

The showing made by the New Orleans dailies on their trade editions gives the lie direct to the statement of the lottery organs that the State is a pauper and not prospering.

The trade editions of the Times-Democrat and Picayune of September 1st, are very creditable productions. That of the T. D. was of 24 pages, and a handsome map supplement showing the location of all crevasses occurring this year.

The Shreveport Caucasian is authority for the statement that less than twenty-five out of every hundred men in Caddo parish, are favorable to the lottery, and forty-nine out of every fifty in North Louisiana are opposed to it.

A few weeks ago we published an article on the Arkansas and Louisiana labor war. The plucky editor of the Chicot (Ark.) Press says Bro. Todd, of the Clarion, who sounded the war whoop, will not be hurt if the roads remain good and his wind holds out.

The States evidently wishes to be boycotted, as it is always harping on the boycott resolution introduced in the Anti-Lottery Convention at Baton Rouge, and declaring with much vehemence that the resolution was passed and that it is under a boycott. It really is very hard to please some people.

The trade committee of the New Orleans Board of Trade have adopted, and are putting into practice a unique plan to extend the commerce of the city with country merchants. The scheme is to address circulars to merchants in Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, inviting them to the city, and offering to pay their fare both ways. The Times-Democrat says the results so far have been most satisfactory.

The editor of the Monroe Telegraph-Bulletin reports a curiosity in that section, in the way of a cantaloupe. From its color, odor, flavor and shape it is termed the banana cantaloupe. The one sent him measured one foot ten inches in length, and was superior in delicateness of flavor and taste, to any we ever ate. The seed were obtained from a seed house of Philadelphia and the experiment in growing them there has been a success in every way.

Last Spring, when the raging floods of the Mississippi were sweeping levees before it as froth, we contended that the safety of the people in the valley was to be had in more outlets and not in higher levees. To-day no less a personage than Gen. Comstock, president of the Mississippi River Commission, takes practically the same view of the matter. Elsewhere we produce a clipping from the New Orleans Evening News, which calls upon "the dwellers in the valley to act."

Messrs. Price, Robertson and Wilkinson, members of Congress from Louisiana, voted for the bill to allow postmasters to open all letters supposed to be addressed to the lottery companies or their agents.

We find the above campaign lie in the last issue of the Manrepas Gazette. Bro. Benfield, its editor does not take any stock in Christianity and a revealed religion but sets it strong on the love of eternal truth. He certainly has brains enough to know that the lottery bill loaded to contain no such provision but one which expressly says: "But nothing herein shall authorize any postmaster to open any mail not addressed to him."

Fiel for shame, Benfield.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET US.

Of the various trade editions issued by the New Orleans daily press this season, that of the City Item is, to our way of thinking, the most valuable, by reason of the prominence given to the agricultural productions of the State, which necessarily constitute the bed rock of that city's commerce.

Admirable as it is, there is room for improvement, and in a spirit of most kindly criticism, we feel it our duty to call attention to the neglect to accord Vermilion Parish the position it occupies as a producer of sugar and rice. Repeated and flattering allusion is made to our sister parish of Acadia in its rice crop report, and while the yield of this parish fully equals if not surpasses that no mention whatever is found of the industry in this parish.

It is just possible, of course, that being off the line of travel and in a measure cut off from the world by the lack of proper and quick transportation facilities, Vermilion parish is hiding its importance and resources under the bushel measure of modest obscurity, just as it did its wonderful increase of 70 per cent. in population during the past decade, and when some enterprising statistician pods the sleeping giant with his wand the world will again stand amazed and admiring. Don't forget us next year. Come over and see the promised land.

Royville is afflicted just now with the presence of a hair-brained idiot, who, under the nonsensical nome deplume "Best I. M.," weekly contributes to the Lafayette Vindicator about a column of the most sickening gush and drivel, interspersed with impertinent and familiar allusions to the young ladies and citizens of that pretty and highly cultured little town. Mr. Alpha, the editor of the Vindicator, was requested by an indignation meeting of the citizens of Royville, to consign these objectionable communications to the waste basket, but he evidently was too deeply interested in hounding down the Mexican lottery and Louisiana lottery opponents to heed the request. Last Saturday we are informed that at a meeting of the regulator captains of Lafayette, the matter was brought up, and strong resolutions were passed, denouncing the course of the Vindicator in persisting in publishing these communications, and a committee appointed to wait upon the editor and demand that he desist.

Morrilton, Conway county, Ark is rapidly coming to the front as a place where more political hell and rascality is raised than anything else. The following account of the occurrences at that place on election day, if correct, will not do the Democratic party any good in the November election:

A large body of men awaited the arrival of the train from Little Rock, upon which was J. B. McLaughlin, a labor leader, and Geo. Small, a white Republican worker, who had in their possession the Fizer election tickets, which were to be distributed in the different precincts. As the train slowed up at the station the mob surged in the coach and beat Small until he lay senseless in the aisle of the car. Even when he was in this helpless state some of the more vicious assailants continued to maltreat him. McLaughlin got off with a little lighter punishment, having his shoulder dislocated, and receiving other punishment about the head and body, but he retained consciousness. While this was going on other members of the party took the package containing the tickets and carried it away.

Wife—"What do you suppose baby is thinking about?" The brute—"I s'pose he's thinking what to cry about to-night."—Life.

Once established in that way, a corporation of that character, and we shall have among us a concern with all its interests and instincts tending to wrong and to the employment of pliant and dishonest agencies.

To permit representatives to be selected and elected throughout the State on their merits and as the free choice of constituencies—men who would take their seats untrammelled and cast their vote from a sense of duty and their convictions of wrong—would seriously jeopardize the interests of a legalized lottery company; hence it is forced into taking a constant, active interest in the movements of not only one, but all political parties, sending its paid agents among the masses to corrupt and deceive them, buying them up, throttling, silencing and muzzling the press whenever it can be done in the cities and in the country, breeding treason and dissension among leaders, fomenting faction and independent movements when faction suits its purposes, using all expedients and halting at nothing necessary to compass its ends.

With such a concern, private and public virtue and honesty and happiness go for nothing, private and public welfare go for nothing; the sole thought which controls and the only factor which determines its action is its own moneyed interests and its cold and selfish aims. The very necessities of its position force such an institution into selecting and placing corrupt men where honest men should be; pliant and corrupt tools employed and paid to be thrown, into any combination with any party, on any subject by which its interests are to be subserved directly or indirectly. No political party can trust it, for although it constantly takes part in politics, it acts with all and opposes all. Its own wants and exigencies measure and determine its political and moral creed—Extracts from Gov. Nicholls' message, May 1890.

From the sprightly New Orleans Evening News we clip the following interesting items of St. Mary News:

There is a howl at Morgan City because a colored man named Tucker has been appointed postmaster. The representative of the administration, Warmoth, wanted to get rid of F. W. Liggins, a colored man from the position of deputy collector here, and asked Jolley, the collector, to appoint Tucker. Jolley not notwithstanding he secured his own appointment through Warmoth at the request of Natili and Hutchinson of the S. P. R. R., refused to do this and put in E. B. Mentz, who is not in very good favor with the people here. Tucker is the most intelligent of the two and would have fitted the position well, and would have pleased our people better in that place than as postmaster. As it is, Jolley now comes in for a share of ill feeling.

There promises to be a lively old time at the meeting of the Republican congressional committee at Morgan City on the 27th. Cage wants the nomination, and so does Darrall, Fontelieu, Beattie and several others. Cage will probably get it and all hands get left.

The lottery factions are at war in St. Mary. The antis have settled in Mr. Joe Laret, of Patterson, for sheriff, and the pros in Mr. Lewis, of the same town. There will be a slip somewhere and Frere will land again. Dr. J. H. P. Wise is talked of for state senator to run against Murphy Foster.

The Abbeville MERIDIONAL is doing some pretty vigorous kicking for having been, as it claims, cheated out of the parish printing; and it calls the police jurymen hard names.

The Meridional is anti-lottery, and as such, is putting in some hard licks.—Monroe Progressive Age.

The Little Abbeville MERIDIONAL is always on the war-path when it gets on the Lottery. Bro. Breaux surely wields an able pen, and when he starts out after the lottery he takes his tomahawk with him and the opposition generally takes to the woods.—St. Mary Banner.

"After being discharged, I am lead into bad company," as the bullet remarked when it lodged in a tramp.—Jester.

The great advantages resulting to a town from railroads, are graphically depicted in the following article from the Monroe Telegraph Bulletin:

Monroe has been on a decided boom during the past 10 days both in railroad and commercial circles. The chief officers of both the Q & C. and Missouri Pacific systems have been here and the rivalry for advantages in securing switch facilities at the compress and river landings and in railroad rates has been great. The result of the latter is that Monroe now enjoys the best freight rates she ever had. St. Louis freights being delivered at 10 cents per hundred. It is needless to say that our merchants have taken advantage of these rates and laid in large stocks and that they will give the advantages to their customers and consumers. In the matter of switch facilities the V. S. & P. has continued its spur to the head of Pine street and the H. C. A. & N., headed off there, will come into the compress yards and reach the river through Olive street. The switch is now being laid and will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. In addition to these evidences we hear it on every hand that the prospects for the approaching business season are the brightest in the history of Monroe—our bankers, commission men, cotton buyers, merchants and all holding to this view. It is confidently estimated that we will handle not less than 75,000 bales of cotton. This is a most gratifying and cheering outlook and the Telegraph-Bulletin heartily shares in the general elation of our people.

Private John Allen as a Fighter.

Colonel Chandler, of Georgia tells a good story on his first meeting with private John Allen, of Mississippi and how the private worsted him in a knock down and draw out fight.

"I was down near Tapelmo command of a Georgia Company," said Mr. Chandler. One morning a lean-lank, gawky boy who looked as if had you held him up to the light you could see the tadpoles in him, walked up to my tent and drawled out, 'Cap'n one o' your d—n men stole my blanket and I'm going to frail h—l out a sombody.

About this moment one of my men came up and said: "Captain, it is my blanket he refers to. You know that blanket for you have slept under it many times."

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it. Of course it is yours."

"Yes," said the boy, "that's just like you d—n Georgians. One of you will tell a lie and t'other will swear to it. Now, Cap'n if you will jist shed them stripes I'll whip you quicker'n h—l I will scorch a feather."

"I couldn't stand that challenge," said the Georgian. I quickly threw off my coat and lit into the fight. Well, if it had not been for my men I believe that fellow would have beat me to death. He simply plowed up the earth with me, and then offered to whip all my men one by one, but none of them would try him. That boy was Private John Allen, the Mississippi Congressman.—Greenville Times.

The following from the Morgan City Review a Republican paper, shows clearly that the republicans in this District have given up the ghost:

Will the Republicans of the 3d Congressional District place a candidate in the field, is the question now being discussed by party leaders, and will perhaps, be settled at the meeting of the committee in this place on 27th inst. It is our opinion that a campaign will result as those in the past, and it seems useless to incur the expense and worry of one. Had the election bill passed Congress, there would have been many aspirants for the nomination in this district, but as it is, available candidates are scarce, and it is probable that no nomination will be made. The only person that has signified a disposition to sacrifice himself on the party altar, is Judge Fontelieu, of New Iberia. Others however, may in the future desire to make the race. As it requires a plethoric purse to compete for Congressional honors, those who may be provided with that necessary adjunct do not seem disposed to take any risk.

Henry was a bashful lover. He scarcely dared touch his lady's hand. He loved her well and she was modest, intelligent, sweet and lovable; but like all good women she yearned for the respectable caresses that are the evidences of a pure affection. She, however, yearned in vain. Henry worshiped her—he might kiss the hem of her garment, but to kiss her lips or cheek—the very audacity of the thought made him tremble.

They sat together by the moon's light which white-winged yachts were crossing now and then. "It was a witching hour; a scene for love and calm delight."

Suddenly she moved slightly away from him.

"Please, Henry, don't do that," she said.

"What?" he asked, in genuine surprise.

"Oh! you needn't tell me," she replied, "you were just going to put your arm around my waist—and you were going to try to kiss me!"

"Dear Lillie!"

"Oh! you needn't tell me that; you were going to do it. Well, after all, I suppose you are not to blame. It is just what a lover would do to his sweetheart, and I suppose would not be offended if you do do it."

And Henry grasped the situation and did exactly what Lillie supposed he would do, and the moon grinned and the stars winked and the wavelets laughed, and a moonlight that was about to light on the maiden's cheek flew away and settled on the nose of grass-widow who was sitting near the band stand.—Boston Courier.

An exchange says, W. James Blackburn, editor of the Little Rock Republican, summarizes the political situation in Arkansas, as follows: "If the solid and united Democracy of Arkansas, backed as it is by every decent white Republican and sensible and thoughtful colored man in the state, can not beat Fier, and his chaotic, rat-tail crew of shapeless political odds and ends, backed at a safe distance by the bazaar-roost Republican combine of this state, by a clear and clean majority of at least from thirty to forty thousand, then let it no more be claimed that virtue and intelligence must rule this country."—Ex.

Glued to Their Seats.

When the contribution plate was passed at the dedication services of the new Congregational Church at Moorland, La., last Sunday, not a single person arose to leave his seat. One reason was because the varnish on the seats was not sufficiently dried, and the entire congregation was tightly glued down. At the close of the service it took three quarters of an hour to free all the prisoners. All the ladies' toilets were ruined, and a large portion of them still decorate the newly varnished pews.

We stand by Governor Samuel D. McEnery when he said in his message in 1882:

The constitution declares gambling to be a form, not only inviting to breaches of faith and embelishment in the effort to get rich in the turn of a wheel, but demoralizing society, corrupting politics and impeding legislation.

In years gone by your mother kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity; she has been proud of your success.

Wild cats have become quite numerous on the outskirts of Vidalia, La., and have been making serious incursions upon the poultry. Dr. R. S. Carter is setting traps for them and succeeded in catching a large one other night.—Patriot Democrat Clinton.

There is to be a new paper started in Franklin. It will take the lottery side and be Democratic of course.

The Baton Rouge Advocate has been chosen official organ of the State.