THE BANNER-DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XIV. LAKE PROVIDENCE, EAST CARROLL PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901. NO. 11

L. S. U. Library Baton Rouge La.

OUTWARD!

Outward broad airs, the sea's unshadowed sweep
And larger voice on shores of lovelier lands,
Starred heavens of vaster light and night with sleep
Tender as women's hands.

Outward the grave processional of hours,
Each a discovered joy, a solved surmise;
Days dark in bud, that, ripening, fall like flowers
Gardened in Paradise.

Outward! O throes resolved in mightier song!
Splendor of nameless deeds, essential words,
Merged in the large acceptance, in the long
Pulse of the cosmic chords.

Outward, where every word and deed is fit;
Outward, beyond the lies of name and shame,
Of sin and ignorance the cause of it,
Life's prison of fancied flame.

Outward! O heart, the secret solved at last!
Love that enfolds, unites and understands;
Love like the sea, with equal waters cast
On this and alien lands!

Outward! O free at last! O steadfast soul
Calm in the poise of natural things! O wise,
How wise is love!—only, beyond control,
To pass with open eyes!

—George Cabot Lodge, in Scribner's.

THE WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

A Strange Story of the Pacific Coast.

THE story of the Indian woman left alone on the island of San Nicolas for nearly twenty years has been written by a number of romancers who gave but little heed to fact and free rein to imagination. From occurrences that have passed into history and are known to be authentic, this tale is drawn.

The aborigines of San Nicolas Island were supposed to be of Aztec or Toltec origin, a peaceable people like all tribes indigenous to the tropics.

War with the savage Alaskan Indians had nearly exterminated the Indians of San Nicolas when the Catholic fathers who founded the missions on the mainland desired to bring the few remaining natives across the channel that they might teach them the Christian religion. Accordingly, after repeated efforts to accomplish this, a schooner was sent to the island in 1836 for this purpose. Some time was consumed in gathering together these people and their effects.

As the last boat was leaving the strand, a woman with a young babe in her arms sprang on shore. Her little girl, a child of eight years, had slipped from her side in the confusion—gone probably in search of some remembered trinket dear to her childish heart—or, perhaps, run away, overcome with terror at the unusual migration of her people.

The woman besought them to await her return, and hastened over the hill, calling as she went. The moments passed—the white man is ever impatient, and he grumbled at the delay. An hour went by, but the woman had not returned. The wind was rising rapidly, and a storm was imminent. The schooner had signalled them twice in the last half hour. The waters about the island were shoal, and there was no safe anchorage along its shores. The waves were running high upon the ledges surrounding the little bay, and their crests were white with the foam of action. The ship signalled again, and with a muttered imprecation and a gruff command, the boat pushed off to join the tossing vessel.

As soon as all were on board, Captain Hubbard weighed anchor and stood away for deep water. When the relatives and friends learned that the woman had been left behind, they besought the captain with many tears, and with pleadings in their own tongue, to return and bring her away.

The gale increased in fury and continued unabated for the space of a week. The heavy-laden schooner labored hard and disaster threatened.

When San Pedro Harbor was finally reached, the San Nicolas Indians were distributed between Los Angeles and San Gabriel missions, and Captain Hubbard departed for Monterey, where he had orders to take on a cargo of lumber for San Francisco.

On reaching the Golden Gate, in rough weather, the improperly laden craft capsized and was eventually blown out to sea, and is supposed to have been taken by a Russian vessel. The crew reached shore in safety, and it was always Captain Hubbard's intention to return to San Nicolas for the lost woman. There was now no craft of any description except open boats and Indian canoes from San Francisco to San Diego, and no one could be found willing to risk a voyage to San Nicolas in one of these.

It was generally known along the coast of California that an Indian woman and her children had been left upon the Island of San Nicolas, but as time passed and they were not rescued, it came to be generally believed that all had perished. Fifteen years slipped by, and in the spring of 1851 Captain Nidever, of Santa Barbara, with one other white man and a small crew of Mission Indians, visited San Nicolas in a schooner in search of otter. They made a landing at the eastern end of the island, and walked along the southern shore a distance of five miles or more. Captain Nidever discovered footprints of a human being soon after landing. These were no doubt made when the ground had been soaked by the previous winter rains, for the impressions were deep and quite dry and hard. The footprints were small, and the captain felt convinced that they were made by a woman. A short distance from the shore were found several circular, roofless huts made of brush, about six feet in height and the same in diameter. These enclosures were fully a mile apart, and near them were stakes of driftwood driven in the ground, from which were suspended pieces of seal's blubber out of the reach of wild animals. The blubber was comparatively fresh, and had no doubt been placed there but a few weeks previous.

Captain Nidever had landed upon San Nicolas early in the morning, intending to remain during the day to search for seal and otter, but near noon a northwester began blowing, and he hastened back to the schooner. Here they remained at anchor for eight days in the lee of the island, the sea being at times so rough and the wind so fierce that he expected momentarily to be driven from his anchorage. When the storm abated sufficiently, Captain Nidever returned to Santa Barbara without again landing upon the island.

The next year he once more visited San Nicolas for game, landing near the same place as on his previous voyage. He and his ship's mate explored the island nearly to its western extremity. The blubber found on the previous visit had been replaced by a fresh stock. In the crotch of a tree near the west end of the island they found a basket containing a garment made of the skins of the cormorant, cut in squares and neatly pieced together; with the ends of the feathers all pointing downward. There were shell hooks, bone needles, a rope of sinew, and various trinkets in the basket with the robe. These things Captain Nidever scattered upon the ground, thinking if they were replaced on his next visit to the tree it would be conclusive evidence that the woman was still alive. After several days spent in securing seal and otter upon the ground already explored, another wind storm came on, and the spot containing the basket was not revisited; as on all previous voyages, the woman was left to her fate and the schooner crossed to San Miguel Island without her.

In July, 1853, Captain Nidever again went to San Nicolas, determined to rescue the woman if she could be found. Before, he had gone to find otter and seal; now he had a nobler quest.

He anchored midway of the northwestern shore of the island, near Corral Harbor, where the natives had embarked in 1836. At this point and at the western extremity of the island is found an abundance of good water, seal and fish. Here Captain Nidever made camp, and with his men began a systematic search. On the second day a hut was discovered upon the ridge, and on approaching it, piles of ashes and bones were seen at its entrance.

Within the enclosure sat the object of their search, talking aloud to herself, and with a rude knife, manufactured from a piece of rusty iron hoop, washed up by the waves, she was diligently scraping blubber from a piece of sealskin.

She watched the approach of the men with interest, but made no attempt at flight. She was clothed in a garment of cormorant skins which reached nearly to her ankles, and her throat and arms were bare. Her hair was yellowed by the sun and tangled, and her skin, where exposed, was brown, but where protected by her robe it was quite fair, showing her to be of Aztec or Toltec origin. She received her visitors with the quiet and dignity of a queen, greeting each with a bow and a smile. She talked incessantly, but no word of hers could be understood, although the Indians of the rescuing party spoke several dialects. In her hut was a fire, and when the captain and his men were seated, the woman roasted roots, termed "carcomite" by Californians, which she served to the company an abalone shells.

One day she took her new comrades to a deep hidden grotto, where bubbled a cool spring from whence she drew her supply of water for cooking. Here they found several unique water jars woven by her of the island grasses, and lined with asphaltum, which is plentiful on the western shore. The water jars resembled wide-mouthed bottles, and would hold from two to six quarts. It was interesting to watch her make baskets water tight. She would drop into them bits of asphaltum and hot pebbles, whirling them deftly as the asphaltum liquefied. It required skill and patience,, but when they were thoroughly galvanized with a thin coating the jars were both light and durable.

A second spring near the above-mentioned grotto she used as a lavatory, and would frequently visit it, for she was very cleanly in her habits.

At the expiration of a month, when the schooner was ready to depart, she was made to understand by signs that she was to go on board. She evidenced the pathetic struggle she had waged with want in the years of solitude by gathering together every fragment of food in her possession. In the crevices of rocks and in other spots secure from the depredations of the wild dogs which infested San Nicolas she had laid up stores of bones and other refuse in anticipation of some future "starvation time." These she insisted should be carried with her. Once on board and the firebrand she had brought burned to ashes she clung closely to the stove, showing that she often suffered from cold, as well as hunger.

Captain Nidever conveyed the Indian woman to his home in Santa Barbara, where she lived in his family until her death. She was supposed to be about fifty years of age when rescued.

She had a docile, loving nature and was of a peculiarly happy disposition. How she had retained these qualities in her years of lonely life is a mystery. She became much attached to her new friends, and they in turn gave her a most cordial affection. She was naturally intelligent and full of resources, and soon learned to communicate with those about her. She told of her sorrow at the death of her oldest child, who was devoured by wild dogs on the day her people were taken from the island by Captain Hubbard. The young babe met a similar fate later, when the mother, driven by hunger, was forced to leave is unprotected and go forth in search of food.

Strange to say, this woman had formulated an apparently fluent language of her own, which no one was able to understand. Three of the mission fathers, versed in every Indian dialect on the California coast, were quite unable to make themselves understood. Some of the former inhabitants of San Nicolas were brought from San Gabriel and Los Angeles, but they were also unable to converse with her or interpret her language. But few of her words have been remembered. Man she called "noche," the sky, "toygwah," a hide, "tocah."

Possibly the Alaskian Indians, who overran San Nicolas in the early part of the last century, left upon her memory an indelible impression of their nomenclature, which superseded her native tongue in the years when human association was denied. This is a question that might be settled from the meagre vocabulary she has left by some enthusiastic, painstaking student of philology.

Travelers abroad who visit the Vatican in Rome, and are permitted to view the priceless relics from many of the lands that have been gathered there, will find among the collection a basket woven of island grasses, and within it a wonderful feather robe made of soft breasts of the cormorant. This garment was fashioned by the deft fingers of Morenita, the Indian woman, when she dwelt alone upon the island of San Nicolas.—Los Angeles Times.

Cordiality Overdone.

Whoever has a short memory for names and faces will be able to appreciate the experience of a resident of Detroit, whose story is told by the Free Press of that city. The lady's friends, who recognize her inability to fit names and faces together, say that she usually makes up in tact what she lacks in memory.

One afternoon recently, says the lady, who tells her own experience, I was sitting on the veranda when a rather nice looking young man, carrying a small satchel, came up the walk. He bowed pleasantly, and I returned his greeting as cordially as I could, while racking my brain for his name.

He looked familiar, but I could not recall his name. Here was an old friend from out of town, probably—perhaps a relative of my husband—and I must not fail in cordiality. So I greeted him warmly, shook hands and invited him to be seated. I said I was delighted to see him, and knew my family would be equally glad. I regretted that so long a time had elapsed since we had last met. I hoped his family was quite well, and of course he had come to dinner.

Thus I rattled on, fearing to let him discover what a hypocrite I was, and hoping all the while that his name would come to me. Finally he managed to say:

"I'm afraid you don't know who I am."

"Oh, yes, I do," I responded. "Of course, I know perfectly."

"No, I am sure you don't even know my name."

"Well," I admitted, "your name has escaped me for the moment, "but I am so wretched on names! Don't tell me; I shall recall it in time."

"Do not try," responded the young man, pleasantly. "I am only the sewing machine man. I came to repair your machine."

Against Fooling With a Revolver.

There are a few lines in "The Art of Revolver-Shooting," a recent book by Mr. Walter Winans, the noted revolver shot of Great Britain, which were specially penned for a small but dangerous class of people.

Mr. Winans once left a revolver lying on a table in his tent at Bisley during a competition. Some visitors dropped in, one by one, to lunch. First came an elderly lady. She sat down near the table, and her eye immediately fell on the revolver. She snatched it up with a laugh, and pointing it at Mr. Winans, said:

"I'll shoot you!"

"Put it down!" said Mr. Winans, speaking as peremptorily as a host may. The lady obeyed, and Mr. Winans explained to her how injudicious it was to point a revolver at any one, how it might have been loaded, and so on.

While he was speaking in came a clergyman. He sat down and began talking pleasantly. All at once his eye caught the revolver. Seizing it and roaring with laughter, he pointed it at Mr. Winans, saying:

"Now I'll shoot you!"

"I locked up that revolver!" is Mr. Winan's grim comment. And he would have been glad, we may be sure, to have made the same disposal, temporarily at least, of his silly guests. Had the jocularity of the lady or the clergyman resulted fatally, as similar conduct has often done, the plea at the coroner's inquest would have been the old, weak one: "Didn't—know—it—was—loaded!"

At the Moment.

It is not an unusual thing to be able to waken oneself at a certain time, yet the habit may be carried so far as to be almost mysterious in its delicate accuracy. Says the author of "Three Men on Wheels:"

There are men who can waken themselves at any time, to the minute. They say to themselves, as they lay their heads upon the pillow: "Four-thirty," "four-forty-five" or "five-fifteen," as the case may be; and when the time comes, they open their eyes. It is very wonderful, this. The more one dwells upon it, the greater the mystery grows. Some ego within us, acting independently of our conscious self, must be capable of counting the hours while we sleep. Unaided by clock or sun, or any other medium known to our five senses, it keeps watch through the darkness. At the exact moment it whispers "Time!" and we awake.

The work of an old riverside fellow called him to be out of bed each morning half an hour before high tide. Never once did he oversleep by half a minute. At last he gave up working out the time for himself. He would sleep a dreamless sleep, and every morning, at a different hour, this ghostly watchman, true as the tide itself, would silently call him.—Youth's Companion.

THE BABY CHOIR.

"Now all you tots sit in a row,
'Cause you are big church choir,
And I'll stand here to lead, you know;
And when I wave my stick—just so—
Then you must all sing higher."

But Roy sang of a "choo-choo" car,
And Gracie of "nice weather,"
While Rob's and Bessie's "twinkle star"
Went wandering high and low afar—
They couldn't keep together.

The little leader's eyes grew wet,
And then a smile o'erran them;
"You see, mamma, they can't do it;
They can't sing songs the leastest bit,
And so they singed an anthem!"

—Detroit Free Press.

HOW THE SWALLOW WAS CAUGHT.

It was a warm evening near the close of summer when papa and Fred went out for a stroll in the meadow, to watch Rover, grandpapa's shepherd dog, drive the cows up the long lane from the pasture to be milked. The weather had been dry and fine for several days, and all the tiny insects are found in such numbers in the country were flying near the ground, where the air was warmest. The air seemed to be thick with them.

Circling in and out after the flies, bugs and midges were hundreds of swallows, whose nests were fastened in long rows beneath the eaves of grandpapa's barns. Because the insects were down near the ground the swallows flew there, too, for they were out getting their supper. Each pretty bird had its mouth wide open as it swept swiftly about. Every second or two their bills would close with a snap as they seized and swallowed a mosquito or a little unsuspecting gnat—still keeping on the wing.

Papa and Fred forgot Rover and the cows as they watched them. The swallows flew so close that one's wing brushed Fred's ear, and another saved himself from flying squarely into papa's face only by making a quick, upward turn.

"Once when I was a little boy and lived here in the country," said papa, "I came out into this same meadow just at sundown, and what do you think? I caught a swallow! How do you suppose I did it?"

"I don't know," said Fred, greatly interested. "How?"

"Well," said papa, "the swallows were flying just as they are now, almost bumping against me. So I took off my hat and waited,—like this,—and when one came near—see!—I made a swoop with my hat,—so,—and—why," said papa, much astonished, "I've got one now!" His face showed more astonishment than Fred's.

Fred danced about in a circle while papa gently thrust his other hand into the hat and took out the poor, trembling little bird.

"Have you hurt him, papa?" asked Fred, his tender heart stirred to sympathy at the prisoner's fright.

"No," said papa, looking half-alarmed, "I don't think so; and really, my boy, I didn't mean to catch him. I was as much surprised as he was, I am sure. It only happened once before in all my life. How strange that this one should fly into my hat as I wa telling you about the other! Maybe he's the great-great-grandson of the first one I caught."

He showed Fred the beautiful purple head and shoulders of the little captive, and each stroked him gently with one finger.

Then papa opened his hand. For a second or two the swallow sat perfectly still on the palm, not knowing he was free. Suddenly he seemed to discover that no one was holding him, and with a twitter he darted away and was lost to sight among his countless companions in the air.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHEN YORKTOWN WAS BESIEGED.

On the south side of the River York, about ten miles from its mouth and sixty miles southeast of Richmond, lies the little Virginia village Yorktown. Situated on a high bluff, it commands a fine view of the surrounding country and overlooks Gloucester, a mile across the York. Any one visiting the quiet little town to-day, with its few inhabitants, finds it hard to realize how very important a position it has twice held in the history of the United States. It has been the scene of two memorable sieges—once in the revolution and later in the civil war.

Here on the 28th of September, 1781, began a siege which lasted twenty days. When it ended the American patriots had won one of the most important victories of the revolutionary war, and had practically secured independence for America.

On August 1 Cornwallis and his army of about 8,000 men had taken possession of Yorktown. They had fortified it as best they could. The line of works completely encircled Yorktown. Outworks some distance from the town were constructed to hinder the approach of the enemy. A line of batteries extended along the river bank, and anchored in the York were several frigates and smaller vessels. Gloucester, too, was fortified.

In the meantime the Americans were waiting until all their troops should reach Williamsburg. When all had come together they set out with their allies, the French, for Yorktown.

They so far outnumbered the enemy that they must have looked very formidable to the English. It is not surprising that those in possession of the outworks retreated to the town, where Cornwallis was stationed with most of his troops. These outworks the Americans and French took possession of and began to dig trenches and to throw up breastworks. The British resorted to cannonading, but nothing of importance came of it.

By the 1st of October Cornwallis was in a desperate position. On land the Americans had a line extending in a semi-circle about the British fortifications, each end of the semi-circle touching the York River. Now Cornwallis had hoped much from his position, expecting that Clinton could reach him from New York by sea. Clinton waited too long, however, and the French fleet stationed themselves where they could cut off any aid that might come by sea to Cornwallis

On October 19, at 2 o'clock, the British gave up the garrisons at York and Gloucester, the shipping in the harbor and all the stores of ammunition. The surrender must have been an impressive sight. Washington sat on a white horse at the head of the American line; Rochambeau, on a bay, headed the French. Hundreds of spectators from the surrounding country watched in silence while the British marched between the two lines.

Cornwallis himself was too humiliated to appear. He sent his sword by General O'Hara. It was received by General Lincoln of the American troops and then given back to be returned to Cornwallis.

The British captains then surrendered the colors of the twenty-eight regiments; the army laid down its arms. Then they were led back to their lines and kept under guard until they began the march to permanent quarters in Maryland and Virginia.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

I WISH!

"Oh, dear! I wish I'd no lesson to do," sighed Willie. "If I'd lived before William the Conqueror came to the throne, I shouldn't have had to go to school at all, but would have just played and done whatever I wanted;" and the boy threw himself into an easy-chair, the very picture of disgust.

"I wish you wouldn't talk such rubbish, but get on with your lessons and let me get on with mine; for I shall never know my geography if you make such a noise,' said Ethel.

"Geography! I hate it. I wish Christopher Columbus had never found America, and then we should have that much less to learn about. The stupid man ought to have"—

"You're just wasting time with your wishing," interrupted his sister. "And you'll have to learn your history, whether you like it or not. So, the sooner you begin, the better."

"Yes, there you are again! If we'd only lived before Norman Conquest, there'd have been no history, worth talking about, to learn I wish I'd been born ten thousand years ago or in a wild country where boys don't go to school."

"Very well, then," laughed Ethel, "you ought to be thankful that you are living now instead of ten thousand years hence; for you'd have a hard time of it then, I'm afraid."

Willie tried to look dignified in spite of his sister's ridicule, and still went on airing his grievances; but the practical Ethel took up her books and went out of the room. The boy was still sitting, disconsolately kicking his heels together, when he was surprised to hear his father call him from the inner room.

"Willie," he called, "come here; I want you."

Very reluctantly the boy obeyed, for he felt ashamed that his father should have overheard his foolish grumbling.

"Willie!"

"Yes, father," answered Willie, entering the study.

"Reach me that pictorial history of the nations of the world. I want to show you something."

Willie was delighted; he liked nothing better than to look at pictures with his father.

"What shall I look for first, father?"

"The people of East Anglia, my boy."

Willie turned over several pages until he came to the chapter on East Anglia; but it did not look at all interesting, so he quietly waited until his father had finished writing and turned round.

"Give me the book," said Mr. Stewart. "What I want to show you is a little further on. Ah! here it is."

It was a picture of a strong, fierce man holding a struggling boy by one leg and arm. They were just in front of a cottage with a sloping, thatched roof; and the child's eyes were gazing up at the roof with a look of great fear, while a number of men standing around were laughing at the lad's struggles.

"What does it all mean?" asked Willie. "What are they going to do with the little boy?"

"His father is about to throw him on the roof of the cottage: if the child manages to catch hold of the thatch and prevent himself from falling, then he will be considered a son worth keeping; but, if he be so unfortunate as to miss his hold, fall off, and get hurt, then he will be considered utterly worthless. The poor boy will be driven from home and from the neighborhood, to wander about in search of food and shelter."

"But why was his father so cruel to him?"

"Oh, boys did not go to school in those old days; but they had to learn to bear all kinds of hardships instead."

Willie colored deeply, but said nothing.

"Now we will turn to the Kaffirs of Africa. You see those poor boys undergoing severe beatings?"

"Yes, it looks dreadfully cruel. Oh, why are those horrid men beating the poor boys like that? Turn the page over, father; I can't bear to look at them."

"Yes, it looks frightfully cruel; and yet it is only part of their education. They do not go to school in that country: but they undergo a training, nevertheless. Those beatings are not as a punishment, but simply to make them used to bearing pain. Every Kaffir boy has to undergo the 'benquera,' as it is called, which consists of beatings and a series of very arduous exercises; but I see you have heard enough for the present, so put the book away now."

"Father," said Willie, gravely, "I know why you have shown me these having to learn lessons any more. I'd rather go to school than to be treated like the boys in East Anglia or Kaffir Land."—*Beacon.*

AN EXPRESSION THAT HURT.

"Have I got the 'pleasing expression' you want?" asked Mr. Grubbins.

"Yes, sir," replied the photographer; "I think that will do very well."

"Then hurry up, please. It hurts my face."—*Tit-Bits.*

A gift of $10,000 from John D. Rockefeller completes the building fund for the American Church in Berlin

HALF-DOLLAR BUCKLES.

Modish little ornaments for bonnet or carriage hat are found in the news half-dollar buckles. They do not imitate this well known coin, save in the matters of general shape or size. The buckles are quite round, just the size of a half dollar, anl almost as flat. Cut steel, sparkling like frost in wintry sunlight is used for many of these buckles, although no doubt those who prefer gilt or jetted buckles can find the desired new shape in other minerals.

ROUGH CLOTH ADORNED WITH SMOOTH CLOTH.

A novel and inexpensive trimming is the use of plain cloth harmonizing with the colored rough cloth composing a dress. The cloth must be somewhat thin and light in texture, and then cut in narrow strips and pleated up, forming a ruching. Some of the material used can be fringed, which is even more effective, and considerably used as an adornment to both costumes and hats.

WOMAN'S WORK AT MANILA.

Manila can to-day boast of a fine library, largely through the efforts of Mrs. Charles R. Greenleaf, an American woman.

The library has now become a government one, having recently been taken under the wing of the Insular Government, with bright prospects for the early erection of a building for its use. Books are still pouring into Manila on every transport, and it is believed that, in a short time, the work so humbly begun by Mrs. Greenleaf and other army women stationed at Manila will branch out into the other larger towns of the Philippine Islands, for the edification of the soldiers stationed in the archipelago. The work of establishing this library required nearly all of Mrs. Greenleaf's time, and she nobly sacrificed her social pleasures and duties in her zealous desire to see it accomplished.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

The education of girls is a subject which has engaged the attention of thinking men and women for some years. In *The American Mother*, Elizabeth Robinson Scovil pleads strongly for the education of girls in all matters which pertain to the welfare of home. Not only should they know how to perform various duties, but they should understand why the different methods are pursued. She mentions that the science of nutrition is as fascinating a study as can be found, and more necessary and practical than many of those pursued in our colleges.

FASHIONS FOR GROWING GIRLS.

With the figure of the girl still in embryo it is wise to avoid any very decided outline. That is a very generally accepted fact. But, unfortunately, in conscientiously endeavoring to live up to this law the other extreme is touched, and the creation presented is apt to be a muddle, with no beginning, end or middle—a thing usually running to a superfluity of bows, tucks and ends, unnecessary puffings, ruffings and flouncings and a generally pervading sense of indecision everywhere. Once the anchorage of simplicity is lost, shipwreck is inevitable. A mind modistically disposed cannot for a moment allow itself to wander rudderless. It must, to begin with, thoroughly understand the value of the material, a material that in itself is somewhat of a decorative kind, together with the merits of a lace that is at once ornamental, light and unextravagant in effect, while the completing note of a sash with long, floating ends seldom fails to impart an air of youthfulness. And sashes, be it said without delay, are much in evidence again.

For some years now has that soft white China silk proved itself of inestimable service to the young girl. But to-day, being within the grasp of the large majority, she who is minded to be exclusive has perforce to turn elsewhere. She will adopt the loveliest silk mousselines, soft satins and convincing crepes, together with soft silks other than the ubiquitous China quality.

RUSSIA MAY BE RULED BY A WOMAN.

Russia's next ruler may be a woman. The Salic law, that ironbound enactment put in force in Russia by the Emperor Nicholas, may be overturned, and the law of primogeniture be readopted. This will please the Grand Duchess Olga on the throne as autocrat of all the Russias, at the death of her father, the present Czar. It is the Czar's wish that this should be, and that his daughter, rather than his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, shall succeed him.

Since the birth of the latest Russian princess, journals spoken of as "official" in various large cities of the empire have urged the Czar to return to the ancient practice of awarding the throne throne to the eldest born, irrespective of sex.

Michael, according to his intimates, is not overanxious to inherit the prodigious empire Russia has now become, and will be, when the Trans-Siberian Railway makes more than half of Asia part of the Czar's domains. He would not at all object if his brother, the Czar, should change the present family compact, and make his eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, eligible to succeed her father.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE POPULARITY OF PEARLS.

The wearing of jewelry, particularly bracelets, has been marked this season. An improvement in taste in this matter is to be observed, for the designs of even the cheaper qualities are artistic. The revival in popularity of pearls is largely due to English court mourning, these stones being among those which are considered correct for wear by the aristocrats who are governed by royal etiquette. The fact that Queen Alexandria is fond of the gems has also partly influenced the fashionables in selecting them. It is a striking fact that pearls are or have been the favored stones of the most beautiful and perhaps the most unhappy royal women of Europe. The Dowager Empress of Russia, sister of the English queen; the present Empress of Russia, Queen Margherita of Italy and the unhappy Elizabeth of Austria have been pearl lovers.—*Washington Star.*

WAGES FOR WIVES.

It is urged by Mrs. Fenwick Miller, in the *Temple Magazine*, that wives ought to be paid regular wages for the services which they render in superintending their husbands' houses. We doubt, comments the *London Graphic*, whether the suggestion, plausible as it appears upon the surface, will commend itself to ladies who think it over at their leisure. In strict logic the arrangement which Mrs. Fenwick Miller proposes would be incomplete unless it gave the husband, in his new character of employer of labor, the right to dismiss his wife for incompetenc or disobedience, to limit her evenings out, and to fine her (subject to the provisions of a new Factories Act) when she kept him waiting for his dinner. Moreover, even if this difficulty could be gotten over, one fails to see on what principle the amount of stipend could be fixes. The "higgling of the market" would certainly produce curious results, as we easily realize if we picture a mature spinster trying to bargain with her suitor for better terms on the strength of her age and experience. The conclusion of the whole matter is that wives are better off as their husbands' partners than they could ever hope to be as their salaried servants.

THE SLAVE AND THE MISTRESS OF DRESS.

An authority on dress has the following profound things to say which are certainly seasonable and more or less true:

"A meagre allowance never yet wholly hid the longings of a pretty taste, nor the most liberal conferred all its blessings. We express ourselves by our clothes, each in her own way. They are the 'outward and visible sign' of our inner selves. The girl with a meagre allowance may say: 'I love beautiful laces and fine furs, but I can't have them—they are too costly,' but her tastes will out, nevertheless. If she happen to possess some dainty thing—a collar of rare old lace, for example—how she will treasure it, how she will respect and love it, and how often the same dainty thing will redeem her blouse or coat from the commonplace.

"Some of us respect our clothes, some of us love them; others worship them—let their passion lead them into modish intemperance, even crime. Some of us, on the other hand, control our clothes, make them do our bidding and minister to our success. I have known women coquet with their clothes—play with them all the morning in and out the dressmakers and shops, and parade them all the afternoon. I have known others who sacrifice themselves to their clothes feel so keenly a subslety of line or shade that all sense of fitness is submerged, and sometimes even those qualities that should never be absent from a woman's clothes—the sense of daintiness and freshness. One has known others, again, whose love of the fresh and cleanly aspect killed all sense of subtlety and grace and who, though fully mastering the severities of a sporting costume or a tailor-made, utterly failed to exploit a muslin or a crepe de chine. The few it is that master both, and I am inclined to think, artists though the Parisians may be, that it is in our own land these few are to be found. It remains to be seen whether the Parisienne will not yet wrest the palm from us in this quarter. I hope not.

"I am persuaded that the better way is to respect one's clothes, to fully concede them their importance in the scheme of things. To be an impassioned slave to them shows little heart and no mind. The woman who holds the value of dress lightly declares herself wanting in common sense. To underrate the value of appearance is to take a warped view of life. 'The outside of the cup and platter' is of importance as well as the inside.

"On the other hand, she who regards clothes as the aim and end of life is warped in her views, and rarely as big a success as her devotions would deserve because by overmuch fussing she loses focus and breadth. The too-incessant student, the too-devoted worrying wife, and the too-inveterate shopper rarely, if ever, get the proportion of reward they merit. Dress should be respected and valued as an important element in life, but not be regarded as an end and aim of existence.

"I do not admire the assertively modish woman—the one who is ever athirst for the latest idea. She makes herself more or less a clothespeg for the exploiting of the dressmakers' novelties, and loses her own individuality. One may even be too assertively simple—be obviously training after a desired effect toward it."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Russian blouses of fur are promised extended vogue this winter.

For tall, slender girls the large rosette, with long ends, is an especially becoming dress accessory.

An effort made last winter to introduce the Raglan shoulder in shirt waists is being repeated by some makers, but the mode is not becoming and there is little chance of its winning favor.

Flannel waists have undergone more change in, or addition to, the designs and colors shown than in style. Many of the heavier sort in plain colors are made with yokes, but for the most part they are quite plain, or show tucked fronts.

Glace silk skirts are now made with three shaped and corded flounces extending up the entire skirt.

One cannot go far astray in using anything in the way of lace this year, and silk laces come in all colors to match gowns.

With a white gown one can have two or three colored slips, and with different colored stocks and belt it gives one several changes, making the one dress appear like two or three different ones.

Jackets showing sable as well as chinchilla collars with basque considerably below the waist are more jounty than the long coats and more suitable for young girls' wear.

State Government of Louisiana.

Governor—W. W. Heard.
Lieutenant Governor—Albert Estopinal.
Secretary of State—John Michel.
Superintendent of Education—John V. Carbonn.
Auditor—W. S. Frazee.
Treasurer—Ledoux E. Smith.

U. S. SENATORS.

Don Caffery and S. D. McEnery.

REPRESENTATIVES.

1 District—R. C. Davey.
2 District—Adolph Meyer.
3 District—R. E. Broussard.
4 District—P. Brazeale.
5 District—J. E. Ransdell.
6 District—S. M. Robinson.

ATTEND SOULÉ COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, New Orleans, La.

41 years renowned as a leader. No false promises made, no charlatanism practiced. Over 100 Gold and Silver Medals, Diplomas etc., awarded us by American and European Expositions. Commercial Course includes Expert Accounting and Auditing, and is Guaranteed Higher and Superior to any other in the South. We own our college building and have unequalled facilities and an unexcelled faculty.

Graduates hold leading positions all over the country. Instruction all personal.

Having numerous business connections and being universally and reputably known, we have superior advantages in aiding students to secure situations.

A store is connected with Soulé College in which students do actual business with real goods and actual money, and they keep the books in the latest labor saving forms.

Students enter at any time. English, Academic, Shorthand and Business schools. All separate faculties. Send for catalogue.

Address GEO. SOULÉ & SONS.

YAHOO!

Mississippi Valley

Railroad maintains

Unsurpassed : Daily : Service

between

NEW ORLEANS & MEMPHIS,

connecting at Memphis with trains of the Illinois Central Railroad for

Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville,

making direct connections with through trains for all points

NORTH, EAST AND WEST,

including Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Paul, Minneapolis Omaha, Kansas City, Hot Springs, Ark., and Denver. Close connection at Chicago with Central Mississippi Valley Route, Solid Fast Vestibuled Daily Trains for

DUBUQUE, SIOUX FALLS, SIOUX CITY,

and the West. Particulars of agents of the Y. & M. V. and connecting lines.

WM. MURRAY, Div. Pas. Agt., New Orleans.
JNO. A. SCOTT, Div. Pas. Agt., Memphis.
A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.
W. A. KELLOND, A. G. P. A., Louisville.

THE NEXT THING TO

GOING TO WAR

Is to read all about it in

THE Times-Democrat

Covering every item of news on land and sea through its SELENDID SPECIAL SERVICE as furnished the *New York World*, *New York Journal*, Associated Press and Staff Correspondents, all in one.

Only $1.00 a Month.

Subscribe through your newsdealer, postmaster or direct to

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD,

THE GREAT TRUNK LINE

Between the

North and South.

Only direct route to Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City and all points

NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

Only direct route to Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans And all points in Texas and the Southwest.

Double Daily Trains
Fast Time
Close Connections.

Through Pullman Palace Sleepers between New Orleans and Memphis, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago without change, making direct connections with first-class lines to all points. The great steel bridge spanning the Ohio river at Cairo completed, and all trains (freight and passenger) now running regularly over it, thus avoiding the delays and annoyance incident to transfer by ferry boat.

A. H. HANSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.
JNO. A. SCOTT, D. P. A., Memphis.