

# The St. Landry Clarion.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIED BY GAIN."

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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### A LESSON.

When in my heart love first began,  
So well I played my part,  
Her brother thought me fine,  
Her father said I was a man  
Right after his own heart.

Her sister said I was a dear,  
Her brother thought me fine,  
And to mamma did I appear  
A creature half divine.

But when I asked her for her hand  
She laughed a laugh most gay,  
And told me in sweet accents bland  
To call some other day.

Next time I find myself involved  
By fate in love's mad whirl,  
Upon one thing I am resolved:  
I'm going to court the girl.  
—Tom Mason, in Detroit Free Press.

### A ROMANTIC TRAGEDY.

THE Little Tennessee river winds circuitously through these large mountains and finally finds its way into the Tennessee at Lenoir City, at a point near the state line between Tennessee and North Carolina. Yellow creek empties into the Little Tennessee. About five miles up this creek lived old man Burchfield and his family, composed of his wife and two children, one a boy of sixteen and the other a girl of eighteen. Their parents called them Lem and Lize. Lem did not amount to much, but Lize was known through all the mountain settlements. She had a pretty face and a beautiful figure. The arts of fashion were never known to her and nature was her only teacher. She could climb a mountain or shoot a rifle as good as anyone.

A few miles from the Burchfields there lived another old settler named Wilson. This old man was blessed with a large crop of boys, the oldest being known as "Bill." Bill was not a handsome boy, neither was he extra smart, but, as old man Burchfield expressed it, "he was one of the evenest boys you ever seen." Bill was passionately fond of Lize, and more than one Sunday did he spend at the Burchfield cabin "a-wooin' and a-cooin' of her." His affection was by no means reciprocated, for this fair maiden loved another. Lize had once attended a dance in Cade's Cove, and while there she met a young man named Zeb Simpson. They danced together several times, and before the festivities were over Zeb and Lize had told each other of their love.

Zeb was a little handsomer in the eyes of Lize than Bill, and besides he had traveled. He could sit and tell all about the big houses in Maryville and Sevierville, having visited both places. He also visited at the Burchfield cabin, much to the discomfiture of Bill. Zeb continued his visits, and it was not many months before there was a deadly enmity between the two mountain bucks. It was reported that Bill had said he would kill his rival before he should take his girl away from him. This greatly annoyed Lize and Zeb, because they had an idea that Bill would do just as he had said, so they put their heads together and fixed, as they thought, a great plan to get rid of Bill.

The plan agreed upon was this: Bill owned a small mill way up the creek, where he made enough whiskey for his own use and a little to sell. Zeb was to go to Maryville, where he could find Freshaur, a revenue man, and inform him of the still in the mountains. Freshaur was to go to Lize, and from her he was to get all the information needed. The revenue man started out on his mission, and after a tiresome journey reached old man Burchfield's on Yellow creek.

The girl, as soon as she had talked awhile with the stranger and found out who he was, immediately sent word to Bill to meet her at his still soon the next morning, as she wanted to see him. Bill received the message with feelings of great joy. He didn't sleep a wink that night. Many a vision passed through his mind. Air castles were built one after another.

Long before day the next morning found him at his still, cleaning it and fixing a nice little rustic seat for the idol of his heart. But he was soon to meet with disappointment in a manner which was least expected. While sitting at the foot of a large poplar tree

partly dreaming, there suddenly sprang out from among the bushes a man with a Winchester directly leveled at Bill's face. "Throw up your hands!" the man with the Winchester exclaimed. "All right, Mister Officer," said Bill. "Come on an git me; I am not er goin' to feel hard at you. I am er ready to go with yer, but please let me say a few words afore I leave my still." "All right," said the officer, and as Bill knelt down he was heard to utter these words: "Good-by, old still, I may never see you again, but I swear afore God that if I live I'll git outen this me or Zeb Simpson will die." Bill had gotten through the whole scheme, and had taken an oath to kill the man who had robbed him. The revenue man destroyed the still

and carried his prisoner to Maryville jail, where a number of other prisoners were incarcerated preparatory to attending the "big court" at Knoxville. There were several murderers confined in the jail, and a plan of escape was in progress when Bill was placed inside its walls. They found no trouble in getting the new man to help them, and for three weeks they worked all the time they could, and finally a night was set to make a break for freedom. Their plans were successful, and the next morning the town was all astir over a jail delivery. In the excitement which followed, Bill was forgotten. There were more important ones to catch, and he found no trouble in making his way back to his old home.

He traveled over the mountains where no one would see him, and he slipped in home after dark one Saturday night. The old folks were glad to see him, but he was determined to receive bad news. Zeb was coming over to marry Lize the next day.

Bill never said a word, but went to his bed, after eating a snack, telling his folks that he would not be home on the following day. Before daybreak Bill took his old trusty rifle and wended his way over to the foot of "Old Bald" mountain, where he knew Zeb would pass on his way to Burchfield's.

He sat down on the side of the path and waited. About two hours after sunup he saw some one coming down the mountain with a rifle on his shoulder. Upon closer examination it proved to be his old-time rival. Would he step back in the bushes and murder him? No. Face to face he would meet him and settle the grudge. Zeb pladdad along with a light heart, not dreaming of the fate which awaited him. As he suddenly rounded a turn in the path he recognized not twenty feet in front of him his old enemy, Bill Wilson.

"Zeb," said Bill, "you beat me outen the gal, and you thought I was in jail, but I am here right now to kill you." Hardly had he uttered these words when two rifles were quickly raised and two shots were quickly fired, but only one report could have been heard. Zeb was shot through the heart, while the deadly leaden missile wended its



HER EYES FELL UPON TWO MEN LYING PROSTRATE ON THE GROUND.

way through Bill's brain, and they both fell dead. At the Burchfield mansion all was astir. The neighbors had assembled to witness the marriage ceremony. Ten o'clock came and the groom had not put in his appearance; eleven and twelve o'clock came without any change, and the impatience of Lize knew no bounds. Without saying a word to anyone she slipped out of the cabin and wended her way in the direction her lover would come, hoping to meet him on the road.

On and she went until she nearly reached the foot of Bald mountain when she stumbled and fell. She got up and sat down at the foot of a tree and waited several hours for Zeb to come. Would she go to him? Yes.

With a sudden start she arose, and hardly had she gone ten steps before her eyes rested on the forms of two men lying prostrate on the ground. She started to run at first, but finally concluded to see what was the matter. When she got closer she saw who it was, and not being able to stand the shock she fell in a dead faint.

The Burchfields and neighbors waited for Lize to return, and at last they concluded to go in search of her. They found her at the foot of the mountain, lying on the ground, unconscious, and a little further on they found Bill and Zeb. The Burchfields soon restored Lize to her reason, but in no manner would she answer any questions applied to her. A consultation was held and it was agreed that they should all go home, as it would soon be dark, and the next morning they would return and bury the dead where they were found.

A great sensation was created, but it soon died away. The general belief was that Zeb and Bill had met and quarreled over Lize and their deaths were the result.

Five years had passed and Lize had grown into womanhood. During all this time she had never uttered one word in regard to the tragedy. One Sunday, when she was attending meeting, she became very much interested, and before the services were over she had professed her faith in God, and to that assemblage gathered there she related every detail from beginning to end of this noted case and asked forgiveness of everyone for the part she played.

### RUBENSTEIN AND WAGNER.

The Former Thought the Latter Sent Music to the Devil and to Chaos.

His veneration for the classics was almost fanatical, and for him the last word had been said in music when Chopin laid down his pen. In the genius of his contemporaries he had absolutely no belief. The compositions of Berlioz he considered wild and unsatisfactory; Wagner he disliked; Liszt as a composer had no place in his respect; and he looked askance at Tschalkovsky.

Remembering Rubinstein's position as a composer at first glance a certain sequence of ideas would lead one to suspect that the inevitable jealousy commonly supposed to exist between "two of a trade" was at the bottom of this. But any such suspicion wrongs Rubinstein. He was not a man of that sort. For four years I studied his music of thought and character minutely. I saw him in many trying positions, and was often surprised to find how little outside things, especially personal crosses, disturbed the serenity of his convictions, and how free he was from those petty jealousies and weaknesses so often found in the character of artists, great or small.

In his incapability to appreciate the compositions of his contemporaries Rubinstein was absolutely sincere. The mere fact of his acknowledging this incapability actually shows the honesty of his character and convictions, since it was a brave thing for a man of his position to fly in the face of the acknowledged and cherished ideas of his contemporaries, if for no other reason than for fear of ridicule; and Rubinstein was not a man to brave ridicule if he could by any means honorably escape it.

Rubinstein himself was sometimes puzzled, even more than were others, by his antipathy to the music of his contemporaries; and once, when discussing this question, he said to me: "I cannot understand it or myself. I can seemingly explain it only by supposing I was born too soon or too late."

The real explanation lies, however, in the fact that Rubinstein's genius was essentially lyrical and subjective. He never tried to paint the human emotions in tone-colors, as Wagner did. He invariably sang about them, and of them, without ever thinking of creating their musical prototypes. With him it was song first and song last and song always. Therefore he differed from Wagner, and failed to understand him.

It was a subject Rubinstein's intimate friends frequently discussed with him, and many were the battles fought in the cause. On one occasion he grew positively angry, and cried out, with "You did it good! I do not. Wagner has sent music to the devil and to chaos. He has been original at the expense of true art, and all who follow him—since not one in a thousand will have his cleverness—will find themselves in a wilderness of barrenness and darkness. Their labors will produce nothing that can live. As for this motive business you all rave over, what is it? Where is its beauty? Can one call it art? Most a singer come on the boards with his photograph pinned on his breast in the shape of a motive? No, and again no. It is false, and so I can only regard it."

When it comes to a matter of opinion emphatically expressed by a great man, all argument must cease, since of all things a great man's rooted opinion is most difficult to remove; the more one works at it, the closer it seems to stick. This was certainly so in Rubinstein's case. He disliked Wagner intensely, and was sincere in his dislike. It was a positive pain for him to see his pupils or those who surrounded him become Wagner enthusiasts; and enthusiasts all who admire Wagner are bound to become. I have many times seen him sit at the symphony concerts in perplexed wonder, listening to the thundering applause that followed a Wagner number. He seemed unable to grasp the reason, and surely there was absolutely no sham in his dislike; it came from his very soul.

It must, however, be remembered that against Wagner the man and Wagner the composer—even when he never uttered a word. He was utterly above this. He was one of the few artists whose personal dislikes were limited. It was against Wagner the innovator and teacher that he spoke. —Alexander McArthur, in Century.

### GRESHAM JUSTIFIED.

The Secretary of State Has Faith in the Judgment of the People.

Secretary of State Gresham has been the subject, almost continuously since he accepted office under President Cleveland, of vindictive criticism by his political and personal opponents, and he has followed the example of Mr. Bayard in refraining from making any defense of his course and in trusting to time and the good sense and justice of his countrymen for his justification. His reliance upon the ultimate approval of his fellow-citizens was not misplaced, and it begins to be justified.

Early in the history of the war between China and Japan, when it was reported that the good offices of the ministers of the United States in China and Japan were frequently employed by both China and Japan, the newspapers and out of the congress derived some satisfaction from the constant and positive assertion that the ministers of the United States were held in general contempt, and that their efforts were provocative only of ridicule.

Owing to the encouragement, perhaps, of "jingo" senators and politicians, the minister of Nicaragua at Washington has, possibly without intending to do so, helped to impress a large number of the readers of our newspapers with the belief that a failure to prevent, by force, if necessary, the collection by Great Britain of an indemnity from Nicaragua for the insolent treatment of British representatives in Nicaragua would be a disgraceful abandonment by the United States of the Monroe doctrine.

There are some indications, which may not be convincing to the "jingos" of the Maine and Massachusetts stripes, that Secretary Gresham will be justified by those who have greater reason than the Lodges and the Fyres for holding him up to public execration, and that by and by the reasons that constrain foreigners in compelling him will command the approval of his own countrymen.

The London Times recently gave space to a letter from Sir Henry Horwath, M. P., suggesting that it is to the interest of England "to formulate a common policy with the United States in regard to the far east," and the Pall Mall Gazette, in approving the suggestion of Mr. Horwath, declares that "America has received many marks of respect from China and Japan." This is a rude denial of the "jingo" complaint, but it contributes to the approval of the policy pursued in the east by Secretary Gresham and the administration of Mr. Cleveland.

It is just as well to be suspicious of British opinion of our construction of the Monroe doctrine, but Secretary Gresham's course in Nicaragua, which began of his handling of the matter, is more intelligently discussed in the British papers than it has been by the American "jingos," who would pursue a policy, in the name of the Monroe doctrine, that would invite the constant provocation of foreign powers toward South American states, and would also keep us in hot water in the effort to assert a doctrine understood by few men as it has recently been expounded by Mr. John E. Russell and Senator Hill.

It is not generally understood, although it is a fact, that the Americans in Nicaragua who had a grievance which was similar to that of Consul Hatch, and would have justified a peremptory demand for indemnity and apology, deprived the United States of all grounds for demand upon Nicaragua by accepting such hospitalities at the hands of the government that they could not, with justice or decency, invoke diplomatic controversy in their behalf. —N. Y. Times.

When Reed, McKinley, et al., look over the political field, they see a good deal of plowing that ought to be done right away.—Tammany Times.

### REVENUES AND TAXES.

Shameless Dishonesty in the Talk of Restoring Protection.

Will the decrease in the expected yield of the income tax result in a deficiency in the revenues? If so, how shall the lack be made up? These questions are important and may become pressing before the time set for the regular meeting of congress. It is evident, however, that only actual experience will show the revenue-yielding capacity of the remnant of the income-tax law. We shall know before the end of the fiscal year in June. The treasury officials are hopeful that the revenues from all sources, which have lately increased in an encouraging manner, will equal the expenditures before that time.

But if new sources of revenue must be had where shall they be sought? Some of the republicans, upon whom the initiative will rest, say "restore the McKinley duties and secure both ample revenues and adequate protection to American industries." The claim is fallacious, the imputation is dishonest. These partisans conveniently ignore the fact that during the four years' run of the McKinley duties the customs revenues fell off \$17,000,000 compared with the preceding four years under the better tariff of 1893. They ignore the fact, officially certified to by Secretary Foster two weeks before the end of President Harrison's term, that "in view of pressing contingencies"—i. e., an impending deficiency—plates for a new bond issue were ordered to be prepared with all possible haste.

The duties were increased in nearly every schedule by the McKinley act with the avowed purpose of reducing the surplus revenues. They accomplished the purpose. By what kind of economic thimbleberging is it now proposed to increase revenues by restoring the same duties? As for "protection," let facts speak. Under the present tariff, manipulated as it was by the democratic and republican trust agents in the senate, the average duty collected on dutiable goods last year was 59.06 per cent. This is actually the highest average tariff recorded in the history of the government. In 1893, under the war tariff, it was only 48.63. In 1892, under the McKinley tariff, it was 48.71. The per cent. of free goods last year was 59.53. In 1893, under the McKinley law, it was 55.30. The average rate on free and dutiable goods last year was 20.25; in 1893 it was 21.26.

In the face of such facts and figures there is either gross ignorance or shameless dishonesty in the talk of "restoring protection." If more revenue and best way to secure it would probably be to place temporarily a World.

### WAGES AND IMPORTS.

The Reduction in the Tariff Benefits the Workingman.

We are told by some of our high protectionist friends that the exhibit we recently made of the large importations, apparently due to the change in the tariff, are melancholy instances of national decline, because if the goods had not been imported they would have been made in this country. Now, this is just where our short-sighted critics are misled. In a large number of instances if these goods had not been imported, those who have been using them would have had to forego their use. What they show is that our people have a larger amount than they otherwise would have had of the good things of life to divide among themselves. These importations represent the payment that has been made for American exportations. We have had, and in the future are to have to a larger degree, an immense export trade, that is, more and more of the commodities that the American workmen produce are to find markets outside of our borders, and in return for these sales we are to take into this country more and more merchandise which our people very much want, but which we either cannot produce or can produce only at an extravagant price as to make consumption of the desired commodities possible only to those of large incomes. We are getting by degrees—and the more trade restrictions are taken off the nearer we shall approach to that condition—a point when commodities that have hitherto been esteemed luxuries will come within the range of the purchasing power of the wage-earner. In the meantime wages are not going down. On the contrary, the evidence in all of our large manufacturing centers is that the tendency of wages is upward, the prices of the necessities of life are to be lower, but the workingmen are soon to have as high a rate of wages as they ever had, and probably in time a higher rate of wages with which to supply their own needs and the needs of their families.—Boston Herald.

Jingoes Repudiated.

The Buffalo Commercial is a republican newspaper, but it has no sympathy with the "jingoes" who are deploring the fact that Blaine was not alive to handle the Nicaraguan situation for this country. Here is an extract from its columns: "If Uncle Samuel undertakes to uphold every Central and South American country in its quarrels with European powers and to save it from the penalty of its lawlessness, he will be a bigger fool than he has ever given the world cause for suspecting him to be. Insuring Peck's Bad Boy against litigation for cause would not be a patch to this contract."

If Mr. Blaine's coddling of the South American republics has made them any more friendly to the United States in their trade relations, there is no conspicuous evidence of it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—The increase of wages in all the cotton mills at Fall River is another severe blow to the McKinley calamity howlers. Returning prosperity has no regard for the feelings of false prophets.—N. Y. World.

—What the republican party wants as a presidential candidate is some good figure head—the figure being more important than the head.—Albany Argus.