

W. A. LESUEUR, Publisher and Proprietor.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, APRIL 24, 1880.

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THOMAS B. DUPREE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office No. 6, Fike's Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the State and Federal courts.

E. W. ROBERTSON, S. M. ROBERTSON, W. S. M. ROBERTSON, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the Fifth and Sixth Judicial Districts.

A. S. HERRON, C. C. BIRD, J. D. BEALE, HERRON, BIRD & BEALE--Attorneys at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, near the Postoffice, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes.

H. M. FAURE, J. H. LAMON, FAVROT & LAMON--Attorneys at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes.

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Baton Rouge, Louisiana, January 10th, 1880.

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A LOVE TALE IN VERSE.

Softly sang the little love birds, Summer zephyrs kissed the earth;

Fell on groups of little children Playing in their artless mirth.

Close behind the damask curtains, In a home of luxury, Sat a delicate young maiden On the verge of twenty-three.

Sat and watched there in the gleaming, Till the hour of eight was told, Melancholy o'er her stealing-- Yes, the maid was growing old.

Suddenly she sees a figure Coming thro' the gath'ring gloom, Thro' the melancholy maiden Proudly prances round the room.

When he pulls the good bell handle, Prompt she opens the massive door; In the parlor they are seated-- All her troubles now are o'er.

On his knees she gayly perches; From another room her pa Looks upon his artful daughter With astonishment and awe.

As his arm was around her glowing, And his lips to hers were glued, Right behind the chair the old man Like an awful spectre stood.

Need we tell the old story, Of man's trust and woman's guile? I should say not! They were married In the most expensive style.

A Lesson on Dress.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a hand-box.

Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the "pink" of neatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance in the little properties of life.

I saw from the first that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest, and so proved.

"How admirably they are fitted to each other," I remarked to my husband on the night of their wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike that no violence will be done to the feelings of either in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances the match will be a good one," my husband replied.

There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly. Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking, but made no further remark on the subject. He is never enthusiastic nor sanguine, and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the married state, as I had imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky fellow to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid Cora one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubt.

It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper, her hair was in paper, and she had on dirty stockings and a pair of slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" I said, "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my deshabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh! well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," I said.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now; for didn't I just say," replied Cora, "that my fortune's made? I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard and neatness in order to win Edward's love," I said.

"Certainly I did."

"And you should do the same in order to retain it."

"Why, Mrs. Smith, do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora; but remember that he cannot see what is in your mind, except by what you do or what you say or what you do. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do; and depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him every day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for husband's eyes, for whose eyes pray do you dress? You are as neat when abroad as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go out into company, to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue strongly in favor of your dressing well at home for the eye of your husband, whose approval and admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event! Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad she dressed with exquisite taste, and was loved to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to believe that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before.

But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were not only confirming themselves, but becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made and why should she now waste time or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved, nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously, and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her "fortune was made;" she did not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It is a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing--ease and comfort everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"See nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth.

His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper and with slipshod feet and head like a mop, was lounging in a rocking-chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you know how dreadfully you look!"

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what has come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I'm just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved, at any rate!"

But Cora urged the matter, her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglass appeared, not only with a long beard, but with a shirt front and collar that were both soiled and crumpled.

"Why, Edward, how you do look!" said Cora. "You have neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so:

"It is no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is waste of time, and I am getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband look so slovenly.

"Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as slovenly as ever.

About six months after marriage he invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged and could not come until after tea.

My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present, and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me:

"You know my fortune's made now. Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It is a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened and in walked Mr. Douglass. At the first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut. His uncombed hair was standing up in stiff spikes in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days, and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots

unblacked, and there was an unmitigable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and the gentlemen were looking at each other and trying to repress their risible tendencies, and therefore deemed it best to try to throw off all reserve upon the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well, may I ask what is the matter?" broke in Cora, energetically.

"How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" and Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard and ran his fingers through his hair.

"What is the matter?" Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" and Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner, "I have been extremely hurried of late, and only left business a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress; I knew we were all friends here. Besides, as my fortune is made, (and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, toward his wife), I do not feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married it was necessary to be more particular in these matters, but now it is of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious--"so help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad of you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson," he whispered.

"It had to be given, and I thought I would venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else we all had a hearty laugh on my return to the parlor, where I explained the onerous little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterward, at home or abroad. She was cured.

A WAR ANECDOTE.

Savannah News.

During the late war Gen. McLaws, now postmaster at Savannah, was riding down his picket line, and encountered a genuine son of the Old Pine State on duty, who had taken his gun apart with the intention of giving it a thorough cleaning. The General halted in front of him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Look here, my man, are you not a sentinal on duty?"

"Well, y-e-s, a bit of a one!"

"Don't you know it is wrong to take your gun apart while on duty?"

"Well, now, who the devil are you?"

The