

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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## BATTLEDOOR.

Merry-hearted maidens four,  
Laughing, play at battle-door;  
And my heart, the shuttlecock,  
To and fro they nimbly took.

Maggie, Fannie, Hattie, Kate—  
How their bright eyes scintillate,  
As the poor, bewildered thing  
Back and forth they gaily fling!

Ha! 'tis lodged in Fannie's hair;  
Scarcely a moment nestles there,  
When away it bounding flies,  
Lighting plump in Hattie's eyes.

Now in Katie's kerchief hides;  
Then, dashed and blushing, glides,  
(Battle-door is full of slips!)  
Bounding straight to Maggie's lips.

Merry-hearted maidens four,  
Playing thus at battle-door;  
Cease, oh! cease, my heart to knock,  
Poor, bewildered shuttlecock!

—Century.

## A CURIOUS CASE.

An Interesting Story from a Lawyer's Diary.

During the last week of September, 1870, a young man, giving his name as Charles Brackett, called upon me in great trouble. He asked me if I had a private room. I arose at once, led the way to my consultation closet, closed the door and turned the key in the lock. I pointed him to the sofa, taking my own seat at the table.

"Now," said I, "what is it, young man?"

He started and caught his breath; and as he began to speak, I made up my mind that let the case be what it would, he was not a guilty party. He was too fearful, too broken-spirited and unhappy, for a criminal. The case, as he presented it, was as follows:

He was employed as book-keeper, and at times acted as cashier, in the wholesale establishment of Arnold, Merriam & Co. For a considerable time money had been missing from the funds of the firm, and at length suspicion had fallen upon himself. Said he:

"I am situated peculiarly. My mother is an invalid; and I have two sisters—two young ladies. We four live together. My father died when I was only twelve. One of my sisters has to remain at home to take care of the house and to take care of mother; the other—two years younger than myself—gives music lessons when she can get pupils. Our little house our father left, with a mortgage on it of fifteen hundred dollars, which has remained ever since, until little more than four weeks ago, when we paid it off."

There he stopped, hesitated, and choked.

"How did you raise the money for that?" I asked, quietly.

"Must I tell you, sir?" he returned, imploringly.

"Do you want me to defend you?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, quickly.

"I was sent to you by—a man who said you would help me."

"Then," I told him, "you had better trust me. If you do not."

There he interrupted me by asking if I would keep his secret. I told him he must trust me fully. I would do what was best; and of that he must leave me to judge. And after a little further hesitation he told me.

A young gentleman, whose parents were wealthy, and who was himself well-off, had loved the music-teaching sister, Bella, a long time; and they were to be married during the coming fall, and go at once to Europe. The young man was very anxious that his parents should not know, as they had other plans for his future. He—Bella's affianced—had furnished the money for paying off the mortgage, and also, for repairing the house; and he had made them all promise not to speak his name in connection with it.

I suspected at once who the man was. He was a member of the same club with myself, and several of us had felt sure that he contemplated matrimony, *ad rosa*. So I looked at my visitor smilingly, and said:

"It is Albert Christopher?"

"Who told you?" he cried, in wonder.

"Never mind," said I, "so long as you did not. And Christopher sent you to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Now go on and tell me what has been done."

It appeared, from his further story, that Mr. Merriam had for several weeks suspected him, and when it had become known that the mortgage had been paid off, and when Brackett would not tell where the money had come from, but instead thereof trembled and turned pale, then the suspicions became confirmed, or very nearly so.

"Two weeks ago," the young man went on, "Mr. Merriam gave me a package containing five hundred dollars, and told me to carry it into Winthrop Sturges' counting-room, and ask them to forward it to Colonel Walter Pennington, at Joliet, Ill. Colonel Pennington was in business there—in Joliet—and corresponded with both our houses. We had wool of him. Perhaps you know, sir, Sturges is in the same line that we are in. Well, Sturges had told our folks that he was going to make a remittance to the Colonel, and offered to take the sum they wished to forward and cover it in his check."

"I carried the money to Sturges' place, and in the counting-room found only his head book-keeper, Damon Wadleigh, at his desk. It was somewhere between one and two o'clock. I gave the money to Wadleigh, and he opened the package—it was sealed—and counted it—just five hundred dol-

lars. He asked me if I wanted a receipt. I told him he had better give me a line, just to show that it had been received in that house. He wrote a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of the amount. I took it and ran the blotter over it; then folded it up and put it into my vest pocket, and went to my dinner. Before returning to the store—the weather had grown cooler than it was in the morning—I changed my pants and vest for thicker ones; and I forgot the receipt in the vest pocket. That night when I went home it was not to be found, and I have not been able to find it since.

"I'm almost through, sir. Just one week from the day on which I paid the money in at Sturges', Mr. Merriam received a letter from Colonel Pennington, in which, at the end—after the business—occurred this passage: 'My dear old fellow, when are you going to let me hear from you? I haven't been blessed with your kind remembrance, I don't know when.'"

"When was that?" I asked.

"Last week Tuesday, sir."

"And you gave the money in at Sturges' counting-room when?"

"The Tuesday before that, sir—the thirteenth of the present month of September."

I nodded for him to go on.

"After Mr. Merriam had showed me the letter, and told me to read that sentence, he asked me if I was sure I had given the money to be sent to Colonel Pennington. You can imagine I was indignant. But I didn't know then how much I'd been suspected. I held in as best I could, and told him I had given the money into the hands of the bookkeeper, Damon Wadleigh. During the afternoon he—Merriam—called in at Sturges' and—sir—O! I can't understand it—they all—Sturges and Wadleigh, and all there employed—swear that they never saw the money!"

"I forgot to say, sir, that Mr. Merriam asked me if I took a receipt; and it was when I confessed the loss of that that my heart began to quake. Yes, sir, they swear—all in the counting-room—that they never saw the money. Mr. Sturges says he filled out a check, as he had said he should, on the afternoon of the 13th inst., and mailed it to Colonel Pennington, at Joliet, but nothing had been received—so nothing had been covered in—on the account of Merriam & Co."

Then, in broken accents, the young man told me that he had been accused of embezzlement; had been brought before a trial justice for preliminary examination, and bound over to appear before the grand-jury in October. The evidence before the justice had been deemed by most of those present as conclusive.

There was the case. Brackett said he had searched in vain for the receipt. But the missing receipt was not all. The lifting of the mortgage from the house told heavily against him.

He had himself paid the money, and the business had been done in his name. Yet he had utterly refused to tell where the money had come from, and had almost cried—had fairly shed tears—when pressed and badgered on that point. That the astute justice had taken as a sure sign of guilt.

I asked him if he suspected Damon Wadleigh of having appropriated the money to his own use. He shook his head dubiously. He knew not what to think. He and Wadleigh had always been most excellent friends, though he had never been able to keep exactly the expensive company that Damon did. "But, mind you," he added, "I don't mean to intimate by that that he ever lives beyond his means."

I thought the matter over. Really and sincerely, I believed my client innocent.

"Look here," said I, as the thought struck me; "did Colonel Pennington speak, in the letter which Merriam showed to you, of the amount due him from your firm?"

"I am very sure he did not," replied the youth. "He—the Colonel—and Arnold Merriam, were colleagues, and have been close friends ever since. My thought of the passage was that he had missed his old friend's chatty, newsy letters."

I had about made up my mind to send the young man away until the next day, that I might think, and perhaps, investigate, when the thought occurred to me—a thought so simple—so exceedingly simple—that it had not found lodgment before: "What does Colonel Pennington say about it?"

Brackett didn't know. He was very sure the Colonel had not been written to.

"Well," said I, "let us begin at the bottom. The money was for Colonel Pennington. If there had been no wrong done by anybody, he should have received it." And I sat down and wrote as follows, with date and the address at my end of the line:

TO COLONEL WALTER PENNINGTON, JOLIET, ILL.: Have you received five hundred dollars, which should have been forwarded to you from Arnold Merriam, of this place, on the 13th inst. Answer immediately to me.

I signed my name; gave it to Charles Brackett; bade him take it to the Western Union Office, and remain for an answer.

In little more than half an hour the young man was back, and here is what Colonel Pennington telegraphed:

The money was paid into my own hands on the day named—five hundred dollars.

WALTER PENNINGTON.

I was not satisfied with that. I was now sure that, in some way, the Colonel had received the money. But how? Before I made my appearance to the accusers, I wished to be whole-footed. So I wrote another telegram,

asking the Colonel to send to me at once, by telegraph, a full and explicit statement of how he had received the money, and let it come at my expense. This dispatch Brackett took away; and the clock was striking six as he came back with the answer. Here it is—the body of it:

On Tuesday, the thirteenth instant, shortly after noon, I was on my way from Portland, Maine, to N. Y., and thence home. I had to pass through your place on wings. I had just time to look in at Merriam's, where I found nobody. Then I looked in at Sturges' where I found one of the Wadleigh brothers—I never told them apart—and he gave me a package containing five hundred dollars, saying it had been left only a few moments before by one of Merriam's people. In my driving hurry I put the money in my pocket. Wadleigh said nothing about a receipt, and I didn't stop to think of it. And I have hardly thought of it since, till I received your telegram. What's up?

WALTER PENNINGTON.

"Ho, ho!" I cried, when I had read. "Another case of Twins. A thousand dollars to a penny that you gave that money to Pythias Wadleigh instead of Damon!"

And so it proved. Damon and Pythias Wadleigh were twin brothers, as like as two peas in a pod, and had both been in Pennington's command during the war. Upon a critical overhauling of events in the past, it appeared that on that Tuesday noon—the 13th—Pythias chanced to drop into Sturges' counting-room when his brother was there alone.

Damon was famished for his lunch, and he asked Pythias to remain on the premises while he went out; and so it had been done.

So, when Charles Brackett dropped in, he found Pythias, instead of Damon; but did not know it. When Colonel Pennington looked in at Merriam's place he found it empty, and moved on. He reached Sturges' not more than two minutes after Brackett had gone; Pythias, knowing him so well and so intimately, had given him the money as a matter of course, and thought no more of it. Half an hour later, when his brother returned, he came in company with two customers, full of business; so the subject of the Colonel and his money was not touched upon. And from that time the two brothers had not met until this strange business called them together.

Mr. Merriam, and others concerned, made all the reparation in their power. On the merchant's promise of due circumspection, I revealed to him the secret of Brackett's ability to pay off the mortgage on his mother's house; so the last burden of doubt was lifted from his mind, and he was in the right humor to give his young clerk an advance in position.

Love is always in order, and always interesting if it be true love; and that leads me, in closing, to say: Albert Christopher and Bella Brackett were married before the snow flew; and his parents, when they had come to know his accomplished young wife, were perfectly reconciled, and even happy.

—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in N. Y. Ledger.

## PLAYING SCARECROW.

How a Busy Editor Made Good Use of a Lady Caller.

"Oh, there is little danger of an ordinary mortal's growing conceited!" said a lady, in mock despair. "Pitfalls are always waiting for our pride."

She then went on to say that, having some business with one of the literary world's great men, the editor of a well-known paper, she ventured upon a call on him at his office. He was most cordial, and her errand was soon completed to her satisfaction. Just as she was about taking her leave, there came a knock, and she rose at once to go.

"Oh, pray wait one moment," said the editor. "I know that knock. Oblige me by waiting until the gentleman has handed me his manuscript."

"I did wait," says the lady, in telling the story, "and found that the new comer was a celebrated author of our city. He glanced at me, gave the editor a package, and hurried away. To tell the truth, I was immensely flattered that the editor should have preferred losing the celebrated man's call to shortening mine. Judge of my feelings when he said, as soon as the door had closed behind the visitor: 'I really beg your pardon for making use of you in this way, madam, but I absolutely couldn't resist the temptation. I knew he wouldn't stay if he saw I had a visitor, and his calls are so confoundedly long.'"

—Youth's Companion.

## Marie Antoinette's Diadem.

A well-known resident of Buffalo has just returned home from a trip to Europe. Among other souvenirs he brought with him a diadem made for and worn by Marie Antoinette. The fillet is a plain band of Roman gold, inlaid with a mosaic of opals, turquoises, rubies and sapphires, depicting the incidents of the lives of Helen and Dido. Above this rises a spray pattern of beaten gold, exquisitely wrought, supporting a border of fleur de lis composed of rose diamonds and pearls. Three of the diamonds are from the famous Golconda mines. The monogram of the unhappy Queen is engraved on the inside of the fillet. This is said somehow to have escaped the notice of the auctioneer, else it might have brought much more than was paid for it, 50,500 fr.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

—A New Jersey negro says he has fought with fists, clubs, corn-cutters, scythes, pistols and slung-shots, but for a down-right good weapon of defense he prefers a razor with a white bone handle.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—Texas leads with 6,801,115 sheep.

## DEMOCRATIC VETERANS.

The Shameless Way in Which They Are Treated by Republican Partisans.

It will do the machine Republicans no good to decore themselves about this organization of Democratic soldiers. It is not to be whistled down the wind. There will be quite enough of it to make the machine uncomfortable, and to make the G. A. R. wish it had kept out of politics. There is in it not the slightest coldness or animosity to the G. A. R., except as it forsakes its true path and purpose and undertakes to boom one party and abuse another. The Democrats propose to remain in the order, but they propose to also organize outside of it. A valued exchange is therefore not quite correct in saying:

A large number of the G. A. R. Post of Des Moines have succeeded because of the offensiveness of the Tuttle element. It is hard for Democrats to remain in such posts as that of Des Moines and maintain their self-respect.

But why should not Democratic soldiers organize. The Republican party has never yet failed to make merchandise of the patriotism, the blood, the lives of the Democratic soldiers. It has been so not only ever since the war, but ever since the Democratic soldier enlisted. He knew it would be so when he enlisted. He left his home, his family, his loved ones to go out and offer up his life in a cause whose credit he knew would be claimed by the mercenary men who abused him for his politics. The patriotism of the soldier who was on the popular side in politics does not compare with this.

And even to this day the patriotism of the Democratic soldier is impugned. He has been denied any participation in the official honors and emoluments of the country. He foresaw all this, and patiently he has endured it. But the time for endurance is past. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. Considering the circumstances under which he enlisted, and the patience with which, for his country's sake, he has borne insult and injury from the time the unseasoned flesh of his tender youth yielded to the bullet until his hair is gray and his joints stiffened with age, there is not on the page of history a more shining example of patriotism than this same Democratic soldier.

Why shouldn't he organize? He asks no undue pension. He is not seeking office. He seeks only the peace and happiness of the whole country. He did not offer his life that Presidents might be insulted, the country rent with civil strife, and the hearts of his children filled with undying hatred against a portion of their countrymen. He fought for peace and union. He thinks that four years of fighting and twenty-two years more of waiting are enough; or ought to be enough, to gain those blessed ends. Is he not right?

It is the Democratic soldier, of all human beings, who may be proud to stand up and be counted. He is not scarce. As one of our exchanges has recently observed, Missouri sent 17,850 more men into the Union army than Iowa did. Missouri cast only 17,028 votes for Lincoln, but sent 86,590 men into the Union army, while Iowa cast 70,409 votes for Lincoln and only furnished 68,680 men to the Union army. Conceding that two-thirds of the Iowa soldiers were Republicans, and that two-thirds of those who voted for Lincoln in Missouri enlisted in the Union army, we have a total of about 57,000 Republican soldiers from these States, while the same States furnished 98,000 Democratic soldiers to the Union army! These figures are rather interesting. A good many more such could be furnished.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Leader*.

## SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES.

Why the Mission of the Bloody Shirt Is Ended Forever and Forever.

One significant feature of the recent discussion concerning the rebel flag matter was the total absence of any ill feeling on the part of the South. The time was when the Republican bosses could produce political capital very readily simply by irritating a few Southern editors, and then inflame the Northern heart by repeating their ill-considered utterances. This time has passed, and one reason why the South will not be drawn into sectional controversies with Republican agitators is that it is too busy building up new industries and increasing the general business of that section of the country. A very recent review of the industrial growth of the South demonstrates that the people have been earnestly at work within the last two decades, and that the fruits of this earnest work have been most marked during the last six months of the present year. The *Manufacturers' Record*, published in Baltimore, gives the following encouraging figures:

| First six months of—                  |  | 1887.   |        | 1886.   |        |
|---------------------------------------|--|---------|--------|---------|--------|
|                                       |  | Number. | Value. | Number. | Value. |
| Iron furnace companies.....           |  |         |        |         |        |
| Machine shops and foundries.....      |  |         |        |         |        |
| Agricultural implement factories..... |  |         |        |         |        |
| Flour mills.....                      |  |         |        |         |        |
| Cotton mills.....                     |  |         |        |         |        |
| Furniture factories.....              |  |         |        |         |        |
| Gas works.....                        |  |         |        |         |        |
| Water-works.....                      |  |         |        |         |        |
| Carriage and wagon factories.....     |  |         |        |         |        |
| Electric light companies.....         |  |         |        |         |        |
| Mining enterprises.....               |  |         |        |         |        |
| Lumber-mills.....                     |  |         |        |         |        |
| Ice factories.....                    |  |         |        |         |        |
| Canning factories.....                |  |         |        |         |        |
| Sieve factories.....                  |  |         |        |         |        |
| Miscellaneous enterprises.....        |  |         |        |         |        |
| Total.....                            |  |         |        |         |        |

This table shows wide diversity of new enterprises, indicating a new and healthy growth. The building of cotton mills is again attracting much interest and capital. In nearly all the

Southern States new mills are being erected, and especially in South Carolina is this activity noticeable. Several very large mills are being put up and the older and smaller ones are being enlarged and otherwise improved. At Greenville a cotton mill to cost \$500,000 will soon be built. Texas is also becoming largely interesting in cotton manufacturing. The amount of capital (including capital stock of incorporated companies) represented by the new enterprises organized or chartered in the South, and in the enlargement of old plants and rebuilding of mills destroyed by fire during six months of 1887, as compared with the same time in 1886, was as follows:

| For six months of—  |  | 1887.   |        | 1886.   |        |
|---------------------|--|---------|--------|---------|--------|
|                     |  | Number. | Value. | Number. | Value. |
| Alabama.....        |  |         |        |         |        |
| Arkansas.....       |  |         |        |         |        |
| Florida.....        |  |         |        |         |        |
| Georgia.....        |  |         |        |         |        |
| Kentucky.....       |  |         |        |         |        |
| Louisiana.....      |  |         |        |         |        |
| Maryland.....       |  |         |        |         |        |
| Mississippi.....    |  |         |        |         |        |
| North Carolina..... |  |         |        |         |        |
| South Carolina..... |  |         |        |         |        |
| Tennessee.....      |  |         |        |         |        |
| Texas.....          |  |         |        |         |        |
| Virginia.....       |  |         |        |         |        |
| West Virginia.....  |  |         |        |         |        |
| Total.....          |  |         |        |         |        |

These statistics mean "business." They are no idle tales invented by boom-makers, and they demonstrate the vastness of the recent revolution that has been quietly going on in the Southern States. The bloody shirt may flap and flutter for the Republican agitator, but it can be used no longer to retard the progress of the Southern States.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

## THEY ALL WANT IT.

Some of the Interests That Are Howling for a Bloody-Shirt Campaign.

There are several interests in the country which would like to have the "rebel flag incident" made the chief issue of the next campaign. Weak as that issue might be, they regard it as strong in comparison with some others that might be forced upon them.

The big combinations in coal, lumber, salt, glass, copper, iron and steel would like to fight the rebellion over again in 1888.

Alien landlords now on the point of being driven from the country would not object to it if it promised to bring back the party under whose rule they flourished.

The cattle barons who were ejected from the public lands which they had unlawfully monopolized would welcome it.

The land grabbing corporations which have been forced to do justice to the settler and which have had their unearned grants forfeited all want it.

The Pacific railroads, owing the Government \$100,000,000 which they do not want to pay, would not object to a bloody shirt campaign.

The Dorseys, the Elkisses, the Claytons and the Chaffees are all yearning for a fight on the lines of a generation ago.

Every thieving monopolist in America, forced by recent events to defend himself against attacks which are increasing in force, wants to change the subject.

Even Jay Gould would not object if the prospect were that the war issues would restore the party from which he bought the appointment of a Justice of the Supreme Court.

The claim agents, the subsidy grabbers, the naval and steamship rings, the pension swindlers and old Robeson and J. Warren Keifer all regard the rebel flag as a first-rate thing to scare honest men with.

The only trouble with the crowd is that it is slightly too eager. It banks too much on an incident which will not avail them much. The "rebel" scare kept them in power eight years after the country was ready to turn them out. It will not suffice to restore them to power now that they have been turned out.—*Chicago Herald*.

## POLITICAL PITH.

Sherman is trying to do the straddle act with a banana peeling under each heel.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

Some of our Republican contemporaries are busily engaged in carrying next year's Presidential election this year. Their occupation is harmless and it may amuse them. Next year's Presidential election will be carried by the Democrats next year.—*Troy (N. Y.) Press*.

The President's statement that more Union veterans are employed under this Government than under any previous Administration is like one of Mr. Sullivan's swinging hits from the shoulder, and it completely knocks out Tuttle and the Tuttle style of blather-skites.—*St. Louis Republic*.

Blaine was not in Congress, it is said, when he was put down as "right" in 1862 and got \$10,000 worth of railway stock for nothing. That is so. He did not get into Congress until the next year, being too busy getting Spencer rifle contracts "and such."

But he was "right" just the same.—*Detroit Free Press*.

If the Republican party of the country hopes to retain the strength which it still has, much more of it hopes to recover the strength which it has unquestionably lost, it must face to the front and vindicate its claim to be a party of progress. It can not move forward with eyes averted to the past or win triumphs on issues that are dead. Nothing could be more fatuous than an effort of its leaders to arouse the sectional animosities of times gone by or to attempt to base its claims to popular support upon care for the soldiers of the war of the Union.—*N. Y. Times*.

## MURDEROUS MALAYS.

What the Phrase "Running Amok" Signifies in Oriental Countries.

"Running amok" is a phrase derived from the Malay word "amok" ("killing") and constitutes a well-marked hysterical affection of certain races inhabiting Oriental countries. It is rarely, ever, manifested among the quiet-tempered Hindus, and but seldom among the Indian Mussulmans, while whenever it does occur in Hindostan, the malady may generally be traced to the abuse of opium or the extract of hemp called bhang, ganja, or charras. The Hindu tobaccoist sells a special confection made up of bhang, opium, datura, cloves, mastic, cinnamon and cardamums, which is mixed with milk and sugar and eaten as a sweetmeat. This diabolical cake—known as majum—will drive a man mad about as soon as anything. With the Malays, however, who have given a name to the terrible mental aberration of which we speak, and who are far the most addicted to it of all Eastern people, there is seldom any such explanation of the outbreak. Suddenly, without rhymes or reason, a man will spring up from his shop board or his couch, draw his kris—the wave-bladed dagger which they all carry—and, with a scream of "Amok! Amok!" strike its point into the heart of the nearest wayfarer and dart down the crowded bazaar like the lunatic which he is, stabbing and cutting on all sides. "Amok! Amok!" echoes from a hundred mouths, and every body hurries for a place of refuge, fleeing in all directions, except those bolder spirits who snatch up weapons of defense and join the armed throng which pursues the desperado. The path of the chase is soon strewn with bodies of men, women and children, dead or bleeding to death, until some lucky shot or daring thrust disables the murderer, who is pierced with a dozen blades as soon as he falls to the ground. Occasionally it turns out that the "amok" has received some personal affront or injury or was hopelessly in debt or disappointed in love; but more commonly there is nothing whatever to account for the wild fury of his proceedings, and the street sweepers drag his carcass away as carelessly as if a leopard had been slain in the public streets. So ordinary, indeed, is the occurrence that in many towns and cities where there lives a large Malay population an instrument is kept in readiness at every police station called the "amok" catcher. It is something like an eel-spear with a very long handle, and so contrived that two elastic-pointed spikes close round the madman's neck and secure him helplessly when the iron prongs are pushed against his nape from behind.