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A GREAT FOOD SHOW

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

An Implement for Harrowing Wheat. The slanting tooth harrow, with the teeth set backward, is the kind mostly used. It pulverizes the surface of the ground without pulling up the wheat plants. Thorough harrowing of the wheat field not only benefits the plants, but is also an excellent preparation for clover. A Splendid Hedge Plant. The osage orange will grow to a large size if planted like other trees. It is free from disease, can endure severe cold and produces a hard wood. As a hedge plant it has no superior. Properly trained the first three years. If allowed to grow on the north and west sides of a barnyard, it makes an excellent wind-brake, though not equal to the evergreen arbor vitae for that purpose, but it will last much longer than the latter. Poultry Experiments. Experiments at the Utah station produced results that are instructive, especially to those who have not given the details of raising poultry. It was demonstrated that the most profitable year of a hen is her first year. A pen of Leghorns averaged 175 eggs per fowl the first year; the same pen averaged 132 the second year and 116 the third year. The percent of profit on the first year was 185, on the second year 118 and the third year 97. The effect of exercise was also noted, and some of the facts established by the experiments were exceptional. The result of three years' trial, in one case, was more eggs when the grain was fed in a box than when it was scattered in straw and the hens were compelled to scratch for it, and the pen that was without exercise consumed less food. This is opposed to long entertained theory, and must not be accepted as conclusive. The experiment was with Leghorns, and this breed manages to get considerable exercise even when it is not compulsory. The average breed must be driven to exercise, and the theory that a hen must have exercise in accordance with reason and fact, is regarded as an established fact. There are exceptions to all rules, and the Utah case is one of the exceptions.

All Crops Are Valuable.

All crops are valuable for some purpose; hence nothing is worthless, and all substances derived from the soil can be returned to it again. The weeds that come up voluntarily, and which entail on the farmer a large amount of labor for their eradication, add something to the soil when returned thereto, as they derive a large proportion of their food from the sub-soil, and in some respects weeds are valuable if they will grow on soil that would otherwise remain bare. The materials the farmer accumulates whether in winter, spring or summer, contain fertilizing elements, and when he feeds them or adds them to the manure heap he is finding a market for them at home without the necessity of transportation expenses. The great waste of unsalable farm products in this country represents millions of dollars annually, and the profits of the farms go with them. There are hundreds of farms that are capable of paying it, but they are not, and the fact that it is not always essential to send certain produce away from home to find markets. The difficulty is that these products are not properly utilized, but wasted. Instead of straw and fodder being made to supplement hay and grain, thus allowing more salable products to be shipped, the farmer leaves such materials to be destroyed by exposure in the fields and stacks.—Philadelphia Record.

Club Meet in Cabbage.

Professor Jones of the University of Vermont, in a bulletin lately issued, tells of the danger of the spread of club root in cabbages, turnips and other plants of the Brassica family, by a neglect to properly dispose of diseased plants. He mentions several instances where the soil had become contaminated by the use of manure in which were the roots of diseased cabbages, due to the practice of throwing garden rubbish into the manure heap. At the New Jersey station Professor Halstead fed a bunch of club root turnips to a heifer and applied the resulting manure on a part of the turnip field. Every root grown where that manure was used was badly clubbed, while those on adjoining land were entirely free from the disease. He says that all such roots should either be buried in a trench deep or more, or destroyed by cooking or burning. He found three hours' boiling to destroy the germs. This disease also affects kale, mustard, shepherd's purse and other weeds, and they should neither be left on the land nor put in the manure heap if it is found on them. A dressing of from 75 to 150 bushels of air slaked lime to the acre would help to destroy these germs, and it should be put on in the early fall to have its effect for the next season. Market gardeners seldom think of growing cabbages or turnips unless on land that has been used for years without they use the lime on it.

Keep Hogs on the Dairy Farm.

Probably in the majority of cases the dairy farmer cannot always dispose of his by-products profitably, and should things be run so that these by-products can be made to turn in a profit—an unprofitable dairy farm might oftentimes be turned into a profitable one. In speaking along this line the Massachusetts Ploughman says that farmers cannot do better under present conditions of dairying than to find some market for all the by-products of the farm, and if they succeed in doing this there will be a living, and oftentimes more, found in dairying. Hogs go with the dairy for several reasons. There is first the need of plenty of milk to raise hogs successfully, and if we had to buy this we would hardly figure out so much profit. The swill barrel need not be the old-fashioned sour mixture that is so apt to make your pigs sick, but

WITH THREE VOICES

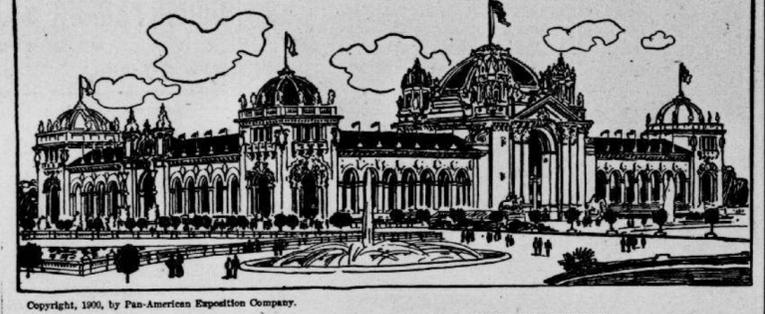
DOES THE PAN-AMERICAN SPEAK TO THE VISITOR.

Its Buildings Present a Valuable Lesson in Architecture; its Exhibits Are a Materialized Encyclopedia—Educational Amusements. The true function of an exposition is education. The purpose and the end of all its ministrations should be the development and the ripening of each soul which comes within the scope of its influence. Young or old, man or woman, gentle or simple, each visitor should gain and should be conscious of gaining an enlarged appreciation, subjecting himself as a living and sentient being and objectively of the world as his sphere of living and knowing, a realm fuller of sweetness and light. His respirations should be quicker, his inspirations deeper and his aspirations loftier and nobler. To this end the Exposition speaks to its visitors with three voices—through its architecture, its exhibits, its amusements. The Pan-American Exposition



DR. SELIM H. FEABODY, Superintendent of Liberal Arts, Pan-American Exposition.

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LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

will address its expected throngs in all these voices. In its architecture must be included the whole external equipment—its buildings in their artistic and symmetrical arrangement and grouping, the beauty of their style, the exuberance of their decorations, breathing afresh the genius of the Spaniard and the Moor in graceful forms and gorgeous colorings; the landscape effects, blending the harmonies of forest and lake, of fountains and tower, of cascade and castle and culminating spire—all of that is lovely in nature with all that is refined and ennobling in art. Here, as at Chicago, the architect holds his carnival. If at the Columbian exposition we found the chaste purity of the lily in a presentation "unequaled since the days of Phidias and Praxiteles," the fairest of the liberal hands in the Pan-American clothe themselves with the chaste hues of Titian and of Murillo, unequalled since the days of Venice and of the Alhambra. Another dream of beauty will hang in the eastern sky, paralleling the visions of delight that linger on the western horizon.

Who can doubt the educative effect of these architectural lessons within the hearts of the American people? It is, however, not enough to have evoked, like a mirage floating over the plains, these phantasmagorical delights which fill our lives with joy and our memories with dreams. The president of the French republic in the decree which laid the foundation of the exposition of 1900 declared the purpose of that great enterprise to be "a presentation of the works of art and of industry of all agricultural products"—an assemblage of exhibits. That is without doubt the central, the formative, idea of the Pan-American Exposition. Without exhibits there can be no exposition. Each new and well arranged exposition is a new edition of a world's encyclopedia constructed by a scientific and exhaustive arrangement of material things. It is also a landmark, a milestone in the history of the world's progress and the development of mankind. No one may expect, no one should desire, to read through from first to last the marvels presented in a universal exposition. As well expect to memorize the Library of Congress or of the British Museum. But, were the exposition or the library truly universal, every man should find therein the latest utterance which the world can give upon any subject within the scope of human inquiry. Unless this be the fact the exposition is in some degree deficient in the fulfilling of its

produce a harmonious and pleasing color scheme will go before the public, and it is to be hoped that our critics will bear in mind the novelty of the undertaking and all the adverse circumstances under which we have labored. C. Y. TURNER, Director of Color.

Meet of American Wheelmen. At the annual meeting of the National Assembly of the League of American Wheelmen held recently in Philadelphia the invitation of Mayor Diehl to hold the annual summer meet of the League in Buffalo was accepted unanimously. This action on the part of the governing body of the L. A. W. meets with the hearty approval of the entire membership of that organization. For this reason the biggest meet in the history of the League will be that held in Buffalo during the week commencing Aug. 12.

Aside from the attractions of the L. A. W. meet there are many inducements which will cause cyclists to visit Buffalo at that time, among others the scenic location of the city, with easy touring distance of all the principal features of the Eastern and Middle States and Canada, the cheap railroad fares, the desire on the part of all wheelmen to visit the Pan-American Exposition and Niagara Falls and the fact that a week of international cycling is to be given on the specially constructed quarter mile track in the magnificent Stadium on the Exposition grounds.

It is believed that there will be not less than 10,000 visiting wheelmen in Buffalo during the week of the meet. Pan-American Mining Exhibit. Mines and mining will be represented at the Pan-American in a manner intended to illustrate the importance and progress of the industry. Modern improvements in metallurgy and other developments in mining have advanced so rapidly and have attained such proportions that the task is not an easy one. The Mines building is one of a group of three handsome buildings which have been arranged in the general form of a horseshoe. The Mines building occupies a position of a heel cleft in the group. It is connected with the Horticulture building, which would correspond to the toe cleft, by means of one of the two handsome conservatories that flank the Horticulture building north and south. The Mines building is 150 feet square, having four corner pavilions, each reaching to a height of 100 feet.

Commenting upon the enthusiastic reception accorded to the first production of the dramatization of a popular novel in Baltimore the other night the Buffalo Commercial says: "Novelists of the period will do well to remember that they have two constituencies to please nowadays—the Gentle Reader, who thriftily borrows the book for the most part, and the Affluent Playgoer, who spends on one visit to the theatre the price of the novel."

The millenary of the death of Alfred the Great is to be celebrated in Winchester, England, in October. It promises to be a big affair. Canadians are discussing the advisability of increasing the salary of the Premier of the Dominion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier now receives \$3000 annually. Many people think he should have two or three times that sum. A man seldom enjoys good health while he has it.

BATTLES.

Battles, and wars, and combats! man with man. Striving for place, supremacy and power. Not since the first dim dawn of life began. On this small sphere has peace reigned for one hour. Battles, forever battles. Why should we marvel? In your heart or mine. (Has peace been known to fold its wings and rest?) Battles, forever battles. Wars, wars unending. Not in open field. Any fought the mighty conflicts of the earth. But in the secret hearts of men concealed. By eyes and lips tricked out in smiles of mirth. Battles, forever battles. Strife, always strife. Wild passion day and night. Like billows on the bruised heart, beat and roll. And that unending war of wrong and right. Desire the battles, builds the soul. Battles, forever battles. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Good House-keeping.

Little Doctor Doris

"I'd like to be a doctor, like you, papa," said Doris. She was sitting next to her papa at the dinner-table, eating an apple that he had just pared for her. Dr. Dalton was very fond of his little girl, and always had her with him while he enjoyed his dessert, unless, indeed, he was exceptionally busy, at which times both Doris and dessert were overlooked. "Would you, my little girl?" he said, in answer to her remark. "And why, pray?" "Oh, because I'd like to cure people when they are sick. I don't like to be sick myself, so, of course, I'm sorry for people who have to be. And so many people are fond of you, papa; you must be the kindest doctor that ever was. I often hear the poor people speak of you when I go into their houses with nurse. They often say, 'God bless him! They mean you, you know, papa. I'd like them to say that about me.'"

Dr. Dalton smiled, and patted the fair head of his pet. "I know many people who are fond of my Doris," he said. "But that's only because I'm your little girl, papa; it's not for anything I do myself."

Papa looked down into the sweet, upraised eyes, and his own grew rather misty. Doris's eyes reminded him of the powerful eyes of his mother, who had been wont to sit beside him and look at him with just such another wistful glance, and who was now, alas! sleeping so quietly beneath the daisies in the churchyard.

"You want to begin to work early, my darling," he said, after a little silence. "Well—reflectively—"if you are bent on being a doctor, I think I can find you one or two patients. There is one upon my hands at present, a gentleman, whom I will hand over to you. I verily believe you will do him more good than I have done."

"But, papa—with a puzzled frown—"how can I cure anybody? I don't know what things will cure sick people. I ought to learn, oughtn't I?" And Doris looked inclined to cry. She thought of her mother, who had been wont to sit beside him and look at him with just such another wistful glance, and who was now, alas! sleeping so quietly beneath the daisies in the churchyard.

"This gentleman, my dear, will not require you to give him medicine," explained her father. "He is rather old, and very, very sad. He has lost all his children, and lately he has lost his little grandchild, a bonny boy of about your age, of whom he was very proud. He lives all by himself, and by that I mean he has only servants to look after him, and they cannot be like one's relations, you know. I think you may be able to cheer him up a little; so, if you wish, I will take you to see him to-morrow, and leave you to make his acquaintance. I go my rounds. What do you say, sternly—"perhaps he won't care to see me."

"We must risk that. In such a case you need not go again. Come, dearie, I ought you wished to do good, and make people love you for your own sake."

"So I do; but—this seems a little big for papa. What shall I say or do for this old gentleman?" "A kind little heart will tell you. Day, when the time comes. And now my little must run away to nurse, for it's past bedtime. Good-night, my daughter."

Doris gravely returned her papa's kiss, and went upstairs, feeling rather doubtful about her fitness for the task in store for her. She was shy of strangers, and almost wished she had not spoken to her father about her wish to adopt his profession.

"For I'm only a child," she murmured, with a tired sigh, as she laid her head upon her plump, frilled pillow. "I'm only eight, and I've had no experience, like papa has. Suppose the old gentleman frowns at me, and speaks in his throat, like old Mr. Barlow, I—I shall be afraid."

Courage came with the morning, however, and it was certainly a treat to ride in papa's gig, behind that fine, high-stepping horse. Doris did not often accompany him, so it was with a feeling of intense enjoyment that she nestled by his side, and chatted to him in her artless fashion. By-and-by they arrived at a large white house, surrounded by well-kept grounds, and here they alighted and went up the flight of stone steps that led to the entrance door. Doris clung to her father's hand as they were admitted, and followed a footman upstairs and along a wide corridor, to the door of a room, which they entered, after being duly announced. Doris found herself in a large, splendidly-furnished apartment, much grander than any of the rooms at home; but she had barely time to glance around before her father led her up to an old, white-haired gentleman, who was seated in an easy chair near the fire.

"I have brought my little daughter to see you, Mr. Charlton," he said, in his cheery tones. "I have often promised to do so, haven't I? She is very zealous of becoming a member of the faculty, although she is so young."

Mr. Charlton took Doris's small

gloved hand in his and welcomed her kindly. She looked a nice child, he thought, listlessly, in her neat serge frock and bolero jacket, her fair hair falling over her shoulders, and an expression of innocent pity in her blue eyes. Pity! yes, for Doris already pitied this old man, who had such a lovely house to live in, yet who looked so sad—so sad.

He asked her to spend the day with him, saying that there were many pretty things about the house she might like to see; and her father agreed to leave her until the afternoon, when he would call for her on his way home. Doris was not afraid of being left now, for Mr. Charlton seemed so kind and gentle. He showed her a lot of curious things, and some beautiful pictures, and, though it seemed to cost him an effort at first, the child's praise found the way to his heart, and he brightened up as he had not done for months. They had luncheon together, and Doris told such a funny story, as it seemed to her, that she had heard from nurse, over which she laughed so heartily that he was amused also, and actually found he had managed to finish his soup without being aware that he was taking it.

"After luncheon he sent his little visitor for a ramble about the house and grounds, from which she returned an hour later, with her hands full of choice flowers.

"Aren't they lovely?" she asked. "Your gardener gave them to me. May I put them in this nice china vase? You have no flowers in the room."

No; there had been no flowers about the room since his darling boy left him. He had loved them, so the old man had felt since his loss that he could not bear to look upon the frail, scented things that reminded him of Wilfred. But he did not like to hurt the feelings of his little guest by telling her to remove them, and presently he found himself watching her arrange them with a feeling that he was not all pained.

"I'm tired now," sighed Doris, when she had finished; and she drew a low stool to his side and seated herself upon it. "This has been such a very busy day. I think seeing a lot of strange things makes one feel tired."

"And how do you like my house, my dear?" asked Mr. Charlton. "Will you come to see me again?" "Oh, I shall be very glad, thank you. I think it's a beautiful house, only—just a little lonely, don't you think?" "Very lonely."

His tone was full of sadness, and Doris remembered about the lost grandchild, and felt she had made a mistake.

"May I sing you a little song?" she asked, timidly. "Papa likes me, to sometimes, when we're alone."

"Do, my dear."

So Doris sang—simple words, sung in a child's clear treble; but they sounded sweetly in that quiet room, and the old man rested his head upon his hand, and the tears trickled through his fingers—tears that had been pent up since he had taken his last look at the face of his dead boy—tears that had melted the ice that had been gathering about his heart.

"She has done me a world of good," he whispered to the child's father when he came to take her home. "Send her to me sometimes, won't you?"

So once more a child's footsteps were heard about the corridors of Charlton Hall; and after a bit Doris coaxed her new old friend into the sunshine, and by degrees he began to take an interest again in the world and in the poor around him. He grew to call her his little physician, and it was with a glow of delight that Doris one day overheard him say to her father:

"She has brought a ray of sunshine into my darkened life. God bless her—my little Dr. Doris."—New York Weekly.

Named for the Queen. Four places in Canada speak strongly of the sentiment that was entertained for the late Queen, Victoria, in Cape Breton on the Atlantic coast the visitor will find himself in the county of Victoria. The last place touched on the Pacific coast, and a splendid city it is, is the Victoria of British Columbia. There is a village of Victoria in King Edward Island, a Victoria settlement in New Brunswick, and a Victoriaville in Quebec. Ontario has her prosperous county of Victoria, her Victoria harbor, Victoria county, and Victoria square. Alexandria, in Glen-garry, bears the Queen's second name, while the city of Guelph bears Her Majesty's maiden name, Regina, in the northwest, was so designated after the Queen, at the suggestion of the Marquis of Lorne.—Providence Journal.

His Own Thief Protector. An over-cautious individual surprised patrons of a big Market street restaurant with a new and efficient method of safeguarding garments against exchange or theft. The diner, a portly old fellow, after removing his overcoat, took a long piece of twine from his pocket, and passing one end up the coat sleeve, made a loop with the cord. Through this he passed the overcoat, and then, satisfied that there could be no irregularities without his knowledge, he selected an inside chair and calmly ordered a meal. The string kept him in touch with his garment, and not once did he have to cast an anxious eye at the rack to mar the enjoyment of the dinner. The head floor-walker, while he approved of the scheme, hopes that it won't become popular.—Philadelphia Record.

Pleasing Husbands and Wives. The greatest secret of domestic happiness lies in husband and wife pleasing each other. It is quite as easy to say pleasant, graceful things as disagreeable ones. It is far sweeter to a wife to have tender words from her husband than to have to have them from him before marriage—husband in the role of lover has a double value in a wife's estimation. It pleases a woman to know her husband says pleasant things to her because he means them, and not as flattery. Flattery never pleases her. It pleases her to be told by him that he needs her—that his happiness depends upon her companionship. To feel that her efforts to please are successful, and are appreciated—accordingly, will stimulate most women to greater endeavor.—Woman's Life.

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