NEW ORLEANS ADVERTISEMENTS.

GO TO

DANZIGER'S,

131 Canal St., New Orleans,

FOR YOUR DRY GOODS.

We are making immense preparations for our Fall and Winter Season, and have now in store, and daily receiving from all European and Northern markets, the most varied, the finest, as well as the cheapest

STOCK OF DRY GOODS

ever brought to this market. By cheapest we do not mean trashy and inferior articles, but the best manufactured, at better value than can be bought elsewhere. Our stock comprises in part Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Mourning Goods, Housekeeping Goods, White Goods, Towels, Table Cloths, Table Damasks, Napkins, Diapers, Bobbinet Bars, Musquito Bar Muslins, Linens, Linen Sheetings, Pillow-case Linens, Nottingham Lace Curtains, Real Lace Curtains, Marseilles Quilts, Honeycomb Quilts, Lambrequins, Tidies, Ladies' Bleached and Unbleached Hosiery, Ladies' Fancy Hosiery, Gents' Bleached and Unbleached Socks, Gents' Fancy Socks, Children's Bleached and Unbleached Hosiery, Children's Fancy Hosiery, Ladies' Gents' and Children's Undershirts, Kid Gloves, Notions, Corsets, Ribbons, Parasols, Fancy Goods, Fans, Embroideries, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Fringes, Trimmings, Cassimeres, Blankets, Shawls, Cloaks, Kentucky Jeans, Cottonades, Flannels, Rob Roy Plaids, Plaid Flannels, Satinets, etc., all at lower prices than they can be bought for elsewhere. Calicoes, Cottons, Sheetings, Plaids, Stripes, Hickories, Denims, Osnaburgs, Checks, Tickings, Awning Stripes, and all other styles of Plantation Goods at New York agents' prices. We have carried over from last year 20 cases White Blankets, 15 bales Gray and Brown Blankets, and to show customers our high appreciation of their patronage,

We Will Sell Them Lower Than Last Year's Prices.

With the immense increase in raw wool, the inducement will, no doubt, be readily appreciated. Our manufactory of

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

has assumed immense proportions, and we are now prepared to fill orders regardless of quantity. Every garment, no matter how low priced, is cut and sewed in the best style and finish.

Jealous to preserve our reputation, and to continue to merit the diplomas awarded to us over all competitors, we keep an ever watchful eye on this department, and supervise personally every article turned out. A fresh line just finished of

Chemises, Skirts, Dressing Sacks, Nightgowns, Pantalettes, Ladies' Trousseaus, Children's Outfits, Infants' Outfits, Children's and Infants' Dresses, Children's Underwear, Etc.,

at prices to defy competition. A liberal discount to merchants.

DRESS MAKING DEPARTMENT

In this department the immense success we have met has encouraged us to make still greater efforts.

We have now three of the best Dress Makers in this city in charge of this department, and with our numerous corps of experienced sewers, can turn out in twenty-four hours the most elaborate costumes.

Any article made in this department not giving full satisfaction may be returned.

MOURNING COSTUMES

Made with dispatch.

A member of the firm gives country orders his special and personal attention. All letters answered and orders filled the same day as received. Samples sent to all parts of the country on application free of charge.

Any goods purchased in any portion of our establishment that do not give full and entire satisfaction may be returned to us, and the money will be refunded if required.

Selling goods below all our competitors, and with all these advantages, it is no wonder that the popular cry is

—GO TO—

DANZIGER'S

A visit of inspection or a trial order is respectfully solicited.
Sept 11-6m

Meyer, Weis & Co.,

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 186 & 188, Common Street,

NEW ORLEANS.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments.
sept 11-6m

HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS.

Fine plated Table-Knives	$4.00	per doz.
" " Butter Dish	4.00	each
" " Pickle Stand	3.00	"
" " Syrup Jug	3.50	"
" " Castors	5.00	"
" " Cake Basket	4.00	"

Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds' Silverware Goods sent anywhere, C. O. D.

A. B. GRISWOLD & CO.,
119 Canal St.,
Sept. 4-6m New Orleans.

SIMON BLOCH,

Cotton and Sugar Factor and General

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

43 Union Street,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
aug 14-1y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. I. Tansey,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OPELOUSAS, LA.

Prompt attention given to collection of claims.

AVOCAT.

Attention toute spéciale pour la collection des réclamations.

April 27-tf

M. D. Kavanagh,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Washington, La.,

Practices at Opelousas, and in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial District. dec 15-tf

E. D. Estilette,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Opelousas, La.

feb 10-tf

F. D. Chretien,

ATTY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC

Office No. 82 Custom House St.,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Prompt attention given to all business confided to his care from the country.
May 15-1y

John E. King,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OPELOUSAS, LA.

Having resumed the active practice of his profession, will give prompt and exclusive attention to all business confided to his management. june 8-tf

W. C. Perrault,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND AUCTIONEER,

Office with E. D. Estilette, Atty at Law,

Adjoining Bailey's Hotel.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims and the entry of lands. feb 21-tf

P. J. PARKER, M. D.,

Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.

Office on Main St., next to Posey's Drug Store.

Residence at the Overton place, Opelousas.
May 15-3m

B. A. Martel,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office—Court Street, near Corner Landry,

OPELOUSAS, LA.,

Will practice in the Parish and District Courts, of the District, and give especial attention to all business before Magistrates' Courts. may 3-tf

The St. Landry Democrat.

VOL. III. OPELOUSAS, LA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1880. NUMBER 37.

[For the ST. LANDRY DEMOCRAT.]

A Sketch.

A Tale of Love and Duty.

The moon looked down upon no fairer sight than Edith Ralston, as she lay sleeping on her little couch, that fair summer night. So thought her mother, as she glided gently in, to give her a silent, good-night blessing. Her long dark hair lay in masses about her neck and shoulders; a smile played about her red lips, and the mother bent low to catch the indistinct murmur. She starts, at the whispered name, as if a serpent had stung her; and as the little snowy hand is tossed restlessly upon the coverlid, she sees, glittering in the moonbeans, on that childish finger, "the golden signet of betrothal." Sleep sought in vain to woo the eyes of the mother that night. Reproachfully she asked herself—

"How could I have been so blind? (but then Edith has seemed to me only a child!) But he! oh, no; the 'wine-cup' will be my child's rival; it must not be. Edith was wilful, and Mrs. Ralston knew she must be cautiously dealt with; but she knew, also, that no mother need despair, who possesses the affection of her child.

Edith's violet eyes opened to greet the first ray of the morning sun, as he peeped into her room. She stood at the little mirror, gathering up, with those small hands, the rich tresses so impatient of confinement. How could she fail to know that she was fair? she read it in every face she met; but there was *one* (and she was hastening to meet him) whose eye had noted, with a lover's pride, every shining ringlet and azure vein, and flitting blush; his words were soft and low, and skillfully chosen, and sweeter than music to her ear; and so she tied, with a careless grace, the little straw hat under her dimpled chin; and fresh, and sweet, and guileless, as the daisy that bent beneath her foot, she tripped lightly on to the old trysting place by the willows.

"Stay!" a hand is laid lightly upon her arm, and the pleading voice of a mother arrests that springing step.

Edith, dear, sit down with me on this old garden seat; give up your walk for this morning; I slept but indifferently last night, and morning finds me languid and depressed."

A shadow passed over Edith's face; the little cherry lips pouted, and a rebellious feeling was busy at her heart; but one look in her mother's pale face decided her, and, untying the strings of her hat, she leaned her head caressingly upon her mother's shoulder.

"You are ill, dear mother; you are *troubled*;" and she looked inquiringly up into her face.

"Listen to me, Edith, I have a story to tell you of myself:

"When I was about your age, I formed an acquintance with a young man, by the name of William. He had been but a short time in the village, but long enough to win the hearts of half the young girls from their rustic admirers. Handsome, frank and social, he found himself everywhere a favorite. He would sit by me for hours, reading our favorite authors; and side by side, we rambled through all the lovely paths with which our village abounded. My parents knew nothing to his disadvantage, and were equally charmed as myself with his cultivated refinement of manner, and the indefinable interest with which he invested every topic, grave or gay, which it suited his mood to discuss. Before I knew it, 'my heart was no longer in my own keeping.'"

"One afternoon, he called to accompany me upon a little excursion, we had planned together. As he came up the gravel walk, I noticed that his fine hair was in disorder; a pang—keen as death—shot through my heart, when he approached me, with reeling, unsteady step, and stammering tongue. I could not speak. The 'chill of death' gathered 'round my heart. I fainted. When I recovered, he was gone, and my mother's face was bending over me, moist with tears. Her woman's heart knew all that was passing in mine. She pressed her lips to my forehead, and only said, 'God strengthen you to choose the right, my child!'"

"I could not look upon her sorrowful eyes, or the pleading face of my gray-haired father, and trust myself again to the witchery of that voice and smile. A letter came to me; I dared not read it. (Alas! my heart pleaded too eloquently, even then, for his return.) I returned it unopened; my father and mother devoted themselves to lighten the load that lay upon my heart; but the perfume of a flower, a remembered strain of music, a struggling moonbeam, would bring back old memories, with a *crushing bitterness* that swept all before it for a moment. But my father's aged hand lingered with a blessing, and mother's voice had the sweetness of an angel's as it fell upon my ear!"

"Time passed on, and I had conquered myself. Your father saw me, and proposed for my hand; my parents left me free to choose, and Edith, dear, *are we not happy?*"

"Oh, mother," said Edith (then looking sorrowfully in her face) "did you *never* see William again?"

"Do you remember, my child, the summer evening we sat upon the piazza, when a dusty, travel-stained man came up the steps, and begged for a supper? Do you recollect his bloated, disfigured face? Edith that *was* William!"

"Not that wreck of a man, mother?" said Edith (covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut him out from her sight.)

"Yes; that was all that remained of that glorious intellect, and that form made after God's own image. I looked around upon my happy home, then upon your noble father—then—upon *him*, and, (taking Edith's little hand and pointing to the *ring* that encircled it,) in *your* ear, my daughter, I now breathe my mother's prayer for me—'God help you to choose the right!'"

The bright head of Edith sank upon her mother's breast, and with a gush of tears she drew the 'golden circle' from her finger, and placed it in her mother's hand.

"God bless you my child," said the happy mother, as she led her back to their quiet home. N. J. K.

The Shylock of the Rails.

[Galveston News.]

Mr. J. P. Clough complains, through the Southeast Texan, of the extortionate charge to which he was subjected for one passenger fare over Louisiana Western Railroad from Lake Charles, La., to Orange, Texas, the distance, thirty-eight miles, being a fraction less than eleven cents per mile. Mr. Clough has forwarded the receipt for the amount to the attorney general of Texas in order to ascertain whether any remedy can be had for such excessive charges. The Southeast Texan thunders on the matter as follows:

"Before submitting to such exactions walk, wade and get around the guilty road as you would avoid a rattlesnake in dog-days; or, as a last resort, stay at home. Before submitting to these damning acts of injustice, ship your produce and supplies by schooners, sloops, canoes, float them on choctaws, haul them on wagons and carts, or carry them on your shoulders; or as a last, and perhaps, best resort, raise and manufacture all you need at home, as one may successfully do in this highly favored portion of Texas. Remembering the many sins of these soulless creatures which, though they may not be punished in hell, can certainly be restrained within bounds on earth by proper legal enactments—omit no opportunity to vote against them at the elections, to legislate against them in the State legislature and in congress, until you succeed in civilizing and changing them from highway robbers into reasonable common carriers, at rates regulated by law. Such conduct as that of the La. W. railroad in the transaction with Captain C. will work incalculable injury to Texas, New Orleans and railroad interests everywhere."

The Case in a Nutshell.

[Washington Sunday Capital.]

The Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Democratic candidate for governor of Illinois, was speaking at Du Quoin, in that State, one day last week. In the midst of his remarks a colored man rose up and asked permission to make an inquiry.

"Certainly, sir," said Trumbull. "I shall be glad to give you any information in my power."

"Will you tell me, then," said the colored man, "whether, in your judgment, the Democratic candidates for president of the United States and governor of Illinois deserved to be elected in 1864?"

"Frankly," replied Trumbull, "I do not think they did."

"Then, sir," pursued the colored man, "will you tell me what the Democratic party has done since to make its candidates deserve election in 1880?"

"A good many things," responded Trumbull.

"Will you please name some of them?" persisted the polite son of Ham.

"Well, among other things," said Trumbull, "The Democratic party in 1880 has nominated for president the man who saved the Union at Gettysburg, and for governor of Illinois the man who wrote and reported to the senate the constitutional amendment that make you a citizen and a voter!"

This colloquy forms the most vivid picture of the reversed relations of the two great parties that we have yet seen. It contains the kernel of the political philosophy of the period.

Again the old adage about politics and strange bed fellows comes to mind. We persume our polite colored brother was satisfied.

"Same as White Folks."

Uncle Ben White, that antiquated, crippled, and white-headed darkey, always to be met on Woodward avenue begging for a small loan, was looking so proud and conceited yesterday that an acquaintance asked him the cause.

"Wall, I does feel a bit stuck up, sah," replied the old man as he gave his old hat a new slant. "My ole woman am as black as the spade of diamonds, and I nebber 'sposed she 'mounted to a hill of beans, but a few weeks ago she was tooken sick.

"Yes, sah, an de oder day I called a doctah—same sort ob doctah dat tends on white folks. He look at de ole woman's tongue, axed her a foussand questions an' then shook his head and said that her whole system was all run out.

"Run down, you mean."

"Yes, sah, and den he tole dat she mus' go to de sea sho' for free months dis summer to git her system back."

"You can't even raise fifty cents."

"Dat's so, but Lod bress you; can't we feel tickled and stuck up to know dat my ole black woman am advised to go to the sea sho' de same as de biggest white ladies in de land. Fo' de Lod! but when de doctah said she had a system, same as rich white folks, an' dat she mus' go whar dey wollar in salt water, dress in silk an put up at a fo' story hotel, why I jist shouted till dey heard me way out in de woods."

The follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a desparing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than an auction of estates, houses and furniture? "Talk they of morals?" There is no need of Hucheson, Smith or Parley. Only take a newspaper and consider it well; read it, and it will instruct you.

In compiling a table showing the comparative death rate in the leading cities of the country for the last ten weeks, the National Board of Health finds that in Chicago it has been 26 in 1000; in New York, 34; in Brooklyn, 42; in Philadelphia, 33; in Baltimore, 24; in Boston, 25; in Cincinnati, 25, and in New Orleans, 33.

State Items.

CONVICTS.—About 75 or 100 convicts of the State Penitentiary, employed on the Morgan road, arrived in our town last Monday, causing unusual excitement and curiosity among our visiting population.—[Iberia Star.

COTTON CROP DESTROYED.—We have been informed that cotton caterpillars last Friday mysteriously made their appearance and ravaged a cotton-field in Petite Anse, being the only place visited by them in that section.—[Iberia Star.

STUNG TO DEATH.—Our fellow townsman J. J. Revillion, Esq., had the misfortune lately to lose one of his buggy horses from the sting of bees. It seems that the horse had been tied in the garden to graze near several hives of bees, and when discovered was so severely stung that death resulted.—[Lafayette Advertiser.

The Police Jury of Calcasieu Parish have, with but one dissenting vote, adopted an ordinance providing for a vote of the people in each ward of the parish, to determine whether the sale, barter or exchange, of intoxicating liquors in the various wards, except by duly licensed druggists and apothecaries, shall be prohibited on and after the first day of January, 1881. Each ward will determine the question of prohibition for itself only. The election will be held on the day of the presidential election, Tuesday, November 2d.—[Meridional.

During the terrible rain and thunder storm of last Wednesday, a child of Mr. Henry Broussard, of this parish, was killed by lightning. We learn that when the storm was at its height, about 12 m., Mr. Broussard and family were taking dinner, and as is generally the case with this terrible messenger of death—without warning—the child was mortally struck and the father and mother severely stunned. On recovering they found that the stroke had been so violent that the child, who was nearest the door, had been thrown from the house into the yard. The house was also considerably damaged.—[Lafayette Advertiser.

RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.—We hear almost daily of the killing or maiming of stock on the Morgan Louisiana and Texas Railroad. The Morgan company, at a very small expense, might easily allay the ill-feeling produced in the hearts of the poor people living along their line, by the frequent loss of animals. By erecting a light wire-fence on both sides of their track, the company could prevent the constant occurrence of such accidents, and also render travel on this road much more safe. We fear, if the road authorities do not take the necessary steps to keep cattle off their track effectually, we may be soon called upon to record some dreadful disaster.—[Iberia Sugar-Bowl.

In passing by the store of our friend Ed. Pellerin, on Main street, we noticed that some sacks of salt which were being carried into his warehouse bore the brand of the new company now operating the salt mines on Avery's Island. This proves to be part of the last cargo of the steamboat Mattie, which stopped at the Island with freight and took a return cargo of this justly celebrated salt. We are now enabled to purchase a better article of salt than that which Liverpool or Turk's Island were in the habit of supplying, and at a third less cost; our *home made* salt selling at one cent a pound. The vast superiority of the Avery Island salt over its English competitor consists in the large proportion of salt-petre contained in the former.—[Lafayette Advertiser.

Mr. Jas. M. Putnam, of La Chinche, had two horses attacked by charbon, a disease for which the faculty has hitherto failed to discover any infallibly specific remedy. It was determined to kill these animals in order to prevent the spread of infection amongst the other stock, when an old colored man, named Francis, formerly an empyrical horse-doctor in the Teche country, intervened and successfully demonstrated that charbon is neither contagious nor incurable. To prove the former theory, he allowed his own horse to mingle with those affected—rubbed them together, without it contracting the malady. The two horses were placed in his care and he returned them, sound as a dollar, radically cured. Subsequently he took a mule, given up for dead, and that, too, was cured. The only thing known of the treatment he pursued is that the animals were systematically overfed with any food they would take, and though he has the reputation of using some secret remedy, we think that in this lies the true mystery of his success.—[St. Bernard Eagle.

An Editor's Responsibility.

[Pascagoula Democrat-Star.]

We would like for some of our readers to memorize the following, which we take from an exchange, and then paste it in their hats so they can have ready reference to it at all times: "If an editor omits anything, he is lazy; if he speaks of a thing as it is, he is mad; if he smoothes down the rough places, he is bribed; if he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of editor; if he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is stupid; if he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability; if he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion; if he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward; if he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard, if he does not, his paper is insipid. In short, if he edits a paper properly, and sticks to truth and facts, he is a fool, and don't know how to edit a paper half as well as his readers could."

Suicide of a Noted Kentucky Belle.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 23.—Miss Sadie White, aged 19 years, daughter of Hugh L. White, a prominent citizen of Richmond, Ky., was found dead in bed this morning with her throat cut from ear to ear. A knife was found in her hand. It is believed the girl committed suicide while in a temporary fit of insanity. Miss White was generally conceded to be the belle of the blue grass region of Kentucky.

—Robert Magruder sold his season's cotton at Eufaula, Ala., and sat down to an all-night game of poker. Before morning he lost all the money his plantation had produced for the year. Mack D. Oliver was the winner. Magruder bought a revolver, loaded it, and started for home. Oliver rode with him, though warned by friends not to do so. At a lonely point Magruder demanded the money back, and, meeting with a refusal, shot Oliver dead, afterward killing himself.

Rice Straw.

[N. O. Country Visitor.]

This hitherto much neglected article has at last forced itself into prominent notice, not only as excellent food for horses and cattle, but as desirable material for the manufacture of paper and packing brittle ware.

Until quite recently, rice planters resorted to various ways to get rid of the great body of straw produced on their plantations, and, with the exception of a small proportion that was fed to their animals, the rest was disposed of as a worthless incumbrance and sometimes sent down the Mississippi to the sea.

It is estimated that fully 50,000 acres of land in Louisiana are now under rice cultivation, and that the straw, when the rice is gathered, will weigh from four to five tons per acre. In consequence of the requisition for it to manufacture paper for packing, as well as for animal food, it now has a well recognized market value, and, according to its relative fineness of quality, commands from $10 to $14 per ton. This shows that the present crop, when sold, might be safely expected to realize, at the lowest estimate, $2,000,000.

From a very interesting article in a late issue of the Democrat, of this city, we learn that Mr. Benjamin Gibson, a large planter near Donaldsonville, procured an improved "Champion" hay press to pack the straw in bales, using wires for ties, and that he is now baling large quantities of it for the market, having found that it sold readily at the rates above mentioned. His example will doubtless be followed by many other rice planters.

When we consider that the only expense incurred in the packing on the plantation is the cost of the wire ties, and that the freight from the great body of the plantations to New Orleans is only $2 per ton, we feel surprise that an article of such value and bearing such an immense profit should be so long neglected.

Northern paper manufacturers, it appears, have been making inquiries relative to the quantity of this rice straw that could be obtained, and there is no doubt, from present indications, that the future demand for it, for manufacturing purposes, will be fully equal to the ability of the rice plantations to supply; especially when it is borne in mind that they will be able to produce an article of paper from rice straw which will compare favorably with that made from wood pulp, at a cost very little over one-third of the latter article.

Higher Education.

[New Iberia Sugar-Bowl.]

In a community like ours, where the advantages of education are known and appreciated, and where its advantages are enjoyed by not a few, its usefulness acknowledged, and its power recognized by all; it would be a work of supererogative to insist upon the necessity for its more general diffusion. Interested as we are, in everything that concerns the material prosperity and intellectual growth and adornment of our community, we would surely be derelict in our duty as journalists, were we to pass unnoticed the establishment, in our midst, of the higher institutions of learning.

A fact that has been to us a matter of much surprise, is that in years gone by, the higher schools and academies of the South were not more liberally patronized. We are unwilling to admit that the educational institutions of the North were ever superior to our own, or that they were capable of imparting more or better knowledge. Even if this were so, we must not forget, that had a more liberal patronage been given to our colleges and academies, the demand for abler professors would have been freely supplied, and our boys and girls would have reaped the benefits of a superior education, without risking the loss of the priceless treasure of our social refinement. It is incumbent upon us, then, to assist in perpetuating all institutions which are being established among us for the above object, and none is more deserving of our liberal and hearty support than the college which bears the unpretentious name of St. Peter's Academy, of New Iberia. Although its halls were thrown open under the most discouraging prospects, and in spite of a most bitter opposition, from even some of those who should have contributed freely to its success; yet thanks to its worthy directors, talented professors and sincere friends, it is to-day a living fact, of which our city may well feel proud; its prosperity is assured; its praise is on the lips of all. We rejoice with its promoters, and bespeak for it a long period of life and usefulness. Let the good work go bravely on; let us show our appreciation of its merits by giving it a liberal patronage, so that *the* Academy may ripen into the University, and give us men of science and letters, physicians, professors and jurists.

Republican Method in Maine.

MANY WORKMEN INTIMIDATED AND OTHERS BRIBED TO VOTE THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 20.—Cases of bribery and intimidation on the part of the Republicans are coming to light. Hundreds of Democrats and Greenbackers were, before the election, threatened with discharge from employment if they did not vote the Republican ticket, and many have been discharged since election for voting with the Democrats. Disclosures of bribery, implicating State and United States officials, are also being made. Samuel L. Berry, Timothy Clark, Chas. H. Holt, and Charles E. Kendall, of this city, have made affidavits before United States Commissioner Badger that they were paid $10 each to vote the Republican ticket. Clark says that he got his money from the Postmaster at Augusta, and Berry swears that he was paid by Howard McKinney of this city.

James Tryon and William Mahon have made affidavits before Edwin Stone, Justice of the Peace of Biddeford, that they were employed by the Pepperell Company of that town from March last; that on Monday, Sept. 6, they voted the Democratic ticket, and that on the Wednesday following they were discharged by the Superintendent, R. M. Hobbs, because they had so voted. There are hundreds of cases of this kind in the State.

In his speech at Bellevue, Ill., lately, Hon. Lyman Trumbull gave expression to this startling announcement: "The Democratic State of Missouri alone, in which Mr. Lincoln received but 17,028 votes in 1860, furnished 199,111 men to the Union army—a greater number than was furnished by all the Republican States of Vermont, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas put together. Neither Michigan, Wisconsin nor Iowa furnished as many troops to the Union army as Missouri." These are facts, and the Radical hounds of New England should be made to realize them by the result of the Presidential election.—[Capitolian.

George Mills—His Tragic End.

[Morgan City Review.]

In 1872 there came from Alabama, to Centreville, La., a man, his wife and a little boy. The man called himself George Mills. He was an engineer. An apt one—though deficient in writing and spelling. Rumors concerning his having "gotten away" with several men in Alabama soon became current. For seven years he followed his trade on various plantations along the Teche. A "good" man to his friend; an inveterate enemy! Often making an enemy of a friend on slight pretense.

Early in 1879 George Mills and Thompson bought out Tom Vincent's saloon, Centreville. Mills kept the bar. His temper now became more vacillating. During the year '79 he lost his only son of yellow fever, aged eleven years—a great favorite with him. His temper soured—he drank frequently, and became on these occasions the terror of the neighborhood.

George Mills was a splendid shot. His bar room bore testimony of this, on sundry cards pasted in the back portion of his saloon perforated with bullets. He would go out into Centreville, and fire off his arms at night, careless of his targets—sometimes a cat, a cow, a negro cabin was the recipient.

Lately, he became reckless, defiant and presumptuously overbearing in his conduct. Always armed and often in liquor.

Thursday, Sept. 16th, he gave out in town that he would kill all the pigs that came in sight. What he said he did! Mr. H. Crawford, Sr., an esteemed and honorable gentleman of Centreville, had among other things two young pigs which he wished to raise and that were then out, at large. Mr. Crawford's son told him of Mill's threat, while Mr. C. was working in the garden that afternoon. Mr. C. thought that he was on friendly terms with Mills and at once went to see Mills about it, asking him in a calm, dignified manner, not to shoot his stock as he wished to save it. He turned and left Mills standing in the middle of the road. No angry words passed. But Mills then hastened after him and in a bullying way, suggested certain plans by which Mr. Crawford's pigs might be kept indoors and how he (Mills) could do it.

Mr. Crawford's reply was calm and dispassionate: "Mr. Mills, I have nothing to do with your business and you have nothing to do with mine." He was about to turn away when Mills struck him violently in the face twice, and then drew his revolver on him. Mr. Crawford was unarmed, in his shirt sleeves, just from his garden's work; never dreaming of such a termination to his well meant and friendly errand.

What could a gentleman reply to such dastardly, contemptable cowardice as this, but: "You are a coward and a bully, sir!"

Young Crawfoad then came up: "Father, that man has the advantage of you—come home."

Said George Mills as they walked away: I'll kill your d—n boys and you too!"

Truthful in carrying out his threats, Mr. Crawford knew that the demon was up in George Mills. He made affidavit before Judge Wooster to the effect against Mills; he wanted to restrain this rash, overbearing man by bond, from doing (Crawford) bodily harm, for Mills bore a desperate character, a cruel name, to the one he might select as an improvised enemy.

George Mills was quite outraged by the audacity of Mr. Crawford in trying to stay his bloody hand and spoke unreservedly, that he "would kill him."

Justice Wooster controlled Mills by decisive authority, and bad him appear before his court.

"How much time do you require," said justice Wooster to Mills, "before you can submit your peace bond,—in the meantime you know I will require a bond for your appearance."

"Suppose we defer it until the year 1891?"

Justice Wooster commanded respect in court and Mills seemed to come to himself. Matters were arranged.

Mr. Henderson Crawford returned to his family and took up the thread of his duties that had been broken on Thursday, the evening before. Young Crawford who had engaged to plow some land for Mills, consciously returned to fill his contract with the man.

There was a heavy cloud resting on Mill's features all day. He invited several friends to drink with him, he noted people and things, he boasted that he could "do as he pleased in Centreville," and that he would "kill that d—n son of a b— Crawford!"

Friday night, September 17th, was bright moonlight. A short time before bed time Mr. Crawford and family were seated in their sitting room—a family circle. Suddenly a loud report, a crash, several members of the family ran to the windows to look out.

It was George Mills, with his *Springfield rifle*—he was firing into Crawford's house! Another and another deliberate aim; a series of crashes; the house is a large two-story; the floors of the lower rooms became whitened with plaster and débris. The family were without weapons; they ascended into the upper story. Mills was outside in the moonlight, laughing derisively and cursing the happy home he wished to destroy! His aim changed to the second story, his shots penetrated the house from two to five feet from the floor, through four and six thicknesses of plaster and fell a quarter of a mile away at George Baldwin's. He fired diagonally; he fired even; he fired across; the house is literally sieved; hinges are cut into, brick chimneys are bored to the centre, doors, blinds, glasses are shattered! It was a miracle that any of the Crawford family are alive. Their little daughter, luckily, was not at home, her bedroom was shot through and through. Mr. Crawford sent after a shot gun. It had to be cleaned and loaded. Mills had then retired, satiated with the execution of his malice and mischief for the time being.

Some dogs barked at him as he walked away—he shot them!

Mr. Crawford, now armed, watched his residence all night. Mills might return at any moment. Toward Saturday morning. George Mills came out the Bayou Sale road toward the corner of town from which he had fired some of those shots the last evening. His powerful Springfield rifle on his shoulder, his revolver at his side. Mr. Crawford was awaiting him. He was undoubtedly going to fire again! With an *inspired aim* Mr. Crawford pulled the trigger!—four buckshot had penetrated Mills' neck, cutting the large artery, three buckshot entered his brain!

And then went up a great sigh of relief from town, a nightmare had been removed from Centreville! George Mills was forty-two years old on September 8th, 1880.

Dr. C. M. Smith, coroner, arrived that morning. Dr. C. E. Allen held a post mortem examination. Jurors: T. E. Kennedy, W. H. Cook, N. K. Todd, W. H. Cary, N. J. Wooster.

Mr. Crawford was absolved by justifiable homicide.

ALL SORTS.

—The iron horse has but one ear—the engineer.

—Lay up something for a rainy day, if it is nothing but the rheumatism,

—A toy maker of Montrose, Pa., uses 600,000 feet of bass wood every year.

—Trusting to chants—expecting to get to Heaven by singing'—[Boston Courier.

—Nothing is wholly bad. Even a dark lantern has its bright side.—[Salem Sunbeam.

—You can never persuade a man that a paper that has his name in it isn't worth reading.

—"Yes," said Johnny, "lapsus may be the Latin for 'slip,' but when mother laps us it usually means a slipper."

—The spots on the sun do not create the disturbance produced by the freckles on the daughter.—[Yonkers Statesman.

—"Doctor, will you please examine my tongue and tell me what it needs?" asked a woman of her physician. "It needs rest, madam."

—Size doesn't always count. A woman will jump twice as high at the sight of a rat as she will at seeing an elephant.

—Never does a man believe so strongly in the attraction of gravitation as when he sits down in a chair and finds it gone.

—A beggar held out his hand. "I haven't a cent," said the gentleman. "I did not specify the coin," responded the mendicant.

—An Illinois girl's toast: "The young men of America—their arms our supporters, our arms their reward; fall in, men, fall in."

—Some identified exchange has discovered that the god of lawyers is Morefee-us. The god of the undertaker is probably A-pall, O!

—"Now, this is what I call business," remarked a Brooklyn undertaker, as an unfortunate gentlemen stepped into his store and died.

—When a man keeps on talking to you after he has said "A word to the wise is sufficient," the time I take summary vengeance has arrived.

—Diner (snitingly)—"Waiter, I really think this fish is not fresh!" Waiter—Yes, sir; can't answer for that sir; I've only been 'ere a week, sir!"—[Punch.

—An Ypsilanti brother and sister desire to marry, and their parents have joined in asking for a license; but the laws of the State forbid such a union.

—The Rev. Jasper, of Virginia, is not only convinced that the sun moves around the earth, but that he has invented a way to preserve watermelons until spring.

—"Remember who you are talking to sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy. "I am your father, sir!" "Well, whose to blame for that," said young impertinence, 'taint me."

—The average plowman isn't much of an orator, but when he takes the stump and gets yanked over into the next field he is a very forcible speaker.—[Steubenville Herald.

—In what condition was the Patriarch Job at the end of his life? asked a Brooklyn Sunday school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

—Seven Leavenworth doctors gathered around a man who fell on the walk. Four called it a case of sunstroke and the other three said it was a fit. Along came a small boy and proved it was banana peel.

—"Will 'oo know me, mamma, when we get to Heaven?" said a little 3-year-old. "Oh, yes, dear, of course, we shall know each other there. Do you think you will know your mamma?" "Oh, 'es. I'll know 'oo by 'oo wed hair."

—A young lady was taken to task for tight lacing, and she said she resorted to the practice on purely economical grounds. "How is that?" asked her reprover. "Why," she replied, "I lace tightly simply to prevent waistfulness."

—A Chinaman in Cincinnati, whose life was insured for a large amount was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt about his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company; "Charley half dead; want half money."

"What's the matter, my dear?" said a kind wife to her husband, who had sat for half an hour with his head buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "Oh, I don't know, I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," said his wife consolingly, "you look the very picture of what you feel."

—A flock of girls is called a bevy; a bevy of wolves a pack; a pack of thieves a gang; a gang of anglers a host; a host of porpoises a shoal; a shoal of buffaloes a herd; a herd of children a troop; a troop of partridges a covey; a covey of beauties a galaxy; a galaxy of ruffians a horde; a horde of rubbish a heap; a heap of oxen a drove, a drove of blackguards a mob; a mob of whales a school; a school of worshippers a congregation; a congregation of engineers a corps; a corps of robbers a band; a band of locusts a swarm; a swarm of people a crowd; and a crowd of greenbackers a blank.—[Ex.

—A sewing machine agent in driving through Monroe county, Kentucky, drew up before a cottage and asked a beardless sixteen-year-old boy standing in the yard if his mother was at home. "She is, but she don't live here," he answered. "I'm the head of this house." Finding the boy married, the agent went inside and encountered a child, who said she was the boy's wife, and that when she was married she was not eleven years old. "What on earth did you two marry for?" asked the agent. "What do other folks marry for?" the child replied. The boy said that he intended buying his wife a sewing machine when she got old enough to sew. "Come around in three or four years and I'll take one."

—Some boys as well as some men are quick-witted enough to turn a mistake into an advantage. When a child in a small Bavarian village was being cathechized by a priest, and asked how many things are necessary in a service of baptism, he promptly replied: "Three, father." "Ah, you stupid," replied the holy man, "I thought that everybody knew that only two were absolutely necessary: first, water, and second, the Bible. Now young sir, won't you tell me what are the three?" The boy looked up with a bland smile, and answered: "My father, the three are: first, water; second, the Bible; and third, a baby."