ST. LANDRY CLARION.

OPELOUSAS, . . La

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THE SONGS OF THE BELLS.

THE CHURCH BELL.

Written for The American.

The church bell hangs in its rocken tower;
Its brazen notes are the notes of power;
With lusty strokes so brave and strong,
It sings with glee each matin song;
Clear and true are the peals of hope,
As the sexton pulls the well-worn rope,
And worldly thoughts, like evil deeds,
Are swept away by churchly creeds.
The moss-grown walls, the tapering spire,
Fill humble hearts with sweet desire;
The silent sermon in the weathered stone
Is God's good seed by conscience sown,
To fill our souls with fervent love,
And then, like Noah's weary dove,
Come home to rest beneath the wall
Where vesper chimes like music fall.

Soft and mellow, deep-toned bell,
Its music steals thro' memory's dell.
Who will tell of the thoughts it brings?
Who will forget the songs it sings?

THE VILLAGE BELL.

It sung of days when youthful feet
Roved through glades and meadows sweet,
Where fragrant hay, in loamy racks,
Was drooping from the well-worn stacks;
Where cattle browsed or sought the shade
Of quaint old elm by forest glade,
Or ambled to the pebbly stream
To chew their cud, perchance to dream.
The chiming bell in the old church tower
Warned them of each fleeting hour,
As they prick their ears for a sound from home,
And graze through fields with verdure grown.
Can one forget such scenes as these?
Though other lands may charm and please,
Though other bells recall the tone
That clusters round our childhood home,
Though years have changed, and seasons too,
Its dulcet notes were always true,
Like voicing of some dear old friend
Whose touching sound will always send
A thrill of pleasure, while we start
And think them near, though far apart.

Soft and mellow, deep-toned bell,
Its music steals through every dell.
Who will tell of the thoughts it brings?
Who will forget the songs it sings?

THE MARRIAGE BELL.

Does it recall the gentle vesper chimes,
Bring back the days, the happy times
When manhood stood by rustic gate
To hear from lips such blissful fate?
Its brazen tongue, with glad acclaim,
Announced the march, the wedding train
That moved through arch and festooned aisle,
With beating heart and loving smile,
For weal or woe, through life and death,
Misfortune's years and fever's breath,
To live to bless the golden hour
When merry peal and orange flower
Made early love a roseate bower.

Soft and mellow, deep-toned bell,
Its music steals through every dell.
Who will tell of the thoughts it brings?
Who will forget the songs it sings?

THE CHURCH-YARD BELL.

Can one forget the church-yard bell,
The green-ribbed grave, the narrow cell,
Where fitful dreams that ruled the world
Like conquered banners now are furled?
How sweet their sleep; what heavenly rest,
With tired hands across each breast,
And throbless hearts that once felt pain,
'Mid tears that fell like summer rain—
All moulder in the dust, while death's decay
Has stamped its impress on the clay
That once was molded by the Master's hand,
Fair in its beauty, sovereign to command.
The lofty tones fall heedless on the mould
Whose clayey wrappings closely fold
The precious dead that left us in their bloom,
To shine like stars beyond the silent tomb.

Soft and mellow, deep-toned bell,
Its music steals through every dell.
Who will tell of the thoughts it brings?
Who will forget the songs its sings?

—*Junius L. Hempstead.*

The Question of the Hour.

The Knights of Labor have proposed a union with the Farmers' Alliance, and have agreed to adopt the views of the latter organization concerning the distribution of the government's surplus among the people.

Without taking into account the various and sometimes conflicting theories and opinions of the different associations that oppose the grinding paternalism of the Republican party, their present union is perfectly logical. The struggle over the warehousing and currency systems may hereafter become of immediate importance. Just now they cannot receive that attention which perhaps their advocates expect or demand, because all the opponents of tyrannical plutocracy and monopoly have a task to perform which demands their utmost strength and their instant attention.

The Republican party is endeavoring to turn over the government, not to the industries of the country, but to certain favored manufacturers, who, in return for the privilege of dictating taxation for their own benefit, have agreed to support the Republican party. It is true that the people have pronounced a terrible judgment upon this plot against their property and their liberty. Still the struggle is not over. Grasping monopoly does not abandon the field after one defeat. The question that must be settled at once and forever is this: "Shall taxes be levied for the enrichment of a few or for the common welfare?" That question must be settled in behalf of the people now that the people are together. Its determination is the immediate duty of Farmers' Alliances, Knights of Labor, unions of all sorts, and the Democratic party—of all the opponents of monopoly and the party which represents monopoly.—*N. Y. World*

The occult but riotous bacilli which have played havoc with man since they first met have reached a crisis in their existence never known before. As Matthew Arnold would say, man is "onto them." They are being hunted and brought to light, and the medical searchers all join in the hunt for something to poison Koch's poison, for the bacillus of what is known as consumption is now said to be the first of an unprecedented group of new poisons that shall destroy some of the most important human diseases, such as diphtheria, lockjaw, and various fevers. The lion-headed Bilroth, the first man-cutter of Europe to-day, is reported to be on the verge of beginning the scientific elimation of cancer. Sir Morell Mackenzie has been quoted as speaking hopefully of coming developments in medicine that will revolutionize its powers. Man awaits in the next few years an amount of physical regeneration and purification such as has not been equalled in all his previous existence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Whoever takes a child into his love may have a very roomy heart, but that child will fill it all. The children that are in the world keep us from growing old and cold; they cling to our garments with their little hands, and impede our progress to petrification; with their pleading eyes they win us back from cruel care; they never encumber us at all. A poor old couple, with no one to love them is a most pitiful picture, but a hovel with a small face in it is robbed of its desolation.

I was in poor health and loosing flesh. The food I ate did not agree with me. my liver, kidneys and stomach all seemed deranged. I began a use of Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla which has made me feel like a new man and increased my weight.—*S. B. Newton, Columbus, O.*

The Indian—His Belief—His Messiah.

Among all the Indian tribes in this country there is a general belief in the existence of a God, or of some "Great Spirit," who rules over all mankind, rewarding the good and punishing the wicked, not only in this life but in the life to come. Their notions in regard to the attributes of Deity are crude, but there is belief enough to be readily moulded into a genuine faith by the earnest missionary who takes up his abode among them. Before they receive instruction they imagine that the admiratian of the "Great Spirit" for his red children is in proportion to the number of their enemies each has slain, and that He will assign them good places for hunting in the spirit land just in proportion to their valor and courage in this world, as evinced by the number of scalps they can exhibit. The Sioux, Blackfeet, Cheyennes and Pawnees believe that when the snow falls the Great Spirit drives all the buffalo into the interior of the earth, through an opening which leads down from the deep gulch of Palo Duro in the Texas panhandle, and that they come back by the same route in the spring. The opening in question is a dark, narrow gorge, and to imagine immense herds crowding through in solid, unbroken procession is very impressive to the Indian mind. He regards the buffalo as an especial gift from the Great Spirit, and that they are sent forth each year for good Indians only, and when they come out of Palo Duro they are directed to those tribes most favored by Him. To-day the Indians are at a loss to understand why the buffalo does not come back, and occupy themselves in making immense quantities of "medicine" for their return. When the "medicine" is made and the buffalo fails to appear, they say their "medicine" is not good and they try again.

At the Standing Rock Agency on the Missouri, there are a large number of Indians, and to preserve order and prevent outbreaks there is a military post garrisoned by United States troops. Among the Indians there assembled are two of some note. Chief Gall and Sitting Bull. The latter will be remembered in connection with the Custer Massacre. Chief Gall is undoubtedly the ablest Indian in America, and had he received the advantages of a good education would have made an honorable mark in the history of our country. Sitting Bull is far beneath him in intellectual ability, and, in fact, Gall looks upon him as a worthless, turbulent character, who is enjoying more false fame than he will probably ever enjoy of the real. It is difficult to imagine how this false impression got abroad of Sitting Bull's greatness as a chief and warrior. The Indians gave Gall the credit for all the fine scheming and brain work that characterized their campaigns prior to 1876. Sitting Bull was cruel and blood-thirsty in his treatment of defenseless whites, while Gall was humane, and exhibited more real bravery and genuine generalship in leading the Sioux forces in the battle with our troops. Many Indians have shown noble traits of character, but none more than Chief Gall, the bitter enemy of Sitting Bull.

Death is making sad havoc among the old fighting Indians at this agency, and even now there are only a few to meet to talk over their former deeds of daring. Like the old veterans of our Civil War, they, too, are rapidly joining the grand army on the other side. The young ones are compelled by the government to attend school, and as they become educated they drop the vengeful spsrit of their fathers and adopt the manners and customs of their more enlightened white brethren. The members of the rising generation are pretty well civilized, and the time is not far distant when they will become self-sustaining, law-abiding citizens; but it will not be until those who are now in middle life or beyond pass away, for, as a matter of course, they exercise an injurious influence over the young. The old Indian sstill engage in their various dances, which they continne until they fall prostrate to the ground. It is then that they see visions and when consciousness returns they tell what they have seen, and these wild and foolish stories are believed.

A great many of the old Indians have gone daft over the visit of an old, gray headed "medicine man" who claims to be their prophet and Saviour. According to his prophecy, the whole world is soon to be covered over with mud to the depth of forty feet destroying all the white people, but the Indians are not to be injured in the least. As the mud rises, the Indians with their ponies and all the game will keep upon the surface and when the convulsions of nature have subsided the red man is once more to be the sole occupant of the entire country. The old medicine man has fixed the day when the Messiah shall come to right the wrongs heretofore heaped upon the Indians. In conversation with General Ruger, the commander of this military department, he says, "It is not the first time the Indians have been excited over such a promised visitation. Various tribes from time to time have had similar beliefs. When the time that the Messiah is to come arrives, and the Indians see there is nothing in it, they will drop the belief for the time being." The General's theory is, that the missionaries in instructing the Indians have told them of second coming of Christ. Some one a little brighter than his brothers, puts his own construction on that statement, gives it his own coloring and adapts it to the understanding of the average Indian mind. This is the vision he sees while in a state of unconsciousness after an exhausting dance. He becomes their prophet and out of this the "Indian Messiah" doctrine emanates. The delusion will soon pass away and the Indian will abandon the idea until the same is again brought forward by another great medicine man. This craze is no more absurd than the one at the head of which one Schweinforth of Illinois recently figured. He represented himself as Christ and had quite a number of followers.

As soon as the old and ignorant red men are called to their long homes, those who are left will be too intelligent to be carried away by the false idea that an Indian Messiah is to come. The missionary will find a people mere easily instructed and led to the foot of the Cross.—*Gen. R. W. Johnson, in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

When a Republican Congress, a few years ago, suffered a severe rebuke in the elections for having refused to reduce the taxes and to pass a civil service reform bill, its members returned to Washington for the short session in December in a chastened spirit, and almost tumbled over each other in their haste to obey the mandate of the people. There are few indications of such a spirit now. Between the ridiculous egotism of the little man in the White House and the bullying bravado of Speaker Reed, the party in power seems determined to complete its destruction by butting its head against the stone wall of the people's purpose.—*N. Y. World.*

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced ond the first appearance of the aggreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

A Smithsonian Institution official who has studied crows closely, had a pet crow that was a marvel. It was given food in the round tin cover of a baking-powder can, and its favorite game was to take this cover up to the top of a steeply inclined plank, put both feet in it and coast down to the bottom. This it would do over and over again, with loud squawks of delight. —*Boston Transcript letter.*

A father loves his child. A mother worships it. Both decide the child should occasionally be given Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

Carl Dunder.

"NOBODY VHAS TWO TIMES ALIKE IN THIS COUNTRY."

"Well, where have you been for the last three months?" queried Sergt. Bendall yesterday, as Carl Dunder softly opened the door of the Woodbridge street station about a foot and squeezed through the aperture.

"Oh, I vhas keeping quiet. I like to shpeak to you a few words to day."

"All right."

"Der odder day a man comes py my place und drinks a glass of beer und plays me a game of dominoes und says his name vhas Shon White. Dot makes no deeference to me if he vhas Shorge Washington. He must pay me shust so queek or I knock him out."

"Of course."

"Vhell, he pays me und seems like a decent fellow, und pooty soon he says he has a check on der bank und he likes me to go und say he vhas Shon White."

"And you went?"

"Vhell, I like to oblige."

"And you identified him?"

"Vhell, vhen I knows he vhas Shon White how could I help it? Dot vhas a bogus check for feefteen dollar, und I haf to pay it. I doan' see how it vhas."

"Um! Anything more?"

"Somepody doan' play me dot vhay again. My eye teeth vhas cut awfully queek. In two days a fellow comes along mit a subscription paper. He says he likes me to put down a dollar for der poor. I ask him for his name, und he says he vhas Peter Davis. Sergeant, you should see me knock him oafer der middle of last Shuly."

"Yes, and you'll have to pay for it. He was at the police court this morning to get a warrant for you."

"A warrant for me! But he vhas a shwindler!"

"Oh, no, he wasn't; he was all right."

"Vhell, I might ash vhell shump into der rifer. How vhas I to tell aboudt things? Nothing vhas two times alike."

"Anything else?"

"Vhell, you see, a man comes in my place mit a package und says vhas I Carl Dunder. I vhas. Here vhas some oxpress from Chicago, und he haf to collect $2. Vhas dot all right, sergeant?"

"Looks that way."

"Of course she does, but after he goes avhay und I open dot package I find some brickbats in it. He vhas an awful shwindler."

"But you ought to have spotted him."

"Oh, yes! Spots vhas all right. In two days how vhas she? In shust two days vhas you pelieve?"

"Well?"

"Vhell, some oder mans come it mit a package und says vhas my name Carl Dunder. Yes. He haf some package for me from Noo York, und I haf to pay one dollar. Sergeant, I shumps on dot man und knocks him so cold dot his own uncle doan' know him und beliefs he vhas a young man from Troy."

"Then you spotted him!"

"Spots! Spots! Yes, I see some spots. He belongs by der regular oxpress company, und he vhas going to sue me for fife tousand dollars. Can you see how she vhas? One time it vhas all wrong, und der next time it vhas all right. Nopody vhas two times alike in dis country, und I now bid you good-bye."

"Going away?"

"No matter. I vhas seexteen years in dis country und all der time I vhas in some mistakes. I vhas now played out. If you doan' see me some more times remember dot I doan' mean to do it, but der country vhas to blame."—*Free Press.*

How Signor Blitz Sold a Hen.

In the first quarter of this century a party of travellers was journeying down the Missouri on a flatboat. The river was covered with floating ice, and provisions scarce.

One evening two of them, a school teacher and a French man whose occupation nobody could discover, went ashore to buy provisions at a farm-house. The teacher offered fifty cents to the farmer's wife for a motherly old hen that was scratching about the yard. She refused with a torrent of abuse.

His comrade, who was lounging over the gate, whispered; "Offer another bit."

"Five bits?" said the teacher.

The women hesitated, when, to her amazement, the hen squealed out: "I'm not worth it!"

The teacher started back in dismay; the farmer's wife, regianing her courage, chased the hen and caught it up in her arms.

"Take two bits, it's all I'm worth!" it said, flapping in her arms.

She ran, pale with terror, to the Frenchman and put it into his hands, screaming out. "Take it away! It's bewitched!"

The young man threw back the money to her and carried off the hen.

Many years afteward, among the crowd in the east room of the White House, which attended one of the reception of President Fillmore, was the kindly Signor Blitz, well known to all the children of the Eastern States as a ventriloquist. When he was introduced to the President, the two men looked at each other a moment, and then burst into a laugh. "You never thought to see me here," said Mr. Fillmore. "Now for the first time I understand the mystery of the old hen."—*Youth's Companion.*

How He Figured.

I arrived in a small town in Kentucky late at night with three other men, and when we reached the hotel two of us were assigned to a room. The one I got had two beds in it, however, and I was not disposed to find fault. My roommate seemed to be a suspicious sort of chap, and when I tumbled into bed, with a good night to him, he scarcely deigned a reply. I was asleep in ten minutes, but two hours later I awoke to find him still sitting in his chair and wide awake.

"Hello! What ails you?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"Troubled with insomnia?"

"No."

"Afraid of me?"

"To be honest with you, stranger, I am," he admitted.

"That seems funny. Do I look like a thief?"

"No, you don't; but I have done some figuring in this. You gave the landlord your wallet and watch, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's more value than he has probably ever seen before. He'll skip with your stuff before daylight."

"Well!"

"And then you'll have to rob me to get on. Stranger, I'm a man as don't never take no chances. I've got a revolver here, and the first move you make to get out of bed I'll plug you."

"I can turn over, can't I?"

"Yes, but be powerful careful about it, for I'm up to snuff."

I turned over and went to sleep again, and when morning came his moving around awoke me. I tried to joke him, but he was sour and morose and wouldn't take it. When we went down stairs it was to find the colored help sitting in the early sun, with no move towards breakfast.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Mars —— has done gone an' left de place in de night, an' dar's nobody to boss," was the reply.

My roommate had figured "right smart." —*Detroit Free Press.*

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

The overshadowing question before the people of the United States is not, strictly speaking, a political question, though a political party is largely responsible for its existence.

It is a question of capacity—can the people stand the burdens laid upon them? The American is a man of many governments and acquainted with tax. He is a citizen of a county, and very often of a municipality also; he is a citizen of a State and a citizen of the United States, and every one of these organizations takes it out of him. There are ad valorem taxes and specific taxes, direct and indirect taxes, taxes governmental, sentimental and political. For the governmental tax he generally gets some tangible return. The county gives him roads and bridges; the city gives him light, water and police; the State gives him judges and officers of the law; the general government gives him an army and navy, the civil establishment at home and the ambassadorial establishment abroad.

The sentimental tax has also its returns, though not so tangible. Humanity requires that the poor shall be fed and the afflicted cared for.

But the political tax makes no return. In all the other cases the taxpayer is in sort a subscriber and gets some kind of a dividend on his investment, but here the money might be better thrown into the sea. Then it would simply be lost, and not, as now, be seed from which a harvest of new exactions springs.

But the point is that, return or no return, the taxes all tend to one center like the lines in a spider's web. No matter what the assessment is called, or who levies it, or where it goes to after it is levied, it all comes out of the same pocket. We have many citizenships and many governmental relations, but we have but one purse, and the capacity of this purse is about exhausted.—*N. Y. World.*

Sayings of the Little Ones.

Teacher—"Who was the most concerned when Absalom got hung by the hair?" Tommy—"Abs'lom."

Little Girl—"Your papa has only got one leg, hain't he?" Veteran's Little Girl—"Yes." "Where is his other one?" "Hush, dear; it's in heaven."

Little Boston Girl (to recent arrival)—"You jus' come from heaven, brudder?" (Brudder vouchsafes no reply.) Little Boston Girl—"Heaven peoples ain't as smart as Boston peoples. We can talk."

Tom's little cousin, Mabel, described graphically her sensation on striking a dimpled elbow on the bed carving. "Oh, my!" she sighed, "mamma, I've struck my arm just where it makes stars in my fingers!"

"Richard, what does make you read so constantly?" "Why, you see, mamma, next week I shall be nine years old, and I must get through this book before then, for you see it says, 'For children of six to eight years.'"

Mamma—"Robbie, does your ear ache?" Robbie—"No, mamma." "Then why have you put cotton in it?" "Well, mamma, you know you keep on telling me that I learn so little, because what goes in at one ear comes out the other. So I've plugged the other up."

Mamma (to Edith, aged three years and six months, just home from her first morning at the kindergarten)—"Well, Edith, how did you like it?" Edith—"I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."

"Johnny," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "what must we first do before we can expect forgiveness of our sins?" "We have to sin first," promptly replied Johnny, and though the answer was not down in the lesson, it contained such a large chum of truth that the teacher let it pass.

"Grandpa, do hens make their own eggs?" "Yes, indeed, they do, Johnny" "An' do they always put the yolk in the middle?" 'Guess they do, Johnny." "An' do they put the starch around it to keep the yeller from rubbing off?" "Quite likely, my little boy." "An' who sews the cover on?" This stumped the old gentleman.

Small Boy—"Papa, what does 'monotonous' mean?" Father (wearily)—"Wait till your mother begins to talk dress with your aunt, my boy; then you'll realize the full meaning of the word."

The Largest Salary.

A MAN WHO RECEIVES FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS EVERY YEAR.

A gray haired man of possibly fifty-eight or sixty years, of medium height, rather rotund in build and posessor of a pair of beady black eyes, took a pen in his chubby hand and indicted, "A. Bonzano, Phœnix, Pa." on the register of the Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, a few days ago, says the Times-Star. He seemed to be simply and sorely a well-to-do business man who had come to the city to transact business, and by his nervously quick manner a casual observer might think that he would do his business briskly and shake the mud of Cincinnati from his feet as soon as possible. Now, who was this man Bonzano?

The richest salaried man in America outside possibly the President of this great and growing nation.

He is merely an "employee" of the Phœnix Iron Company, of Phœnix, Pa, and a civil engineer. Here in the West we know not Bonzano, as he is in the East, but nevertheless the men with capital out here, who are backing up great bridge projects with their spozdulix, are gradually coming to realize the most absolute necessity of having Alphonse Bonzano look first into the project then give his very valuable professional opinion concerning the feasibility of said project. Now, as to his salary. An unblushing reporter put it straight to the old engineer last night.

"My salary, my son," replied Mr. Bonzano, with a strong Teutonic accent, "is simply enormous. Does that satisfy you?"

This is all the old man has ever been heard to say on that apparently delicate subject, but there are at least two men in this city who should know what the salary of this wonderful man is annually. The reporter met them and requested accurate information on the subject. The answer was simply stupendous. They replied almost in the same voice:

"About $50,000 a year."

The answer may sound more like an exageration, to draw it mildly, than a solid fact, but almost any civil engineer of your acquaintance, precious reader, will verify this incontrovertable fact. They say—that is those who know him—say of Bonzano:

"He is a man who loves his home and family, trusts his God, helps the needy in distress, and does his work more accurately and quickly than any other man of his kind in America."

A White Dove in Church.

A Newton lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited last summer. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation.

She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sabbath school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings.

Unlike many church goers, the weather made no differance to the dove, but every Sabbath, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.—*Newton (Mass.) Graphic.*

A Railroad to South America.

The International Railroad Commission, provided for by the late Pan-American Congress, met at Washington last week and organized. It will convene again Thursday and proceed to business, to formulate some plan for the building of a transcontinental American railroad to connect the railroad systems of North and South America, and give a continuous line from Canada to Patagonia. This enterprise is no longer chimerical, but entirely feasible, and far easier than is generally supposed.

The United States was connected with the Mexican system of railroads some years ago, and the North American system now extends nearly to the southern boundary of our sister republic. There are a number of disconnected lines in South America, but they can easily be united and a continuous road established. In the Argentine Republic, roads extend from Patagonia to the Bolivian frontier. Chili also has a good system of roads, and there are important links in Colombia and Peru. More than half of the line from the Isthmus of Panama to the mouth of the La Plata is already laid. The longest break is in Central America, but even there some railroads have been begun and others are proposed.

There are four possible routes suggested, the average cost of construction being considerably less than the Union Pacific called for. The latter was regarded as a wonderful feat at the time it was built, but it is recognized that the work could be done now far more cheaply and satisfactorily. Moreover, in the building of a road of this kind, all the States, particularly the South American republics, would contribute so liberally by the donation of lands, the remission of duties, and by actual and positive State aid, that the line could be built without bearing too hard on any one country.

The meeting at Washington is of course only a preliminary one. It will decide upon steps to be taken looking to the construction of the proposed road, and order a survey to determine which of the four proposed routes is the most practicable and can be constructed at the smallest cost. This survey will be made at the expense of the several American republics, each bearing a share of it in proportion to its population.

It is not worth while pointing out the advantages of a road of this kind—they are so clear and striking. We have had a very good example in the case of the Mexican roads and their effect upon the two republics interested. The extension of the American railroad system into Mexico has advanced that country more than it had moved forward in the previous century. It increased its wealth, improved its industries, advanced the value of its lands and mines. Nor was it without its political effect. The railroads put an end to pronunciamientos and revolutions, and since they were built Mexico has enjoyed a larger period of peace, order and prosperity than it ever before knew. Railroads would have the same effect in Central and South America, and the revolutions which now unsettle those countries would disappear before them. As for the United States, it has secured almost as good returns from the Mexican lines as Mexico itself. They have turned the trade of that country from England in this direction and trebled our commerce with "the land of the Aztecs." We can hope to secure the bulk of the South American business when a continuous railroad extends from New York to Buenos Ayres.

Hence, the people of the United States see with satisfaction the meeting of the International American Railroad Commission in Washington, and hope that it will be able to formulate some practical plan by which the proposed line can be built at an early day.—*Times-Democrat.*

The First Bucktail.

WHO WORE IT AND ORIGINATED THE FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT?

A correspondent from Coudersport, Pa., to the New York Sun writes as follows:

No regiment of soldiers that participated in the war of the rebellion acquired greater fame than the body of hunters, lumbermen and other sturdy dwellers in the mountains and backwoods of Pennsylvania, who marched to the front under the name of the Bucktails, the name being given the regiment from the fact that each man wore in his cap the tail of a buck, cut, in almost every instance, from a buck killed by the wearer himself. The regiment was noted for its bravery during the war, and but few of the original Bucktails came back. The questions of who was the first soldier to enlist in the Union army in 1861, who was the youngest soldier and who the oldest, have been widely discussed and settled, and now the question has been raised among the few survivors of the old Bucktail Regiment, "Who was the first Bucktail?"

This county (Potter) puts in a claim to the honor of having furnished the idea for the Bucktail Regiment through John Owen. In August, 1861, Col. Kane, afterward Gen. Kane, the famous brother of Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was recruiting a regiment in this county. His headquarters were at Coudersport. John Owen was working for O. P. Kilbourne, a few miles from this place, at the time. One day in August he quit work and declared that he would not do another day's work until the war was over. Kilbourne was hunting that day, and killed a big buck. Owen cut the tail off, stuck it in his cap and enlisted under Col. Kane. The bucktail in Owens cap struck Col. Kane as a novel thing, and he immediately set to work gathering all the tails he could in this and the adjoining counties to give to the men he had already enlisted to wear in their caps, and every new man was urged to bring his bucktail with him. Col. Kane gave the name Bucktails to the organization.

Clinton county, however, presents a claim to having the honor of providing the original member of the Bucktails, and records of the Pennsylvania Volunteers seem to substantiate the claim. The records show that as early as April 24, 1861, volunteers wearing bucktails in their caps arrived at Camp Curtin, in Harrisburg, and it is claimed that the first one to wear the subsequently famous decoration was George McQuown, of Lock Haven, and the next John Murphy, the two men enlisting in that order. The tails were obtained of Peter Smith, an old hunter living on Boon's mountain, in Clearfield county. McQuown and Murphy were killed at the battle of Drainesville, still wearing the bucktails they had placed in their caps when they enlisted.

How to Gain in Flesh.

It is not what one eats that makes one fat, but the food that is properly digested and assimilated that increases the flesh. The food that ferments in the stomach or passes undigested into the viscera, does the system much harm, as they say, it makes a man thin to carry so much effete matter around with him. In order that there be a full and thorough digestion and assimilation in the stomach, the liver and the kidneys must be kept in the finest condition. These great organs of life frequently need the aid of various herbal juices. It is to them what oil is to machinery. It enables them to do their work with less friction. It is this friction that wears out mechanical machinery as well as the machinery of life. Now science has discovered the herbs that naturally aid the movements of the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. They are contained in that efficacious remedy known as Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. If you are in general ill health give it a trial and see how much better you will feel.

Look out! Don't fool with the antis heir blade's loaded."

A Race With Robbers.

THE POET OF THE SIERRAS RELATES A THRILLING INCIDENT OF HIS YOUTH.

I was ice-bound at Lewiston, Idaho. Men wanted to send money below to their friends or families; merchants, anticipating the tremendous rush, must get letters through the snow to Walla Walla. Would I go? Could I go?

The snow was deep. The trails, over open and mountainous mountains, were drifted full. Could any living man face the drifting snow and find his way to Walla Walla? At first the merchants had tried to hire Indians to undertake the trip and deliver their letters. Not one could be found to go. When the storm abated a little the men who kept the ferry across the Shoshonee river scraped off the snow, and cutting down the upheaved blocks of ice made it possible to cross with a horse.

At first I meant to carry only letters. But having finally consented to take a little gold for one merchant, I soon found I should lose friends if I did not take gold for others. The result was that I had to take gold worth nearly $10,000.

A few muffled up friends came down to the river bank to see me off. It was a great event. For two weeks we had not had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and icy morning, after I had mounted my plunging pony, I saw in the crowd several faces that I did not like. There was Dave English, who was hung on that spot with several of his followers, not forty days later; there was Boone Helm, hung in Montana; Cherokee Bob, killed in Millesburg, and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Indians a little way down the river. So when he rode ahead of me I was rather glad than otherwise; for I felt that he would not go far. I kept watch of him, however, and when I saw that he skulked around under the hill, as if he were going home, and then finally got back into the trail, I knew there was trouble ahead.

BUT THE "RUBICON" WAS NOW BEHIND.

My impetuous horse was plunging in the snow, and I was soon tearing through the storm up the hill Once fairly on my way I looked back below. Dave English and Boon Helm were bidding good-by to two mounted cowboys at the ferry house. Ten minutes later, as I looked back through the blinding snow, I saw that these two desperate fellows were following me.

True, there was nothing criminal in that. The two highwaymen had a right to ride behind me if they wished. And Canada Joe had just as good a right to ride ahead of me. But to be on a horse deep in the blinding snow, and loaded down with gold was bad enough. To have a desperado blocking the narrow trail before you, was fearful

I had two six shooters close at hand under the bearskin flap of my saddle-bag, where the gold was. I kept my left hand in my pocket, where lay a small six-shooter warm and ready. Once as the drifting and blinding snow broke away up the mountain, I saw Canada Joe with his head bent down in the storm still pushing on ahead of me at a safe distance. A few moments after, as I crossed and climbed the farthest bank of an ugly canon, the robbers came near enough to hail me. One of them held up a bottle. They evidently intended to overtake me if they could and profess to be friendly. This I must not allow. I urged my ambitious horse to his best. But, to my dismay, as I hastened up a narrow pass, I found that I was not far behind Canada Joe. This low browed black fellow was reported to be the worst in all that country. And that was saying he was bad indeed.

I was in a tight place now, and had to think fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others came up But I was really afraid of him. It seemed a much easier task to turn and kill the two rear men and get back to town. But, no! no! all this was abandoned as soon as thought of. In those days even the most desperate had certain rights, which their surviving friends would enforce.

I was now but a few hundred yards behind Canada Joe. So far as I could find out

THE ROBBERS WERE CLOSING IN ON ME.

But we had ridden over the roughest part of the road, and were within a few miles of the high plateau, so that the wind was tearing past in a gale, and the drifting snow almost blinded me.

Suddenly, I had a new thought. Why not take to the left, gain the plateau by a new route, and let these bloodthirsty robbers close their net without having me inside? I rose in my saddle with excitement at the idea and striking spurs to my brave horse, I was soon climbing up the gradual slope at a gallop. Ah! but I was glad! Gallop! gallop! gallop! I seemed to hear many horses. Turning my head suddenly over my shoulder, I saw my two pursuers not a hundred yards behind me. They shouted. I was now on the high plateau, and the snow was not so deep. Gallop! gallop! gallop! Canada Joe—thank heaven, was away to the right, and fast falling behind. Gallop! gallop! gallop. I was gaining on the robbers, and they knew it. Fainter and fainter came their curses and their shouts.

And then: Whiz! Crack! Thud!

I looked back and saw that they both had thrown themselves from their saddles and were taking deliberate aim. But to no purpose, not one shot touched me or my horse, and I reached the first station and finally rode into Walla Walla with my precious burden safe and sound.—*Joaquin Miller, in St. Nicholas.*

The Surgeon Bird.

Two birds were building a nest under a study window. A gentleman sat in that study every day. He watched the birds. They were building the nest of clay. They brought round bits of wet clay in their bills. They stuck these bits upon the wall.

After they had worked busily for a while they would perch on a tree near by. There they would sit and look at the nest. Some times they would fly down and tear away all that they built. Sometimes a part of the nest would fall down. Then the birds would sit and think how to build it better.

Right in the middle of their work an accident happened. One of the birds stepped on a piece of broken glass. It cut her foot very badly.

But Mrs. Bird was a brave little body. She wished to keep on with her work. She did keep on until she was faint and sick, and could not fly up from the ground. Then she lay down. She closed her eyes. She looked very sick.

The other bird looked at her anxiously. Then he turned around and gave three strange cries. Soon several birds came flying about, to see what was the matter.

A little surgeon bird came with them. He looked like the others, but he soon showed that he was a surgeon. He brought a bit of wet clay in his bill. He ground it fine with his own little beak. Then he spread it on the bird's sore, stiff foot, just as a surgeon spreads a plaster. Next he took in his bill a long green cornstock which lay near. He flew up on a tin water-pipe under the window. One end of the corn-stalk was near the lame bird. She took hold of it with her bill, and helped herself up on the water-pipe, too. Then the surgeon bird helped her into the half-built nest.

Poor Mrs. Bird! It was very hard to be sick, and to move into the half-built house.

What do you suppose the surgeon bird did next? He went to work and helped Mr. Bird finish the nest, then he flew off home.

Could the gentleman in his study have been kinder or wiser than that little bird? —*Interstate Primary Meeting.*

Baton Rouge is now boasting of having a street car strike.

Louisiana Methodists.

LIST OF APPOINTMENTS FOR THE COMING MINISTERIAL YEAR.

MONROE, Dec. 8.—At the meeting of the conference last night Bishop Haygood announced the following appointments for the ensuing year:

New Orleans District, C. F. Evans, P. E.—Carondelet Street, W. H. Laparade; Felicity Street, J. T. Sawyer and W. Dunstan; Rayne Memorial, J. M. Beard; Moreau Street, J. B. Walker; Plaquemine and Donaldsonville, S. S. Keener; Carrollton and Gretna, C. B. Carter and S. S. Keener; Louisiana Avenue, Wm. Wimberly; Algiers, H. S. Johns; Baton Rouge, J. A. Parker; Grosse Tete and False River, N. BNorwood; Dryades Street, A. E. Clay; Craps Street and Sorapuru, J. B. A. Ahrens; Lower Coast Mission, J. F. Scurlock; editor Christian Advocate, C. W. Carter; editor Familen-freund, J B A. Ahrens; Colporteur, F. D. Vanvalkenburg; transferred, B. Carradine, to St. Louis; F. M. Grace, to North Georgia Conference.

Shreveport District, R. J. Harp, P. E.—City mission, J. M. Henry; Shreveport, J. L. Pierce; Mooringsport, E. L. Singletary; Caddo, H. S. Whatley; Mansfield, J. B. Cassidy; Many, S. S. Holliday; Grand Cane, J. Scroleet; Anacoco and Bellewood, J. C. Tonley; Pleasant Hill, W. F. Henderson; Natchitoches, A. T. McEvery; Coushatta, J. E. Densen; Wesley, J. B. Williams; Red River, S J. Daves; Valley, R. S. Collins; South Bossier, Louis A. Reed; North Bossier, J. S. Henderson; president Mansfield College, A. D. McVay; Sabine, Wm. Schult.

Alexandria District, J. Ivy Hauffpauer, P. E.—Alexandria, T. J. Fauntleroy; Lecompte and Boyce, T. B. White; Evergreen, J. H. Brown; Simsport and Melville, W. G. Evans; Spring Creek, S. H. Cooper; Sugartown, R. C. Grace; Montgomery, W. H. Whit; Ada, R. M. Walker; Centreville, Wilson Moore; Vidalia and Trinity, I J. Kelly and J. H. Calloway; Columbia, C. M. Lyons.

Opelousas District, J. A. Miller, P. E.—Opelousas and Washington, T. S. Randell; Plaquemine and Rayne, R. M. Blocker; Abbeville, T. G. Hocutt; New Iberia, S. T. Parks; Franklin, H. H. Adams; Lafayette, A. D. McVay; Lake Charles, T. J. Upton; Pattersonville and Morgan City, T. B. Alexander; Sulphur Mines, T. N. Sweeney; Grand Cheniere, C. T. Stalyes; Sabine Mission, C. H. Coombs.

Delhi District, G. O. White, P. E.—Monroe, B. White; West Monroe, J. E. Riddle; Bastrop, P. Armstrong; Lind Grove, Geo. E. Green; Delhi, J. M Brown; Floyd, J. S. Sanders; Lake Providence, R. S. Isbell; Oak Ridge, J. F. Patterson; Richland, C. T. Mandeville; Harrisonburg, C. T. Munholt; Waterproof, N. S. Cornell; Winnsboro, to be supplied by T. B. Reneau.

Arcadia District, J. L. P. Shepard, P. E.—Homer, Robert Randall; Haynesville, P. M. May; Minden, J. W. Medlock; Gibsland, J. T. Foster; Ringgold, R. Parvin; Sparta, J. P. Godfrey; Saline, B. H Shepard; Summerfield, J. D. Bennett; Ruston and Vienna, J. D. Harper and I. T. Reams; Vernon, D. C. Barr; Indian Village, R. P. Powell; Downsville, R. A. Davis; Farmerville, M. J. Porter; Gainesville, P. Hacket.

Philosophy of Excise Arrests.

AN INGENIOUS EXPLANATION OF THE REGULAR SUNDAY PARADE OF INNOCENTS.

Policeman James E. Hannon arraigned Carsten Hilsborn, Jr., of 151 West Broadway, in the Tombs Police Court yesterday for violating the excise law.

"How'd you get into this man's place?" asked Justice White.

"Side door."

"What'd you see?"

"This man ahind a bar."

"Dee sell anything?"

"Nope."

"See any one drinking?"

"Nope."

"Discharged."

Three cases exactly similar followed and a new court reporter asked one of the court officers:

"Why do the policemen arrest these saloon keepers when they know they have no case against them?"

"Well, you see, if a policeman went into a saloon and came out without making an arrest, some one might see him and think he had been in drinking, and make a complaint against him. So for their own protection they arrest the barkeeper. See?"

"Oh, yes, I see," replied the new reporter.

The view of such cases that a police justice is likely to take is slightly different. His notion is that the policeman does not usually arrest the bartender unless there are grounds for that proceeding, and does not, after arresting him, testify that the law was not violated, unless he has grounds for that proceeding, too. Police justices have even gone so far as to suggest that a policeman who had made an excise arrest and afterward sworn that the law had not been violated ought to be dealt with peremptorily by the police board.—*New York Sun.*

The Kawachi Orange.

Agricultural Editor of The Times Democrat:

Dear Sir—I have read Mr. H. E. Amoore's letter from Japan in one of your recent issues, with a great deal of interest. I am one of those who belive in the Japanese fruits for the extreme South. I mail you to-day a sample fruit of the Kawachi orange, I believe this caps the climax as being the largest Mandarin in cultivation. I find the trees equally as hardy as the Ooushin and little more vigurous in growth. I also put in a sample fruit and foliage of the Ooushin and Kawachi in order that you may compare the difference. I mailed to-day a sample fruit of the Kawachi to Prof. Bailey, editor of the American Garden, that was nearly a foot in diameter, larger than the one I mail you. I see that the Kawachi brings the top price in the Chicago market.

The oranges sent are green yet, the first blooms were cut off by the last march blizzard. They bloomed again and are consequently late in ripening the season. I expect to have them ripe much earlier next time. Yours respectfully,

J. L. NORMAND.

Marksville, La, Dec. 2, 1890.

The specimen oranges were received in excellant order, are a fair eating fruit, not equal in our opinion to the Ooushin, but nevertheless, if our judgement is correct a decided aquisition. Doubtles they would be much better if fully ripe.—*Times-Democrat.*

George William Curtis, in the "Editor's Easy Chair" of Harper's Magazine for November, makes some comments upon a recent peculiar phase of the temperance movement in one of the States. He says in conclusion:

"The force of the sentiment of temperance in the community will be tested not by attempted prohibition, but by ingenious obstruction. It will not say probably, that there shall be no public drinking, but that it shall be accompanied with full responsibility, shall be deliberate and without concealment."

Those who have not lived in Washington think of it only in its political character, yet politics is the last topic discussed in the clubs and the mansions of the capital. It is not only bad form to talk politics there; it is impossible to do it. Men of both parties and of all factions meet together in the drawing rooms, and strong friendships—like that of Senator Voorhees and James G. Blaine—grow up between men of contrary political views. Besides, where every man is a politician, rest from politics is the one thing sought by all when social affairs provide a truce between statesmen.—*N. Y. Sun.*