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ANDREW JACKSON.

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THREE BARS—DAVID & GARIG'S.

Select Miscellany.

LET IT PASS.

Do not swift to take offense, Let it pass! Anger is a foe to sense; Let it pass! Brood not darkly o'er a wrong Which will disappear ere long; Let it pass! Let it pass! Strife corrodes the purest mind; Let it pass! As the unregarded wind, Let it pass! Any vulgar souls that live May condense without reprieve, 'Tis the noble who forgive, Let it pass! Let it pass! Echo not any angry word; Let it pass! Since our joys must pass away, Like dew drops on the spray, Wherefore shut our sorrow's jail? Let it pass! If for good you've taken ill, Let it pass! O be kind and gentle still; Let it pass! Time at last makes all things right; Let it pass! And our triumph shall be great; Let it pass! Bid your anger to depart, Let it pass! Lay those homely words to heart, Let it pass! Follow not the giddy throng; Better to be wronged than wrong. Therefore sing the cherry song— Let it pass!

Kitty's Raspberry Float.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mary Wylie, in tones of dismay, "the cream is all sour!" And her handsome face darkened with mortified annoyance. It was really too vexatious, for she had invited a score or more young friends for that evening, to meet her newly arrived cousin Kitty, and of course she ought to have ice cream. The Wylies were rather famous for their delicious ice cream, which they always made themselves for company, but the thermometer at ninety-eight and a thunder-storm had curdled all the milk in the dairy. "The cake is all ready," said Mary, sitting down in her perplexity. "But what else are we to have. Coffee is too hot, and lemonade is too much like a fair. Kitty, can't you think of some little light thing, easy to make, to take the place of ice-cream?" This appealed to, Kitty upraised her head from "Daniel Deronda," and said, thoughtfully, "Do you like float?" "What is a float?" "It takes eggs; mamma makes it often for us at home, evenings. She beats the whites of eggs up like a snowy mountain, and puts in strawberries, or raspberries, or jelly, to make it a pretty color and flavor it. We eat in saucers like ice-cream." "It sounds good," said Mary, with a little revival of hope, "and we have oceans of eggs. But strawberries are all gone—there are raspberries to be seen, down in the lots. But I burn so if I go in the sun, and the servants are busy—no, I'm afraid we can't make it." "I'll pick the berries!" said Kitty, jumping up; "I'd like nothing better than a stroll in the lots, and I'm so brown already the sun won't hurt me." "But you'll be so tired," remonstrated Mary, looking admiringly at the merry brunette face, and I want you to look your very prettiest to-night, so that our young men may lose their hearts." "I think I would rather have raspberries than hearts," replied Kitty, saucily, and she put on her hat and took a pail, and with a few words of direction, went down the garden and through a gate into the back lot. It was a burning July day, but Kitty was child of the sun, and she liked it. She had not been in the country for a long time before, and she fairly revelled in the feeling of the grass under her feet, the whirr of the grasshoppers, and the little escort of brown butterflies that fluttered all the time just ahead of her. "Here are the raspberries!" she said to herself as she came to the low stone wall; "not very many of them either—I suppose they picked a good many for supper last night. But I'll glean as I go." So she gleaned as she went, but the berries were scarce, and as she old wall was in a tumbled-down condition, and there seemed to be more berries in the next lot, she climbed over and wandered on, meeting with better success. A lane ran by the lot she was now in, and a black-eyed young lad walking through it stared curiously at Kitty as she passed. "I believe I like birds better than I do people," was Kitty's mental comment on this; "your dear little robins singing so over in those apple trees, I mean to go and watch your house-keeping, and rest a little while, for my pail is almost full." The apple trees were in a corner of the lot, and when Kitty reached them she found a bubbling spring there, and rocks covered with lovely lichens. "Uncle Robert has good taste," she said, "to keep such a charming little nook here." And she threw herself down in the shadow of one quite tall rock, and fanned herself with her hat. She was in a mood to thoroughly enjoy everything, and it seemed to her she had never seen the sky so beautifully before, nor such beautiful clouds. "I'd like to marry a farmer!" she said, impulsively aloud; and to her utter dismay, a pleasant, manly voice from the other side of the rock responded: "Would you? That's quite a rare choice, nowadays!" Kitty sprang up and started to run, when, of all calamities, in her haste she upset her pail of raspberries, and away they rolled in every direction.

With burning cheeks she began to pick them up, for it would never do to disappoint Mary about the float, and she threw an indignant glance at the young man, who now came round in full view, and said he begged her pardon, he knew he ought not to have spoken, but it really seemed impolite not to answer!

"Your politeness has spoiled my berries, you see!" she replied, rather sharply. "Allow me," he exclaimed, instantly, and grasping the pail, he began to pick up the berries with her. They worked together in perfect silence for a few minutes, hunting the berries among the grass, and down in the soft, green moss. One great black raspberry had caught in a spider's web; they each reached for it in the same second, their hands touched, their eyes met, and the young man smiled; and so, in spite of herself, did Kitty.

"Do forgive me," he said; "you shall not be one berry the loser by it!" and he rescued two on the brink of the spring. "I will," answered Kitty; "but you must never tell the farmers!" After that, of course, it was absurd to be formal, and like two happy young creatures in the heyday of youth, they made a frolic of the whole thing, and laughed over every berry. Kitty told him what she picked them for, and for whom, and he said he was well acquainted with Miss Wylie.

"Perhaps, then, you will be there to-night," she remarked, hoping in her heart he would. "I have not been invited," he answered, soberly. "Oh, well," said Kitty, merrily, "then I'll invite you, for Mary made the company for me, and I heard her say there were two or three more she wanted to ask, but hadn't been able to see them. Won't you come?"

The young man hesitated; he felt as if he were sailing under false colors. The truth was, he and the Wylies were not on good terms, though they had formerly been friends. But their lands adjoined, and a dispute about boundaries had lately arisen, involving this same pretty knoll with its spring and apple trees. The old mere-stone had been lost track of, and Mr. Wylie, surveying one day after his own fashion, found, or fancied he found, that he had a right to the knoll. This claim young Hugh Greystone had refused to recognize. His father, who had recently died, had always held possession of the knoll, and greatly prized it, and Hugh saw no reason why he should give up his title. Mr. Wylie, who was hot and hasty, had begun legal measures, and Hugh, indignant, and compelled to take up his defensive, had naturally ceased visiting at the Wylie mansion.

"Of course you needn't come if you don't want to," said Kitty, piqued at his hesitation. "I do want to come," he answered earnestly, "and will, if I can possibly arrange it so." "I'll expect you," said Kitty, lightly, and then remembering that her cousin must be wondering at her long absence, she lifted the pail of berries and would have said "good morning," but Hugh stepped instantly by her side, and taking the pail, went with her as far as the piece of dilapidated wall where she had first crossed over. Then he watched her until she disappeared from sight in the Wylie garden.

When he turned back his brow was knit but his lips were smiling. The merry little brunette face had aroused his interest as no other face had ever done. Hugh Greystone had more romance and generosity in the depth of his soul than any one dreamed, and was quite capable of doing a quixotic deed once in a while, if it harmed no one but himself. He determined to go to Mary Wylie's party, and to pay a royal price for the privilege. "Here are your raspberries!" exclaimed Kitty, gaily, as she entered the house; "and now I'll sit right down and pick them over!" "You dear little soul!" said Mary, with fervor, "you are such a comfort. But I am afraid you are tired out, your cheeks are so flushed!"

"Oh, I ran up the path," said Kitty, bending over the berries. She had fully meant to recount all her adventures for Mary's entertainment, but after all, so unaccountable is a girl, she said not one word about it. Together they prepared the float, beating the eggs up high and white and light, and gradually adding the sugar and berries, till they had a great dish heaped up like a mossy mountain with the delicacy, which was in tint an exquisite pale purple. It was a house where every one liked to visit, and Mary Wylie was a popular girl. Her cousin, the stranger, looking very piquant and pretty in black gingham, with a few "cloths of gold" roses, made quite a sensation, and she herself enjoyed the evening, the more, perhaps, because a certain secret excitement that set her heart bounding every time a new corner entered the door, and her first thought was, "Is it he?"

But time passed, and he came not. There had been dancing, and every one was warm and tired. Refreshments were always served early at the Wylies' in obedience to good old-fashioned notions on the part of the head of the house. So presently the cake was passed about, and the company partook, with the pleasant anticipation that ice-cream was coming next to make them cool and comfortable. It was such a sultry July evening that they must be pardoned. When the high piled purple dish was brought in, it was universally noticed, for human nature does feel interested in what is about to eat at a party.

"I never saw a lavender ice-cream before," whispered one to his neighbor, and Mary Wylie heard it. She dipped it out into saucers, and with the electric sympathy of a hostess felt that the first taste was followed by disappointment. The fact was the float was a delicious thing, but for the first instant it did fall flat in mouths that were made up for ice-cream.

"It's raspberry float," said Kitty, innocently, in reply to a neighbor's question; "I picked all the berries for it myself." "Yes," said a sharp-eyed young lady, whom Kitty had already recognized as the one in the lane, "I saw you rifling the Greystone bushes." "Why, Kitty?" exclaimed Mary Wylie, with deepening color, "you did not go out of your own lot, did you?"

"I'm afraid I did," said Kitty, becoming embarrassed at the mischievous and meaning glances that met her on all sides, and feeling that, for some reason, her cousin was annoyed. But now some one passed his saucer for a little more of the float, and one after another began to praise it, till at last Mary's equanimity returned. Meanwhile, Mr. Wylie, who had been sitting comfortably all the evening in the honeysuckle scented piazza, had company of his own. It was Hugh Greystone, who coming up the path and finding him there, had stopped for a talk.

"Mr. Wylie," he said, "I've come to say that I have changed my mind about our lawsuit. The well is out of repair, the mere-stone is lost, and if you were sure about your survey, I can't say but there may have been a mistake. In fact, I concede the knoll." "That's right, Hugh, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie, his stiff dignity melting into hearty cordiality. I knew you would do the fair thing when you came to think it over." Some little friendly chat followed, and then Mr. Wylie took Hugh into the parlor with the most impressive kindness, making the company all feel that this was the honored guest of the evening, and finally introduced him to Kitty, who blushed like a cinnamon rose. At her side he stayed, and when Mary smilingly brought him some cake and some float, he pronounced the latter perfection, and ate it in a state of beatitude.

"Why didn't you tell me I was trespassing this morning?" Kitty asked, softly. "I had been waiting for you too long," he said, half-jesting, half earnest. Six weeks later Mr. Wylie went out one pleasant morning to repeat his survey, and to lay the foundation of his wall anew. His measurements did not come exactly as expected, and he was growing puzzled, when suddenly, in driving a stake, he discovered a few inches under the ground, the long lost mere-stone. "Now we can set things right," he exclaimed, exultantly. But his face fell as he went on surveying, for by the aid of the stone he rectified his survey and was confounded to find that the old wall had been right all the time, and the knoll was none of his. He looked up and saw Hugh Greystone crossing the field.

"Hugh!" he called out in his hasty way, "come here! I've been an old fool and you've been a gentleman. The knoll is yours, sure enough." "Oh, I've made you a present of it," said Hugh, rather grandly. "But if you don't want to keep it, you can give it to my wife." "Your wife?" asked Mr. Wylie, amazed. "Yes," replied Hugh, with a look of happy pride, "Kitty has just promised to be mine for life." So the little summer episode reached its sweet conclusion, and by the time the brown autumn leaves were fluttering over the fields instead of the butterflies, Kitty became a landed proprietor, and was mistress of the knoll.

A LESSON IN MYTHOLOGY.

I rood to her one summer day, A little mythologic story About the maid who laughed at love And ran a race for love and glory. I closed her book, she raised her eyes, And hushed the song she had been humming Glancing across the shady lawn, I saw my wealthy rival coming. "The ancient tales," I gravely said, "With meaning wise are often laden, And Atlanta well may stand As type of many a modern maiden." "Minnis, of course, the classic scandal, But with no loss of nimble grace, How may I dauntly slipped feet Are running now that self-same race. "And then Hippomenes cast down His golden apples; let us ever A chance for love to reach the goal? With natty snails she answered, "Never!" I rose to go—she took my hand— (O Fate! you ne'er that slip can sever) And "Stay," she said, with sudden blish, "You know that I meant—hardly ever."

A SHOCKING MURDER.

On Saturday night last one of the most terrible tragedies it has ever been our misfortune to speak of, occurred on the batture in front of Fortville, about half a mile from the Corporation limits of this town. Patrick Omeal, a white laborer on the "St. Louis" plantation of Mr. Edward J. Gay, left the place on the evening of Saturday, after having been in a wagon with four colored men. On his way he was stopped at the store of Mr. Alcide Landry and there changed his clothing and left a valise. Having had the fever he went to the drug store after his arrival in town and purchased medicine. After this, he crossed the street and entered the establishment of Mr. C. E. Marx, where he remained some time and became slightly intoxicated. He purchased two bottles of whisky on leaving and returned for home accompanied by one Dan Parker, a colored man. This was about 10 o'clock, P. M. People living in Fortville, composed mostly of the colored population, had not yet gone to bed when distinct cries of "murder!" were heard coming from the batture, and poor Pat Omeal was melting in his blood. It is even said that the murderers added to their desperate work the words "you are dead yet" and stabbed again. The poor man lived throughout the night, lying on the batture, notwithstanding the fact that he had received five stabs with a knife, three entering the shoulder, penetrating from one to three inches, one back of the neck, penetrating the cervical vertebra and the other dividing the biceps muscles of the right arm, and a fracture of the skull over the right ear, with some blunt instrument, causing compression of the brain, which was the actual cause of his death. The fracture of the skull, we think, must have been done with one of the bottles, as one was found shattered at the scene of the murder.

In the morning he was discovered nearly dead and brought to town about 9 o'clock and taken to Mr. Schmidt's hotel where he died shortly after. He was a man of splendid physique and the struggle must have been terrific, judging from the pools of blood we found at the scene of the murder. There is scarcely any doubt that the colored man Dan Parker was implicated in this assassination, as he has disappeared. The officers and others have been attempting to arrest the murderers—for we judge there must have been more than one—but at this writing no one has been arrested.

It is terrible to contemplate and reflect over this murder, occurring as it did on a beautiful moonlight night, and within a "stone's throw" of people who heard the cries for aid, and none to lend a helping hand to him who lay there in the death throes of agony. Judging opinion, publicly expressed, from our standpoint, speedily shifted would meet those who committed the deed, were they captured. But we counsel otherwise. If the murderers are arrested let the law be resorted to. Since writing the above Joe Scott, Dave Thomas, Scipio Askins and others, have been arrested as accessories to this murder and are now in jail. Dan Parker is still at large. We hope Gov. Nicholls will offer a sufficient reward to induce some one to secure the capture of the murderers.—Plaquemine South.

COMPLIMENTARY.

THE NEW ORLEANS DEMOCRAT, BATON ROUGE CAPITOLIAN AND NATCHITOCHES VINDICATOR. The election is over—the political battles have been fought and won. Democracy has swept over the State and L. A. Wiltz is the Governor of Louisiana. While all the Democratic journals in the State have done their duty, we must make special mention of the New Orleans Democrat, the CAPITOLIAN of Baton Rouge and the VINDICATOR of Natchitoches. In New Orleans the Republicans and Independents or Factionists combined and this called for extra exertions on the part of the Democrat to elect the regularly nominated Legislative ticket. In Baton Rouge there was an independent movement gotten up by disaffected Democrats and supported by Republicans, which the CAPITOLIAN disputed inch by inch. Zastrenski deserves the thanks of the party for his indefatigable exertions to secure the vote of East Baton Rouge for the State Legislative ticket. In the parish of Natchitoches there was a Greenback party and the Republicans gave encouragement to it. Cosgrove of the Vindicator kept up a hot fire from first to last and if the Greenbackers are not annihilated they have received a stunning blow from which they will not recover. Burke, Jastrenski and Cosgrove will be remembered for their services in this contest and we feel assured that

VOTERS FOR 1880.

They had been married two years, when one morning, just as the tips ends of Aurora's fingers reached for a cloud to help pull himself up from his ocean bath by, Maria shook George to wake him from his morning nap. "What a happy, far-away look in her eyes." "Oh, George," she said, "I've had such a dream!" "All right," he said, turning over for a brand new nap, "dream away, I won't hinder you."

At breakfast he thought to ask her about the dream, and after some persuasion, she consented to tell it. "I dreamed," she said, "I was at a big auction sale of men, and a whole lot of us women was buying them up for husbands. Oh, there was some splendid-looking men there. One great big fellow, six feet high, with full, round limbs, big black eyes and glorious curly hair, brought \$100,000. The next one, fully as big and handsome, with light hair and whiskers, brought \$90,000."

"Did you see any there like me?" "And what did they bring?" anxiously asked the husband. "And I was just crying my eyes out because I hadn't enough money to buy a prime article—"

"Did you see any sold like me? and what did—"

"At last they got down to \$50,000, but still I could not buy and I was crying like anything, when—"

"Did you see any sold like me, and—"

"Then they got down to \$25,000 and \$20,000 and \$15,000 and \$10,000, but still I couldn't buy, and I was crying fit to turn an over shot water wheel, when—"

"Did you see any sold like me, and—"

HOW TO TELL HER AGE.

There is a good deal of amusement in the following table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a young lady and request her to tell in which column or columns her age is contained; add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is to be found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be seventeen, you find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:

Table with 5 columns and 20 rows of numbers for age calculation.

DROUTH OF THE PAST.

The present dry season which suspends navigation from Pittsburg, although a great trouble to our coal men is nothing in comparison with the drouths of the past. The following table gives the record:

Table listing drouth durations in days for various years from 1621 to 1871.

Banquets and funerals are dangerous in France, as they are made the means of political movements. A few weeks ago, a number of Legitimist mayors of La Vendee gave dinners in honor of the anniversary of the Comte de Chambord's birth. They were at once removed for this revolutionary conduct. Mr. Bandy d'Asson, a Legitimist deputy, conceived the brilliant idea of celebrating their removal with another grand banquet in honor of the patriotic mayors who preferred to lose office to disguising these revolutionary banquets, and M. Bandy d'Asson is to be prosecuted for inciting civil war." Some one suggests that the cook who superintended this dinner is equally guilty of treason with his master.

SHALL WE HAVE AN EMPIRE?

Correspondence Philadelphia Times. I met the general the other day and asked him who would be the next president. "Grant" he replied promptly. "He will be the next president and the last president." "After Grant—what?" "The empire, by G—d! I am ready for it. It is part of the inevitable. When the North by the fourth and fifteenth amendments injected five hundred thousand savages into the belly of the constitution they made popular government impossible. Grant is a man of power. Alex Stephens thinks he is the greatest man probably in public life to-day. I like him well enough myself. A d—d sight better than I do any of his crowd. He has to a pre-eminent degree what will command the irresolute of the times. And that is a damnable courage." "Is there no Democrat who has the same courage?" "None—unless it is Bayard. He comes of the purest and bravest strain of blood that ever flowed through American veins. If he has the nerve of the old Bayard who turned his back on Burr and his party because he said Burr had led the

our brethren of the Democratic press

will cheerfully endorse all we have said.—Pointe Coupee Pelican.

DR. SOUTH.

A KENTUCKIAN WHO HAS "A HOOFED FORTUNE" IN NEW MEXICO. Chicago Tribune Letter. My companion and guide was Dr. South, a noted man in those parts, and withal such a figure as stands not boldly against a background of disaster. A Kentuckian by birth, a dead shot by education, a gentleman by instinct, the memory of Daniel Boone was too fresh to let him sleep peacefully, and stirred up a spirit of emulation in his daring nature. He drifted naturally into border life, and the war found him in old Mexico, rich in mines and cattle. By nativity a southerner, by nature a patriot, and by necessity an Indian hater, he did not want to fight his brethren, but was determined to serve his country. So he took charge of a company of border scouts, and during the war participated in those romantic and bloody episodes which were lost sight of in view of the larger and more desperate tragedy being enacted in the States. After the war he naturally drifted back into the neighborhood (for one's neighbor in this country is the man who lives within 100 miles of your ranch) of Kit Carson, and Chase, and Maxwell. Here he settled again, and began to recruit his fortune by raising cattle; and, plain, kindly-faced, buckskin-hosed man that he was to the observer, he yet has a hooped fortune that would buy Queen Victoria a jeweled crown which would be the envy of royal rivals. When he settled in this country it was overrun with desperadoes, who were the dread of all settlers, from whom they exacted a tribute as religiously as did the Israelitish priests. There he determined to "persuade" away, and with the assistance of a few equally brave men he has succeeded in restoring peace in Colfax county. As an illustration of his nerve and the kind of stuff it takes to make a border "doctor," it may be interesting to tell one recent incident in his career. Some time ago he was one of a grand jury who indicted for murder a bold and dare devil ringleader of a cattle-stealing gang. He and the other members of the jury were duly notified that their lives must pay the forfeit of their audacity. One evening not long after he was awakened by a loud call in front of his ranch, and, cautiously responding, he found himself accosted by one of the "gang," who informed him that the wife of the ringleader was in the pangs of childbirth and threatened with death. He was the only doctor to be had in a hundred miles, and would he come? He hesitated a moment, but when his humanity was appealed to he forgot caution. Yes, he would come, and through the night fifty miles he rode to the camp of the desperadoes. Into the tent he strode, and, eyeing his enemy for a moment, he drew his pistols, laid them on the woman's pillow, and politely said: "Let me just finish this job first, and then I will attend to you." His bravery was more effective than his bullets, for when he left he was assured that not alone his life, but his cattle would in the future be not only spared, but protected from other stealers. I have given these few details to impart some idea of the kind of giants which march in the van of our westward faced civilization, and Dr. South is a fair type of his class. When he settled in Colfax county so desperate was the condition of affairs that no courts could be held, and the neighboring counties, taking advantage of the situation, and anxious to divide the rich spoils of coal, gold, copper, iron and grazing, and which has made this part of New Mexico the envy of the surrounding country, sought to have the county dismembered and divided among them. The issue was squarely made, and Dr. South was selected to make the fight, and after a most desperate battle, fought with bullets as well as ballots, he was elected by a small, but reputable, majority to the Territorial Legislature. Talk about your English beauties! there's not a woman in the world with more admirers than our Anna Williams, of Philadelphia. Everybody wants her picture. Her face is imprinted on the new silver dollar. The New England girl certainly carries off the palm for originality. A young woman of Wallingford, Conn., was married the other evening, and while the festivities that followed the ceremony were at their height, the bride eloped with one of her old admirers, who was among the guests. When last heard from Santa Claus was in the Fiji Islands, at Toytoya.