

The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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Can be found with and for sale by H. A. BLOSSAT, Cottle Landing, La., sole agent for Rapides, Vernon and Grant, or T. M. BLOSSAT, Alexandria, La., Dec. 18, 1878.

SUCCESSION SALE.

State of Louisiana—Parish of Rapides. Parish Court.
No. 254—Succession California Watson. BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE issued by the Honorable Court aforesaid, and to me directed as Administrator of said Succession, commanding me to sell for cash the property thereof, for the purpose of paying debts and to effect a partition, I will therefore on SATURDAY, the 11th day of JANUARY, 1879,

offer for sale at public auction, at the Court House door, in the Town of Alexandria, the following described property, to-wit:—
A certain piece or parcel of land fronting on Bayou Rapides, in said Parish and State, bounded above by the heirs of Davis, below by James, containing 66 2/3 acres of bottom land and 112 acres of pine land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon of thereto belonging, the said property being Lot No. 2 of a judicial partition in suit No. 246 of said Court had between Mrs. M. R. James and Havis and Watson heirs.
TERMS OF SALE:—CASH, subject to appraisement. W. C. JAMES, Administrator, Dec. 11-14s. Printer's Fees \$9.00.

ROSE'S NAME WRITING FANCY STITCHING AND DARNING ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL MACHINES. FOR SALE BY FERGUSON AND SCHNACK, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE GENUINE SINGER MACHINE.

Poetry.
FORGIVENESS.
When on a fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the weapon bends,
Even on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if tooken in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

THE PREMIUM WOMAN.
Sunday afternoon, while three or four hundred sight-seers were loafing around the entrance to the State Fair Grounds, a lonesome-looking covered wagon, drawn by a faded old horse, and driven by a woman, hove in view on the Holden road. It was plain enough that some family was on the move, and it was soon ascertained that the family consisted of only a woman and two children.—The wagon stopped as it reached the crowd, and, bending forward to look on every side, the woman inquired: "Been a fout here?"

A boy answered her that the State Fair was about to open, and she called to the children under the cover: "Sam, you wake up, and Mary, you wake up, too, for here's the biggest crowd of folks you ever seen." No one in the great crowd had ever seen such a homely woman. She was cross eyed, teeth out, nose awry and mouth big enough for two. A man in the crowd stepped forward, after a long look at her face, and said: "Madam, we are offering a prize for the homeliest woman in America. Do you wish to enter for it?" "How much is it?" she asked. "Two dollars." "And how much'll I have to pay?" "Nothing." "I'm in America now, ain't I?" "Yes." "Then sot me down as the woman who's going to win that two dollars or die. Here, Sam, hold this horse while I git down whar the Judges kin have a fair look at me!" She got down. The crowd roared and threw up a hundred hats, but she drew herself up and solemnly remarked: "When they offer a prize on the homeliest woman in America I'm going up to the head of the class like a four-hoss team. Whar's the Judges?" "Madam," said the man who had previously addressed her, "you are entitled to the prize. I believe you are the homeliest human being I ever saw. I don't think you'd look any the worse if you had one eye out and was bald-headed."

He placed a two dollar bill on her palm and said: "Champion homely woman of America, accept this premium."

"You bet I will!" was her healthy reply, and in five minutes she had four or five dollars in change tossed at her. When the shower ceased she made one step from the ground to a seat on the wagon, thook up the old horse, bowed right and left, and said: "Now, Sam, you git back thar, and Mary, git back thar, and we'll drive along to the fust vacant lot and go into camp; fur if I kin take a prize before the Fair opens, whar kin we hope fur when the performance gits under full blast!" — [Detroit Free Press.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

D. M. LYLE vs. DAVID TANNER, No. 1464.
PARISH COURT—PARISH OF RAPIDES. BY VIRTUE OF AND TO SATISFY a writ of Fieri Facias issued and to me directed in the above entitled and numbered suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction, in front of the Court House door, in the Town of Alexandria, La., between the hours prescribed by law, on SATURDAY, the 12th day of JANUARY, A. D. 1879,

the following described property, to-wit:—
Fifty (50) acres of land, more or less, on the left descending bank of Bayou Boeuf, bounded in front by the lands of Linn Tanner, above by Jabez Tanner, rear by Mrs. Haywood, below by lands of D. M. Lyle.

TERMS:—CASH, subject to appraisement. H. M. ROBINSON, Sheriff. Printer's Fees \$6.00.

STRAVED.

FROM THE PREMISES OF THE Catholic Church, a few days since, ONE SORREL HORSE, 4 years old next Spring, flax mane and tall, and branded J Z.

A liberal reward will be paid for his return, or any information leading thereto. REV. MENARD, Jan. 1-3c. At the Catholic Church.

TO INVENTORS AND MECHANICS.

PATENTS AND HOW TO OBTAIN them. Pamphlet of 60 pages free upon receipt of stamps for postage.—Address GILMORE, SMITH & CO., Solicitors of Patents, Box 31, Washington, D. C.

Hearts Overworked.
No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart.—When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine, and the blood rushes through the reservoir faster than was ever intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives, and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these "excitements" is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a sinking or emptiness as it is called. The healthy action of all members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from the central fountain.

When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for the blood, is inactive.—The heart is a very willing member, but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly—if it be "put upon," as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes disorganization which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganization begins to end nowdays in the hearts of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high pressure is employed. Hence young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. The precocious coaxed up children are never well.

Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it; in a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts.

If in the school room some hearts are broken from mental strain, in the playground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. "It is no object of mine," said Dr. Richardson, "to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the danger of those fierce and competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a rowler. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern facts of the results." But, indeed, it is not by overwork so much as by worry an anxiety that our hearts are disorganized. "Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety."

Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express train haste which a little attention to method would render unnecessary. — [Chamber's Journal.]

LARGEST OF THEIR KIND.—1.

The largest ocean in the world is the Pacific. 2. The largest sea the Mediterranean. 3. River, the Amazon. 4. Gulf, Mexico. 5. Cape, Horn. 6. Lake, Superior. 7. Bay, Bengal. 8. Island, Australia. 9. City, London. 10. Public building, St Peter's Rome. 11. Hotel, Palace, San Francisco. 12. Steamer, Great Eastern. 13. Desert, Sahara. 14. Theater, Grand Opera House, Paris. 15. State Texas. 16. Territory, Dakota. 17. Park, the Phoenix Park, Dublin. 18. Highest mountain, Mount Everest, Hindostan, Asia. 19. Sound, Long Island. 20. Largest railroad, Union Pacific and Central Pacific. 21. Canal, Grand Canal, China. 22. Bridge, that over the Tay at Dundee, Scotland. 23. Largest railroad depot, St. Pancras, London. 24. Largest Strongest fort, Gibraltar. 26. Longest ship, the Romsdal, lately in this port. 27. Sailing ship of greatest tonnage, the Three Brothers. — [N. Y. Dispatch.]

ROSE'S NAME WRITING FANCY STITCHING AND DARNING ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL MACHINES.—FOR SALE BY FERGUSON & SCHNACK, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE GENUINE SINGER MACHINE.

—JENKINS' "Annihilator" never fails to cure the very worst forms of Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia.—Read the testimonial of a gentleman who suffered for years: N. JENKINS—Have been afflicted with Rheumatism for many years. Have used the Annihilator with great benefit. —COLUMBUS H. ALLEY, Office Brooks' Blue Mill, New Orleans. Send for Circular to N. JENKINS & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans, La.

AN ARTFUL WIDOW.
It is universally conceded that widows—and especially young widows—are the most artful creatures in the world. They seem to know intuitively all of a man's weaknesses and to play upon them remorselessly. Some ladies a few days since were discussing a little incident that recently occurred, in which this peculiarity was conspicuously displayed. A wealthy young widow had won the affections of a certain youth, and there was every indication of a speedy marriage, when the old gentleman—the young man's father—unexpectedly interposed a decisive negative. He was a staid old deacon, and himself a widower. His objections in themselves were trivial. He had disliked the widow's father, and the feud of a long time ago he sought to revive for the benefit of the descendants, who, perhaps, had never heard of it. Still the old gentleman was implacable, and there was nothing left but to yield an apparent acquiescence in his commands. But he reckoned without his host when he thought to circumvent that pretty little widow.

The young people laid their heads together, and the result was a plan of operations which, could the old deacon have known the true inwardness of it, would have given him additional reason for believing in the total depravity of human nature. The dutiful son ceased his attentions, and went about gloomy and dissatisfied, while the widow bloomed out into a radiant picture of love and beauty. Whenever she met the old deacon, which was often, she lavished upon him her sweetest and most bewitching smiles. He came to regard her attentively, and his eyes were always sure to encounter a tender pensive face, which ere long began to play wild work with the old deacon's sober affections. She threw herself in his way, and won upon his heart fast and irresistibly. It was only a few weeks before the old gentleman was compelled to acknowledge that he was head over ears in love with that charming relict. The scruples which he entertained for his son never occurred to him as being of sufficient importance to influence his own conduct. And so he proposed.

"Oh, deacon, I never thought any such thing," protested the beautiful woman.

"But you must have thought of it. You have surely seen that I was loving you."

"But I thought you objected to my family. You said that none of my father's children should ever come into your family."

"Who? me? Why I never thought of such a thing. It would be the proudest hour of my life to see you one of my family."

"Now, deacon, is that really so?" "It is indeed."

"And you would have no objection to a marriage which should make me a member of your family?" inquired the artful woman, looking tenderly at the old man, while delicious thrills of joy rippled over the deacon's heart.

"Object! Why, I tell you, it is the hope I cherish most in life."

"Why, I am so glad!" and thereupon the widow threw her arms around the old man's neck and snatched his lips with a kiss that fairly took his breath away. If there ever was a man on earth who felt that he was standing on the threshold of the seventh heaven the deacon was that man. He was none of your bashful Carpet Knight wooer, and he gave the widow back as good as she sent. When she thought he was wrought up to a pitch of fondness equal to the announcement, she murmured—

"I'm so glad. Will and I had better to think you never would consent to our getting married, and we loved each other so dearly," and again the widow's soft white arms were clasped around the old deacon's scrawny neck, and her little rosebud mouth fluttered against his lips.

"Hey!" exclaimed the deacon, starting back in overwhelming surprise. "What is that you say? Will and you—why bless my soul, what do you mean?"

"Why, that Will and I have loved each other a long time, and I'm so glad that you will now consent to our getting married," murmured the

demure lady.
However much in love, the deacon was no fool. He saw that he had been artfully entrapped, and his sense of the ludicrous enabled him to appreciate the joke.
"I reckon I've made a little mistake here," he soliloquized rather sadly. "But it's all right. You and Will had better get married as soon as possible," and the old man left the widow's presence with an overwhelming sense of defeat, but with the very highest possible appreciation of the artful devices of widows, and of this widow in particular; and whenever he thought of it afterward, that old deacon's rugged countenance rippled all over with smiles.

Without Words.
Two little Indian children accompanied a man with a harp out of the city, along the country roads, skirted by fields and woods; and here and there a farm house by the way. Their voices were sweet and the words in an unknown tongue. The old ladies came out to the door, and held their hands above their eyes to see what it all meant; and from behind them peered the flaxen heads of timid children.

Here they were given an apple, there a generous slice of bread and butter, and sometimes a cup of milk and a handful of plums. There was something beside this we were obliged to get and take out to the swarthy man on the roadside, or else he frowned and scolded them—that was money. Not knowing how to make themselves understood, the little children when they had finished singing shyly held out their little brown hands or their aprons to get anything that might be given them, and take it to the dark man out at the gate, who stood ready to receive it.

One day the dark harpist went to sleep, and the little boy and girl became tired of waiting for him. Went off to a cottage under the hill, and began to sing under the window. They sang as sweetly as the voices of birds. Presently the blinds were opened wide, and they saw by the window a fair lady on a sick bed regarding them. Her eyes shone with a feverish light, and the color of her cheeks were like a beautiful peach in the sun. She smiled as an angel might, and asked them if their feet were tired. They said a few words softly in their own tongue.

She said, "Are the green fields not better than your city?" They shook their heads.

She asked them, "Have you a mother?" They looked perplexed.

She said, "What do you think while you walk along country roads?" They thought she asked for another song, so eager was the face, and they sang at once a song full of sweetness and pity, so sweet the tears came into her eyes. That was a language they had learned.

So they sang on sweeter still. At this she kissed her hand and waved it to them. Their beautiful faces kindled, and, like a flash, the timid hands waved a kiss.

She pointed upward to the sky and sent a kiss up thither.

At this they sank upon their knees, and also pointed thither, as much as asking, "Do you also know the good God?"

"A lady leaning by the window said, 'So tears and kisses veil the earth, and make the whole world kin.' And the sick one added, 'And God is over all.'"

PRECH-LOADING SHOT-GUNS. FROM \$35 TO \$65. AT FERGUSON & SCHNACK'S, WATCH-MAKERS AND JEWELERS.

—ABOUT this time the young lady of the country learns through a series of deep, dark plottings that her young man wears number four boots. The same young man will be sorry that he prevaricated when he tries to thrust his number seven feet into a beautifully-worked pair of number four Christmas slippers. — [Rockland Courier.]

—Mrs. Pommer Ranney, of Indiana, has recently given birth to triplets. Her husband is not a paragon, therefore, instead of announcing this as another Pommer Ranney disaster, he simply stated as the deacon when the announcement was made and ejaculated "Gosh!" — [Toledo Commercial.]