

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Within a darkened chamber
Of a marble palace grand,
There slowly came an angel
From the far off spirit land.

It fluttered its white wings gently,
Over the sleeper so fair,
And thought what a beautiful burden
It would take up the golden stair.

'Twas an only child, a maiden,
That lay on the silken bed—
She woke, and smiled on the angel,
Then shook her beautiful head—
'No, Death, I cannot go to-day,
For life seems so fair and bright,
And then, an angel! they tell me
I'll be a bride to-night.'

They have shown me snowy garments,
They have shown me gems of light,
And they told me these would deck
The fair young bride to-night.
Do not take me from him, oh Death!
He would weep to see me go,
For I am to be his bride, oh Death!
And I know he'd miss me so.

The angel listened while she spoke,
Then, whispering soft and low,
'God has claimed you for his mission,
He has said that you must go;
He sent me here to set my seal,
So cold, on that pure white brow,
'Tis the spirit which her mourning,
'She is an angel now.'

That night, when fair proud lover came
To claim her as his own,
He found her lying cold and still,
With life forever flown.
No power on earth could save her,
Not even the powers of death,
For rich and poor alike bow down
To obey the Angel of Death.

ing them comfortable, while he is drink-
ing and carousing in the village, wasting
his time and money, and making a
brute of himself besides. And why does
Mrs. Sarton come to receive her hus-
band's wages herself; simply because he
cannot get by the saloon with money in
his pocket, and if she did not get the
money they would all go hungry to bed
the day after his wages are paid. And
I believe that that every woman who
earns money here spends it as the aver-
age of men, and I have yet to hear of one
of them being in debt.'

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not
gain say a word his wife had said, for
they were all true. Luckily he thought
of Jane.

'Well, how much do you suppose Jane
will have left when New Year comes? If
she should get sick how long could she
pay care to such as you have!'

'It is not likely she will lay up many
dollars out of a hundred a year; but she
is laying up something better. I think,
last winter she sent her mother a warm
shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother
and the warm, loving letters they send
her do her more good than twice the
amount of money in the bank would.
This year she is laying by a number of
useful and pretty things for them, and
if any misfortune should happen to Jane
they would only be too glad to help her.'

'Well, who do you suppose would help
you if you needed help?' said Mr. Jarvis,
for want of a better question. Mrs. Jar-
vis's eyes sparkled angrily as she an-
swered:

'Nobody. If you should lose your
property to-day, I should be a beggar,
without claim on anyone for help. You
have always held your purse-strings so
tightly that it has been hard enough
to ask for my own necessities, leaving
others out altogether. Many a time a
dollar or two would have enabled me to
do some good, man or woman untold
good, but although you have always
said that all your property was mine
I never could, and cannot now, com-
mand a dollar of it.'

'Lucky you couldn't, if you wanted
to spend it on beggars.'

'Donald, you know that I would
spend money as wisely as you do. Who
was it that, only last week, gave a poor,
lame beggar five dollars to pay his fare
to Burton, and then saw him throw his
crutches aside and make for the nearest
saloon? Your wife could not do worse,
if trusted with a few dollars. You say
that the money is all mine, yet you
spend it as you please, while I cannot
spend a dollar without asking you for
it, and telling you what I want it for.
Any beggar can get it in the same way!
Christmas you bought presents for us
and expected us to be grateful for them.
A shawl for me of the very color I can-
not wear, a set of furs for Lucy that
she did not need, a drum for Robin
that has been a nuisance ever since,
and a lot of worthless toys that were
all broken up in a week. There was
forty or fifty dollars of my money just
the same as thrown away, yet when I
ask you to trust me with two dollars a
week, you cannot imagine what use I
have for it and fear it will be wasted.
I am sure I could not spend fifty dollars
more foolishly if I tried to.'

'Well, snapped the proprietor, 'I
guess it is my own money, and I can
spend it as I please. I guess you'll know
it, too, when you get another present.'

'Oh, it is your money, then. I un-
derstood you to say it was all mine,
and intended to protest against your
spending it so foolishly. If it is your
own, of course, you have a right to
spend it as you please, but it seems to
me that a woman who left parents and
brothers and sisters, and all her friends,
to make a home for you among stran-
gers, a woman who has given her whole
life to you for the past fifteen years,
might be looked upon with as much
favor as you give to beggars, who are
very likely to be impostors. I know
that you seldom turn them off without
help. Perhaps I would be more suc-
cessful if I appealed to you as a beggar.
I might say, kind sir, please allow to
me out of your abundant means a small
pittance for my comfort. It is true I
have enough to eat, and do not suffer
for clothing, but, although I work for
my master from morning till night, and
if his children happen to be sick, from
night until morning again, yet he does
not pay me as much as he does his
cook, and I am often greatly distressed
for want of a trilling sum which he
wouldn't mind giving to a stranger!
The other day while he was from home
I had to go to the next station to see a
dear friend who was ill, and not having
a dollar of my own I was obliged to
borrow the money from his cook. I
was so mortified! And not long since
the berry-woman came with such nice
berries to sell, and my little girl, who
was not well, wanted some very badly,
but I had not even five cents to pay for
a handful for her. Yesterday a friend
came to ask me to assist in a work of
charity. It was a worthy object and I
longed so much to give her a little
money for so good a purpose, but
though the wife of a rich man I had no
money. Of course, I might ask my hus-
band for money, and if I told him all
about what I wanted with it, and he
approved of my purpose, and was in a
good humor, he would give it to me;
but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to
do so, even if I could run to him every

time I wanted anything. People say I
am a fortunate woman because my hus-
band is rich, but I often envy the fac-
tory girls their ability to earn and spend
their own money. And sometimes I
get so wild thinking about my helplessness
that if it was not for my children
I think I should just drop into the
river and end it all.'

'Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you
saying?' cried the startled husband at
last, for the far away look in her eyes
as if she did not see him but was look-
ing to some higher power to help her,
touched his pride, if it did not his heart,
for he had a good deal of pride in a self-
ish sort of way. He was proud to be
able to support his family as well as he
did. He was proud to think he did it
all himself. He was proud that when
the children needed new shoes he could
tell his wife to take them to Christen's
and get what they needed. And he was
very proud to call and settle the bill.
He did it with a flourish. He was not
one of the stingy kind—he liked to
spend money; and when Nettie, who
was once the most spirited young lady
of his acquaintance, came meekly to
him for a dress or cloak, he was some-
times tempted to refuse the money just
to show her how helpless she was with-
out him. Yes, he was proud of his
power over his family, and wanted
them to feel how much they depended
upon him. He would have felt grie-
ved if anyone had left his wife a
legacy, thus allowing her to be
independent of his purse. The
idea of her earning money, as his
other work folks did, never en-
tered his mind. He "supported her,"
that was his idea of the relations! He
never had happened to think that it
was very good of her to take his money
and spend it for the good of himself and
his children. He never had thought
that any other woman would have
wanted big pay for doing it. He had
even thought himself very generous
for allowing her money to get things to
make the family comfortable. Things
began to look differently to him just
now. Could it be that he was not gen-
erous not even just to his wife! Had
he paid her so poorly for the fifteen
years of faithful labor for him that if
she had been obliged to begin the world
for herself that day, it would have
been as a penniless woman, notwith-
standing the house, and lands, and mills,
that he had so often told her were all
hers; for he knew, as every one else did,
that not one dollar of all he had, would
the law allow her to call her own.

How fast he thought, standing there
at the office window looking at the lit-
tle houses where the mill hands lived,
Could it be possible that his wife envied
them anything? Could it be that he
was not as good a man as he thought?
He had felt deeply the wrongs of the
slaves whose labors had been appropri-
ated by their masters, and when a ne-
gro who had worked twenty years for
his master before the emancipation freed
him, came to Jarvis Mills friendless and
penniless, the heart of the proprietor
swelled with indignation at such injus-
tice. He was eloquent on the subject
at home and abroad, and wondered how
any one could be so cruel and selfish as
to commit such an outrage against jus-
tice. He had called him a robber many
a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked
to himself very much like that old slave
holder! Massa Brown had taken the
proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own
without even a "thank you" for it.
True, when Cuffee must eat he had
given him food, when he was sick he had
given him medicine, and he had clothed
him, too, just as he himself thought
best. Mr. Jarvis had married a loving,
conscientious woman, and for fifteen
years had appropriated her labors. Her
recompense had been food and clothes,
such as he thought best for her. A lit-
tle better than Cuffee's perhaps, but the
similarity of the cases did not please
him. He had expected his wife to be
very grateful for what he had done for
her, but now he wondered that she had
not rebelled long ago. Had his life
been a mistake? Had his wife no more
money or liberty than Cuffee had in
bondage? Was Donald Jarvis no better
than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle,
and he looked so strangely that his wife,
anxious to break the spell, took his
arm, saying: "Let us go home, dear,
tea must be waiting for us." He took
his hat in a dreamy way and they
walked home in silence. The children
ran joyously to meet them in the yard
so fresh and green, and the flowers
so many and bright that he wondered
he had never thanked Nettie for them
as his, but now he felt that his interest
in them was only a few dollars, that
would not have amounted to anything
without his wife's care. His children
were tidy and sweet, and everything
around and in the house had that cheery
look that rested him so after the hard,
dull day at the mill. They sat again at
the table, which had been a source of
comfort and pleasure to him so many
years, and he wondered how he could
have enjoyed it so long without even
thanking the woman who had provid-
ed it. True she had used his money
in bringing it all about, but how else
could his money be of use to him! Who
else could have turned it into just what
he needed day after day for years? And
he began to have an undefined feeling
that it took more than money to make

a home. He glanced at his wife's face
as he buttered his last slice of bread.

It was not that of the fair rosy bride
whom he had brought to the mills years
before, but at that moment he realized
that it was far dearer to him, for he
knew that she had given the bloom and
freshness of her youth to make his home
what it was. His daughters had her
rose leaf cheeks, his son she had in
those days when, hardly knowing what
care meant, she had lived for him alone.

And a new thought came to him. 'Who
was comforting her now when she had
so much care?' Was that not what he
promised to do when he brought her
from her old home? He sighed as he
thought how far he had drifted from
her while holding her in bondage equal
to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her chains
were far more binding than any which
had ever held the negro, and that his
obligations to her were so much the
greater.

Something called the children out-
doors and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair.
His wife came and stood beside him. 'I
fear you are not well Donald or are you
displeased with me?'
He drew her into his arms and told
her how her words had showed him
what manner of man he was, and there
were words spoken that need not be
written, but from that day forth a differ-
ent man was proprietor of Jarvis Mills,
and there was a brighter light in Mrs.
Jarvis's eyes, for at last she had some-
thing of her own, nor has she ever re-
gretted that she applied for wages.'

MUST THE GOOD FIGHT LAST?

Editor Patriot-Democrat:

What has become of "Junius"? The
expectant multitude are standing
tiptoe, with hands cupped, as for ear-
trumpets, eagerly bending forward to
catch the first tones of his resonant
voice.

They have been kept in this strained
attitude for several weeks.

Deep anxiety, born of hope deferred,
is fast settling down upon the people.

What! is the promise of "Junius" to
be broken? Are we not to know, as
he has promised we should, "who trad-
ed with the devil?"

Ah! can it be that the noble lion
who stalked magnificently into the very
thicket of the newspaper battle, and
whose promontory roar made the ad-
herents of the ring tremble from one
end of the State to the other, can it be
that he has become transformed and is
as mild and gentle as a lamb? and
shall we now expect to hear him next
cooing as gently as a sucking dove?

Fearless though the light javelins of the
Democrat's jester, O mighty king of the
forest? Knowest thou not, that though
they may sting sharply, yet they pierce
not deep. But turn upon him, and per-
chance he will drop his quiver of jav-
elins, break his sword of lath, and the
jingle of the merry bells upon his fools-
cap will sound in mad retreat. Sound
the onslaught with another roar, and
Marston and Jastremski will gather to
the fight.

The writer thought to enlist his
feeble services in the same fight, but
cannot now find his Colonel, and he can-
not, inexperienced as he is, hope to
fight without a leader. "Junius," to the
rescue!!!

KARL.

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streets, opposite Chauvin's drugstore
where the **Choicest Wines**, together with
every delicacy in season, to be found here or
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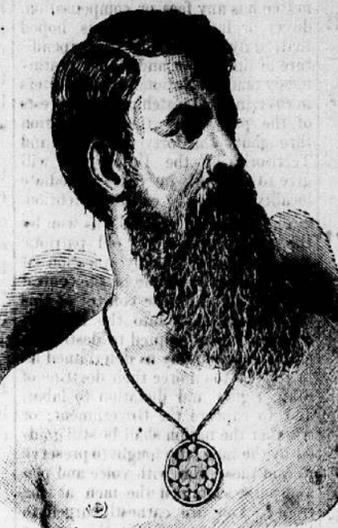
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I place before the public a preparation which is of the highest standard of
excellence, and one of the most valuable for the class of diseases for which it is intended. I
claim it to be a specific for the class of diseases, having submitted it to a rigid
test, extending over a period of several years, in treating the most obstinate cases
which have come under my observation with it successfully.

It is Purely Vegetable in its Composition!

contains no Arsenic or Iron, but combined with the Muriate Tincture of Iron and
the Soluble Salts of Iron—making it a valuable tonic in all conditions where Iron
is indicated. It may be administered to the most delicate children with impunity.
Large numbers of testimonials could be produced as to its efficacy, but I deem
it best that it should recommend itself.
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strict accordance with the printed directions on the bottle and failed to give
relief. (Feb 8) F. M. BROOKS.

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SPRING GOODS,

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of DRESS GOODS too numerous to mention. ALSO A FULL LINE OF

WHITE GOODS,

Such as LAWNS, STRIPED AND CHECKED MUSLINS, TABLE LINENS,
NAPKINS, TOWELS, BOBNET BARS, ETC. ALSO A COMPLETE LINE OF

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FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

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LACES, RECHINGS, KID GLOVES, CORSETS, PARASOLS, FANS, ETC.

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And various other articles at the lowest market price. Metallic and Imitation Cases, Coffins, etc.,
kinds, with Harsee when required, furnished at any hour. Also, Woven Wire Mattresses.

These Mattresses are so well known that it is not necessary to enlarge upon their merits.
Their superiority over all springs, they are elastic, noiseless, durable, clean, health-
ful and economical. The Guy Wire is an improvement, consisting of a large wire
put on the fabric, which makes a stiff edge, and prevents its being pressed on the
rail. No other Mattress possesses this feature. Guaranteed for five years.

THE WIFE'S WAGES

BY ARDIE BEE.

'Well, Nettie, what do you want?' said
Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood
looking rather anxiously at him after he
had paid the factory hands their week's
wages.

'Why, Donald,' she said, 'I thought as
I had worked for you all the week, I
would come for my wages too.' You pay
Jane two dollars a week, surely I earn
that, and I like very much to have it as
my own.'

'Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculously you
talk! You know that all I have belongs
to you and the children—and don't I fur-
nish the house and everything? What
under the sun would you do with money
if you had it?'

'I know, Donald, that you buy the ne-
cessaries for us all, and I am willing that
you should do so still, but I should like
a little money of my very own. We have
been married fifteen years, and in all
that time I do not seem to have earned
a dollar. As far as money is concerned
I might as well be a slave. I cannot buy
a quart of berries, nor a book, without
asking you for the money, and I should
like to be a little more independent.'

'A. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis Mills,
worth hundreds of thousands of dollars,
laughed derisively.

'You're a fine one to talk of independ-
ence,' he said. 'If you should start out
to make your own living you'd fetch up
in the poorhouse soon enough, for what
could you do to earn a living? The girls
in the factory know how to do their
work, and they earn their wages. When
I have paid them my duty is done, but
I have to board and clothe you, and take
care of you when you are sick. If I had
to do that for the girls they would have
precious little money left, I can tell you.'

'Donald, I gave up a good trade when
I married you. For five years I had sup-
ported myself by it, and many a time
since have I envied myself the purse of
those days. As for my not earning any-
thing, now I leave it to you to say
whether it would be possible to hire
another to take my place, and how much
do you suppose it would cost you to do
without me a year? I know the girls
have but little left after paying their
expenses, but they enjoy that little so
much! Allie Wilson supports herself
and her mother with her wages, and
they both dress better than I do. Jennie
Lart is helping her father pay off the
mortgage on his farm, and she is so hap-
py that she can do so. Even Jane, the
kitchen girl, has more freedom than I,
or out of her own money she is lay-
ing by presents for her relatives, and
will send them Christmas, as much to
her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday
an Indian woman was at the house with
such handsome bead work to sell, and
although I wanted some money so much
I had not a dollar! I felt like crying
when Jane brought in her week's wages
and bought half a dozen articles that I
wanted so much. You often say that all
on have is mine, but five dollars would
have given me more pleasure yesterday
than your hundreds of thousands of dol-
lars worth of property did.'

'No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You
ave no idea of the value of money, and
could have enjoyed buying a lot of bead
rash that wouldn't be a cent to any
body. Jane needs a guardian if she
pois away her money like that. She
will be in the county house yet if she
only be out. It's lucky that men do
old the money, for there's not one
oman in a hundred who knows how to
se it.'

'For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know
better! Look at Jerry and Milly Creg,
fill you, and say that he makes the best
use of his money. She is at home with
her parents every night, making her
ages go as far as possible toward mak-