

The Morehouse Clarion.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, HOME INTERESTS, AND THE MATERIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. VI.

BASTROP, LOUISIANA, FRIDAY JANUARY 16, 1880.

NO. 8.

Morehouse Clarion.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.
One year, in advance, \$2 00
Six months " " 1 00
Three months " " 75

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1 mo	3 mos	6 mos	1 year.
1 square.	\$3 00	\$8 50	\$15 00	\$28 00
2 squares.	5 00	12 50	23 00	40 00
4 squares.	8 50	20 00	38 00	68 00
1 column.	10 00	25 00	45 00	80 00
2 columns.	20 00	50 00	90 00	160 00
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Offers his professional services to the people of Bastrop and vicinity. Can be found at his residence, or at the drug store of Dr. A. L. Bussey, when not professionally engaged.

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All of the machinery is of the best quality, in the best repair, and we will

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Constantly on Hand.

Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours, Sundays included, in the most reliable manner. Call at the City Drug Store of A. L. BUSSEY.

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Without previous arrangements, cash is invariably expected.
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aug22-6m

W. M. WASHBURN,

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Office at A. L. Bussey's Drug Store,
BASTROP, LA.

Why She Dried Her Tears.

As the train over the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Road reached Plymouth the other day, going west, a couple on the depot platform were seen to embrace, kiss, hug again and separate, and the woman got aboard the train with her handkerchief to her eyes. She seated herself in front of a man with an open face, had any amount of sympathy around the corners of his eyes, and he presently leaned forward and said:

"It is, indeed hard to part from those we love."

"Y-yes, 'tis," she sobbed.

"I suppose that man was your husband?"

"Y-yes."

"You are to leave this happy home for a visit to some friends, I presume?"

"Yes, I'm going to Lansing to see ma!"

"Just so," continued the benevolent man, "and yet how hard it is to tear yourself from the side of your dear partner! You no doubt believe him the dearest man on earth?"

"Y-yes."

"I saw him press something into your hand as he left, and he seemed to say, 'Here, my darling, is a gift from your husband.' How lover-like—how like a good husband."

The woman had one hand tightly shut. She now opened it, brushed her tears away, and all at once called out:

"The miserable, contemptible old thing—I'll stay all winter and not write him a single word! I just wish I could see him for about a minute!"

"Madam, why this agitation?" asked the man.

"That's why!" she snapped as she hurled a quarter against the front door. "That's what he pressed into my hand at parting, and that's the pin-money he expected to last me three weeks and pay fare home on a dog! If I ever get back I'll broomstick him out of his boots!"

"How lover-like—how wife-like!" sighed the old man, as he fell back, while the woman raised the window and poked her head out and made up faces at the last house in Plymouth.—[Free Press.

The Bumble-Bee.

BY M. QUAD,

Children, did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble-bee? An insect weighing no more than the eighth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then have lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it! The stinger of a bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy pants cloth, backed by merino drawers, and into the flesh about sixteen feet.

If a man could wield a crowbar in comparison, he could drive it through seven saw-mills and a distillery at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling its beauty, and in compensation, she gave him this stinger as a weapon of attack and defense. If the bee had no weapon, ants, beetles and bugs could cuff him around as they pleased, but, as it is, he

is boss of the walk, and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't be sat down on over half an hour without feeling as if some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself, he will crawl up your coat sleeve, look around, and crawl down and go about his business; but, if welcomed with a blow between the eyes, he is going to be revenged if it breaks a leg. He invariably closes his eyes when he stings and you have only to look a bee square in the face to discover when he is fooling around, and when he means 14 per cent. per annum.

The hay-field is a favorite resort of the bumble-bee but you can find him almost anywhere else if you try hard. Having no pair of long hind legs he cannot build his nest in a marsh like a frog, and having no beak in which to carry straws, he cannot nest in a tree like a bird. He therefore takes to the grass, and under the roots of an old stump, or among a pile of old rails, he rears his gentle young and gives them printed instruction as to the difference between stinging six-inch stovepipe and runaway boys. The knowledge of old bees is wonderful. They know where the school-house is. They can sail miles away from home, get in their work on a farmer's son weeding out corn, and return home without missing a fence corner or in need of an afternoon nap. As a rule, they are early risers. Barefooted boys driving up the cows at daylight will find the bumble-bee out of bed and quite ready to begin the arduous labors of the day. Along about sundown he quits work, counts noses to see if the family are all in, and then stows himself away for a night of calm and peaceful repose.

The legs of a bumble-bee are very crooked. This seems too bad at first sight, but you will soon discover that nature was level-headed. His legs were thus shaped to enable him to hang to the brim of a boys hat. Were his legs straight he could not walk a fence rail in a high wind, nor could he turn after reaching the top of a mullein stalk. The stripes on a bee look like a waste of material, but such is not the case. They furnish an extra covering over his ribs to keep the frosty air of night off, and they serve to stiffen his spinal column in his flights through the air.

A bumble-bee can fly at the rate of twenty miles an hour, if he wants to, but there is no cause for him to fly faster than a boy can run. He sometimes lives to be three years old, and is sometimes stricken down before he has traveled at all. His life is a precarious one. He may run a deacon out of a hay-field to-day, and be the big bee in the nest, and to-morrow a country school-ma'am may knock his head off with her umbrella. Nothing in natural history weighs more for his size than the bee, and nothing in science works easier without cogwheels or rubber rollers than his stinger. It is always ready, never out of repair, and satisfaction (to the bee) is guaranteed in every case.

Subscribe for the CLARION.

A Duel Pretexted by a Brave Wife.

A duel with pistols, such as in Germany generally terminates fatally to one or other of the combatants, has been frustrated in the neighborhood of Berlin by the energy and resolution of the wife of one of the principals. Both of the would-be duelists were army officers. The place chosen for the meeting was a drive in the Count Buch's woods, between Schonerlinde and Franzosische-Buchholz. Principals, seconds and an army surgeon were on the ground; the distances had been duly paced off, and the pistols were being loaded, when the lady suddenly appeared upon the scene, step-swiftly up to her husband's second, who was engaged in preparing the weapons for combat, snatched a pistol from his hand, and, directing its muzzle toward her bosom, declared with a passionate abjuration that she would discharge its contents into her own heart unless the duel was at once given up. So heroic a proceeding on her part of course left no choice to the gentlemen concerned in the affair and the whole party returned peaceably to Berlin. The wife had suspected her husband's intention, and followed him from the house unseen by him or his seconds, in a swift droschky, to the place of meeting.

SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE.

[Once a Week.]

It is an old saying, "whom first we love we never wed," and this, though not strictly true, may be applied to Scott, Byron, George Washington and many other men of note. It is interesting to observe how poets generally present their love matters to the public. The personal experience of such men will crop out. Scott, for instance, fell deeply in love, in early life, with a girl of aristocratic family, and as he was then merely a poor barrister, there was no prospect of success. His father, knowing this, and being desirous to bring the matter to a close, suggested to the parents the propriety of terminating the acquaintance, and this was done in the least painful manner. The lady was the only daughter of Sir John Stewart, of Forfashire, and she afterward married Sir William Forbes, the noted Edinburgh banker. As Scott was a well-educated young man, of fine personal appearance and agreeable manners, there could be but little reason for giving the banker preference, except his wealth and social rank. Scott felt this keenly through life; in "Rokeby" he revives the episode at some length. Matilda, the heroine of the poem, represents the object of his love, who there rejects a poet in favor of one of higher rank, and this scene becomes doubly interesting as a picture of Scott's early experience. In 1811 Lady Forbes died; but she lived long enough to see the once penniless barrister the first poet in England. Her death was deeply felt by Scott, for, although he had been married for twelve years, the old flame was not extinguished. "Rokeby" appeared next year, and Lockhart says "that there is nothing wrought out, in all Scott's prose, more exquisite than the contrast between the rivals for the hand

of the heroine." Six years afterward Scott wrote thus to Miss Edgeworth: "Matilda was attempted for the person of a lady who is now no more, so that I am flattered with your distinguishing it."

As this took place nearly twenty years after the disappointment, it illustrates the tenacity with which the author held to his first love. When Lady Forbes died, Scott was so affected that he called on her mother, and both fell to weeping over the sad affair. It is a curious incident in domestic history to see a man carrying his first love so tenderly through life while married to another woman to whom he always showed great attachment. Scott evidently made Matilda the ideal or dream-wife, who accompanied him to the last. Having recovered from the worst effects of his disappointment, he met a French girl, whose father had saved both life and fortune by fleeing from the dangers of the Revolution. At the time referred to Miss Carpenter (or Carpenter) was an orphan, and to her Scott transferred his affections, as far as this was possible. He appeared, as has been said, much attached to his wife through life, and sincerely mourned her death. She was, however, intellectually and physically inferior to Scottish ladies of that city, and the rapid degeneracy of the family may, in some degree, be ascribed unfavorably to a union.

The Groceries We Buy.

Very few groceries are wholly pure. The Grocer's Manual publishes some of the adulterations. The cream of tartar found on sale, it says, is seldom more than thirty per cent. pure, the remainder being terra alba, or white earth, and other adulterants. Cayenne pepper is debased with red ochre, cinnabar, vermilion and sulphuret of mercury, and the color preserved by red lead and Venetian red. Coffee is adulterated with pea flour colored with Venetian red. Liquors and wines are generally made from cheap rums and whiskies. Milk is adulterated with water, flour, starch, gum, tumeric, chalk, sugar, carbonate of soda, and cerebral matter; and cream is made by the use of gum. Mustard is seldom sold pure. Preserved meats are colored with ochre and red lead. Bottles labeled Worcesterhire sauce, etc., are often filled with dangerous chemicals. Soaps contain poisonous coloring matter that produces skin diseases. Teas are colored and doctored, largely in New York and Philadelphia, with arseniate of copper, verdigris, mineral green, Prussian blue, talc, clay, soapstone, and numerous other articles. Much of the tobacco which men roll like a sweet morsel under their tongues is made out of the leaves of other plants, to which are added chromate of lead, oxide of lead, etc. Half the vinegar sold in the large cities, it is asserted, is rank poison, made from preparations of lead, copper and oil of vitriol. These statements were made in the Manual in the interest of grocers.

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