.

"I have slept," writes Colonel Inman, "on its hardwood floor, with the mighty men of the Ute nation lying heads and points all around me, as close as they could crowd, after a day's fatiguing hunt in the mountains."

The kitchen and dining rooms were detached from the main residence. A large portion of his table-service was of solid silver, and covers were daily laid for thirty persons.

Maxwell had no safe in which to deposit the money received from sale of cattle, sheep, wool, barley, oats and corn, and from his grist-mill. He put the cash in the bottom drawer of an old bureau. "I have frequently seen," writes Colonel Inman, "thirty thousand dollars—gold, silver, greenbacks, Government checks—in that bureau drawer. I once suggested to Maxwell the expediency of buying a safe in which to keep his money secure from robbers. He smiled as he said, "God help the man who robbed me!"

Maxwell rode on a buckboard or on a Concord coach, drawn by six horses, driving himself. He was a reckless driver—dashing through streams, over irrigating ditches, stumps, stones, but, although like Jehu, who drove "furiously," he seldom met with an accident.

CURIOS FACTS.

An Australian sporting paper reports a ninety-foot jump by a kangaroo. During one week last November eighty persons over eighty years of age died in London.

The first coffee-house in London was opened in 1652 by the Greek servant of a Turkey merchant.

Many houses in Berlin, Germany, are numbered with luminous figures, which are easily visible at night.

The Grand Canal, China, is the largest artificial watercourse in the world. It is 650 miles long and connects the cities Tientsin and Hangchow.

Before a Chinese woman is married she sends with great pomp and state to her future home her entire trousseau which is packed in large boxes, the keys of which she keeps.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years, owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

The only man in Great Britain who has the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of Queen Victoria is Lord Forester, the Mayor of Wenlock. This privilege was conferred on his ancestor by a grant from King Henry VIII.

OUR DIPLOMACY IS BEST.

IT HAS WON GREATER VICTORIES THAN THE EUROPEAN METHOD.

We Are Absolutely Frank in Our Dealings With Other Nations and Do Not Send Our Representatives Abroad to Lie—Dewey Our Typical Diplomat.

At the recent session at New Haven, Conn., of the American Economic and Historical Association Professor E. A. Grosvenor, of Amherst College, made the most enthusiastically received address of the convention on the subject "American Diplomacy." He declared American diplomacy to be superior to European diplomacy. Professor Grosvenor said:

"A few days ago a learned lady of my acquaintance asked me on what I was to speak here. I replied 'American Diplomacy.' She exclaimed: 'I didn't know there was any.' Quotations might be multiplied that voice the conviction that the United States possesses no diplomats, or at least none to be compared with those of Europe. If the opinion current in America of American diplomacy be founded on fact, our condition is pitiable, even perilous, and cannot fail to produce in each of us a feeling of humiliation and shame. The recognition of American independence by the Dutch Republic was a memorable achievement of American diplomacy. For months John Adams, the American Envoy, had been denied an audience to the States General. The second treaty with Great Britain, effected by Chief Justice Jay, was hardly less an American diplomatic victory. Its stipulations were fair for both the contracting parties, but the gains were distinctly our own.

"It would be an agreeable task to trace the history of American diplomacy, decade by decade, down to the present time. It is not difficult to prove that there has been no degeneracy in it since those heroic days. There is no better training for the business of European diplomacy than the school of practical American politics. It is a better training than is afforded by the inherited blood of an ambassadorial line or by the partiality of a prince or by routine from childhood in the monotony of office.

"I make no claim that our diplomatic service is perfect, or that all American Foreign Ministers have been saints or sages. Sometimes we have had inefficient, sometimes timid, shuffling men, but what General Woodford said of himself was the record of his colleagues: 'When your Minister reached Spain he was absolutely direct and frank in his dealings.' In scholarly culture our diplomatic representatives have surpassed those of any other land. No foreign country has summoned to its service such a host of historians, political economists, poets, orators, journalists and educators of every class. Any discussion of this subject is incomplete which does not recognize the ability in diplomacy displayed by the officers of our navy—in 1815, Decatur in Algiers; in 1854, Farragut in the Gulf of Yeddo; in 1867, Farragut in his European visit on the flagship Franklin; in 1898, Dewey in Manila Bay.

"The American diplomatist lives in a glass house, where he may not only be seen, but stoned. The European diplomatist still inhabits a half-medieval castle, almost impregnable to criticism and difficult of access except by the privileged few. In this latter day the nations listen to catch the accents of that Western State which has revealed itself to them.

"I am well aware that many are clamorous for the adoption of the European system of diplomacy. Does American diplomacy offer only an uncertain title and promise nothing of real accomplishment? The immensity of its achievement covers the whole nineteenth century of international law. It has broken the caste shackles of birth, has successfully asserted the right of expatriation, has declared the seas and straits and continental rivers 'God's highways,' destined to be free for man. It has compelled the rights of neutrals to be recognized by every civilized State. Now it is building the scaffolding for achievement no less great, the exemption of private property from capture on sea as it is exempt from capture on land.

"During 1898 three famous universities held a regatta. One crew rowed a foreign stroke, one a stroke half foreign, and the third one American. In the American stroke the boat propelled by the American stroke and half American. The crew taught with the foreign training was left behind. The American stroke is the stroke for us, whether on the Thames, the Seine, the Tiber, the Spree or the Wein. And that not because of provincial prejudice or national pride, but because of the facts of history."

The Right Shop.

Owing to good crops and other causes, the prosperity of Kansas has been very great during the last year or two, and thousands of farmers have been enabled to remove the financial encumbrances that rested upon their broad acres.

A man in one of the interior counties, having disposed of his crop to good advantage and finding himself possessed of several thousand dollars in cash, went to the county-seat one day, and while on his way to the court house stepped into an attorney's office to obtain a little legal advice.

"You're a lawyer, ain't you?" he said, addressing the only occupant of the room.

"Yes, sir," answered the other.

"What can I do for you?"

"What's your name?"

"My name is Derrick."

"You'll do," rejoined the farmer, nodding his head. "I want your help, Mr. Derrick, in liftin' a mortgage off my farm."

WE EAT TOO MUCH.

A Restricted Diet is the Main Cure of All the Famous Spas and Health Resorts.

"Of the many cures in vogue, and recognized from their records as worthy the name, nine-tenths of them depend upon reducing the diet for their effectiveness," is the position taken by Ella Morris Kretschmar writing on "The Subject of Diet" in the Woman's Home Companion.

"A wide-spread fad during the last few years has been the 'no breakfast cure,' and thousands of dyspeptics have gained health, the stout have grown thin and the thin have grown stout, all through lifting the burden from overtaxed digestions. An equally popular cure preceding this was the leaving off of the evening meal—equally effective, of course, just as 'no mid-day meal cure' would be if it should be promulgated.

"One of the most splendid cures, for all ills, in Europe is the grape cure, practised in Germany; and it is said that any one taking the treatment drops off the wear and tear of five years—actually renews himself by so much. The sanitariums where this treatment is given are beautifully and healthfully situated and comfortably appointed. The patient is given nothing but unfermented grape-juice for a period of four weeks—beginning with a generous amount, decreased to a minimum allowance (as little as the system will bear without great weakening), and gradually increased to the first amount.

"At all European spas and American springs, where people are so benefited, what is the course? A restricted diet and a flooding of the system with pure water—resting and washing the system, in other words.

"Animals, those not dominated by the habits and thought-atmosphere of man, do not overeat, and even domestic animals stop short their nourishment when in anywise ill. A dog will bury the food not immediately required; other animals leave off before or at repetition. Man alone will eat without hunger, solely to tickle his palate, being, indeed, the only gorging animal save (truth is merciless) the occupant of the sty."

First Firing on the Merrimac.

Probably no single vessel was ever exposed to such a hail of shot and shell as fell upon the Merrimac before she sank in Santiago Harbor. From Lieutenant Hobson's account of this famous exploit, graphically given in the Century, we extract this account of the first firing upon the ship, when it came within a quarter of a mile of Morro Castle.

Another ship's length and a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the entrance. The expected crash through the ship's side did not follow, nor did the projectile pass over; it must have passed astern. Strange to miss at such short range! Another flash—another miss! This time the projectile plainly passed astern. Nightglasses on the spot revealed a dark object—a picket-boat with rapid-fire guns lying in the shadow. As sure as fate he is firing at our rudder, and we shall be obliged to pass him broadside within a ship's length! If we only had a rapid-fire gun we could dispose of the miserable object in ten seconds; yet there he lay unmolested, firing point-blank at our exposed rudder, so vital to complete success. A flash of rage and exasperation passed over me. The admiration due this gallant little picket-boat did not come till afterward.

Glasses on the starboard bow showed the sharp, steep, step-like fall with which the western point of Morro drops into the water. This was the looked-for guide, the channel carrying deep water right up to the wall. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the order. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the response. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." Now, even without helm, we should pass down safe. Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir!" called Charette, who was still on the bridge, waiting to take the message to the engineer if telegraph and signal-cord should be shot away. "Very well; pay no attention to it," I replied, without turning.

Race Conflict in Austria.

The struggle of the races in Austria grows more acute. The Germans, despairing of their old ascendancy, are advising their followers to turn Protestant in a body and so remove all prejudices against them in the German Empire. The advice is not likely to be followed, but it reveals the bitterness of race feeling more than any recent incident. Even in Tyrol, it is said, the Germans demand that the clergy shall no longer intervene in politics. The quarrel, too, has reached the army. Some reservists recently answered questions whether they were present in Czechia, though it is an unalterable maxim in Austria that words of command or obedience should all be in one language, and that language German.

The Minister of War, therefore, punished an officer who had accepted replies not made in German, and the popular irritation is directed against the war office, which is in theory responsible to the Emperor only. In the excited state of feeling any accident may bring matters to a head, and compel the Emperor to enforce silence for a time, and therefore to govern alone. His alternative is to restore the Germans to their ascendancy, which the Slavs would now hardly bear.—London Spectator.

Making Good Use of Them.

It may offend the ladies of the emergency relief board to know it, but the linen which was sent to the Manila volunteers, including night-shirts, was used to clean the rifles. "Rags are scarce," was the laconic explanation, "and it is better to have our guns in good shape than to sleep in night-gowns."

ONLY GOOD FOR ONE THING.

First Boy—"Is that a good house dog?"

Second Boy—"No."
"Good bird dog?"
"No."
"Good for rabbits?"
"No."
"Knows some tricks, perhaps?"
"No."
"What is it good for?"
"Nothin', only to take prizes at shows." A BARGAIN SALE.

"Cordelia is selling everything to go abroad again."
"She is?"
"Yes; she offered to sell me her bicycle and her engagement to Mr. Jump."

FULLY EXPLAINED.

City Boarder—"I notice you keep a big bar of soap outside by the pump. It is for the farm hands, I presume?"
Rural Hostess—"Yes, farm hands and faces."

IN OPERATION.

"That motor you are interested in never worked, did it?"
"Of course it worked," was the indignant reply. "It never pulled any cars or moved any machinery. But it made money for its owners, and that's more than most inventions do."

REB MISTAKEN COMMENT.

Thainie the landlady tried to carve the chicken.
The inpatient boarder arose half from his chair to get a better view of the affair.

"Hullo!" said the landlady sarcastically.
"Why is it?" they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?"

"Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong." CORRECTION.

"The railroad engineer," said the smart boarder, "must be a happy man. He whistles at his work."
"Begging your pardon," said the Cheerful Idiot, prompt to crush all possible rivalry, "he works at his whistle."

First Burglar.—Did you see de "ad" uv dat big jewelry house? I wish I could break in dere some night.
Second Burglar.—Well, if you do, you might leave some word mentionin' de name uv de paper where you saw de "ad."

A burglar who was doing a neat job on a large safe was horrified on looking up to see a man standing quietly beside him. He was about to retire, when the gentleman said:

"Go ahead; I am interested in this job."
"Why?" asked the astonished burglar.

"Because I have lost the key. If you can get the safe open, I will make it worth your while."

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