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R. W. ELLIOTT, Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Lincoln Avenue, Two Blocks from Depot.

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WHY? Bedlam in the kitchen. Tables upside down. Boy who's loudly squalling. With a broken crown: Clothesline all suspended. Sassy man in the coal-hole. Trying to squeeze through. Funny, badly frightened. Transposed to a chair. Youth with his feet protruding. Kicking high in air: One, astride a broomstick. Making a sudden dash: Mangle clock is wound up. With a lively crash.

A RAILWAY KNIGHT.

The Story of a Train Boy's Bravery.

The Chicago special bore an unusually heavy load that day. Vacation was over and homeward travel had begun. There was not a single empty seat in any of the four sleepers, and at each stop there were new demands for berths.

Trade this side of Niagara didn't amount to much. He had learned that by experience. At first magazines sold pretty well—but the real demand did not come till after they had passed Suspension Bridge and the stop at Falls View station was made.

At a glance he could tell who would and who would not buy of him, and just what women needed a little persuasion and a pleasant smile—to induce a purchase.

It was a relief after the rocking train. Much to his surprise he found the conductor in earnest conversation with two women.

"Oh, but you must take her somehow," he heard the younger of the women exclaim in a distressed voice. "You see there ain't any other way to send her, and her mother expects her sure, and she'll be at the station to take her off, and she'll be a real good girl and not trouble you a bit, won't you, Bessie?"

Here she pulled forward a little blue-eyed girl and the conductor's eyes rested thoughtfully on her. Dan drew near—he was interested to know what the conductor would do.

"They'll be most crazy if she don't come," added the other woman. "And it will put them out dreadfully 'cause they've got to start right off for Colorado."

A sharp whistle recalled the conductor, and he put one foot on the steps of the car and stood, watch in hand, ready to give the signal.

the berth, with a "good night, everybody," that included the whole car, he went back to the day coach and curled up on a hard seat to sleep.

He slept soundly, for the day had been a tiresome one, but after awhile he began to dream. He thought that Bessie had chewed gum till she grew weary, and smaller and finally was nothing but one of the prizes in the bags of popcorn, a little sugar image which he was about to eat when—

Crash! Dan was awake now. In an instant he was rushing toward the sleeper. Something dreadful had happened! The train shook and shivered and away.

There was a second crash and a tearing sound, and the end of the car was torn off and a cloud of steam rushed in and about him.

He jumped from the platform and landed on the upturned side of the car. He could hear cries inside and through one of the windows a head was thrust. With his heels he broke the glass of the window nearest him, then he crawled on to the next, and next, breaking each in turn, till finally he reached the fourth.

Here he crawled in, but there was no one in the berth. The sun must have come up very quickly.

Then a smell of smoke revealed the cause. The broken lamp at the end of the car had set the bedding on fire. The flames were spreading fast.

Through the broken windows people were rushing, men and women, and there were groans and shrieks on all sides.

But he could see nothing of Bessie. Could he have been mistaken in the car? Suddenly from beneath a pile of clothing he saw a tiny hand thrust out, and he heard a stifled cry.

He tried to climb out of the window, but the seat on which he stood, broken by the crash, fell beneath his weight, and he was thrown back into the car. He struck heavily, and then there was a sharp pain in his head and little Bessie fell from his arms.

He seized the broken bell rope that hung from its rings, and, placing the child on his back, bound the cord around and around, thus binding her tightly to him.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The modern ten and fifteen-cent monthlies are said to be creating their own fields and not to be interfering as yet, in spite of their enormous sales, with the prosperity of the older and more costly ones.

—Rawlinson, the famous Babylonian authority on cuneiform inscriptions, was no graduate of any college or university. His scholastic attainments were derived from a small institution at Baling, a small town in England.

—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, the widow of Stovewell Jackson, who now lives at Charlotte, N. C., has recently undertaken the editorship of a prominent literary magazine published at Richmond, Va., and will make the interests of the cotton states and international exhibition a special feature of the publication.

—Tennyson would not talk about his poetry, but once intimated that he regarded his work as a "poor man's Duke of Wellington," as containing more inspiration than some of the others. He once said that he did not expect much of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and was agreeably surprised at its reception.

—Don Narcotico Colonna, head of the family, who is hereditary prince, assistant to the papal see, performed his duties for the first time at the recent celebration of the anniversary of Pope Leo's coronation.

—Prince Bismarck, although an old man and a man of the world, has not quite lost his naivete. There is something of a child in his nature.

—Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, of Boston, is said to be one of the best newspaper reporters in the world, if not the best. This distinction is due not only to her quick wit and ready pen, but to the fact that she is conversant both as a writer and speaker with some six or seven languages.

—Noah Count—"Well, Hedison, any new conceit on hand?" "Inventor—Yes, I've got one from school."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Robbins—"Higbee is a genius." "Bradford—"Can do anything, I suppose?" "Robbins—"Yes, anything except make a living."—Truth.

—My landlady's daughter has a wheel. "Give us pneumatic tires." "Gives us pneumatic tires."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—"Hollie is a changed man. He sent ten dollars to the mission in China last week." "He must be changed indeed, or he could never make ten dollars go as far as that!"—Harper's Bazar.

HOME ATMOSPHERE.

Of all the minor arts and sciences none is more delightful in itself or richer in its compensations than the creation of the home atmosphere; and although the ability to make a home is a natural endowment of some fortunate beings, it is not the less a talent which may be cultivated, and which will continually repay the time and care devoted to its acquirement.

Men sometimes elect to live together in bachelor freedom, surrounding themselves with comforts and luxuries, having well-trained servants, so that the household machinery moves without noise or jar, and then flatter themselves that they have made a new Eden. Perhaps they have; but it is in the Eden that existed before "Eve's" last, best gift" that was bestowed up on the world, and at its very best is only a lifeless imitation of the beautiful life, since it lacks the "womanly atmosphere of home," and is without its nameless grace, its abiding sweetness, its indefinable but most potent charm.

The majority of women possess what Hawthorne calls "the gift of practical arrangement," which is, he continues, a kind of natural magic that enables them to bring out of the hidden capabilities of things around them, and particularly to give a look of habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home.

—The successor to the throne of Siam, Prince Chovfa Maha Vajiravudh, who was formally invested as heir-apparent at the Siamese legation in London on March 8, is only sixteen years of age. He is of a bright, attractive youth, who is becoming an accomplished linguist, and who will return to his native land a thorough European in manners and address.

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—"You say you are never sick?" "I never had a sick day in my life," replied the lady who was ambitious to go on the operatic stage. "Then, madam," replied the impresario, "I must discourage your hopes. You can never become a great prima donna."—Chicago Record.

—"I had to face the wind all day," said the tender boarder, "and I do believe my ears were bitten by the frost." "Are you sure it was not done by the teeth of the gale?" asked the cheerful idiot; and the new waiter girl snickered so that she was retired to her original job of washing dishes.—Cincinnati Tribune.

HEALTH AND HOUSEWORK.

"I don't know which of them makes me, thirdest," said the woman doctor, looking up from her desk with a wrinkle forehead and resigned sigh. "No, I know the word isn't in the dictionary, but do let me use it."

"She stuffed the papers into my lap. 'Here, read them. One's a letter from a distracted friend who's ailing, she asks me if I think housework is healthy for women; the second, oddly enough, is another letter in the same line—from a magazine editor, asking me to contribute to his symposium, 'Housework or Business Life—Which is Best?'"

"I'll show you what I am going to do with them," and the offending papers were poked into the waste-basket with the point of a wicked-looking pair of shears.

"'Continual standing is not healthy. Neither is the breathing of dust and noise, nor standing about in water, nor making a fire in a cold room, nor half a dozen things included under the head of house work.' That's why I'm out of patience with the doctor who writes for the magazine symposium. As for the one with the three daughters, I guess I will answer her letter after all—fish it up out of the basket, won't you?—and say, 'Dear Madam: No, housework is not healthy. Neither is living healthy. It goes into you, you get fresh and round and rosy; it leaves you old, and worn and wrinkled, and feeble. What do you expect to do about it?'"

"Give her daughters a business training," I suggested. "Did I say business was any better than the woman doctor? 'I've as many patients who have wrecked their health over the counting-desk as the wash-tub or the stove. And it is absurd to generalize that way and put 'business,' including such widely different occupations as teaching, acting, selling goods, writing stories, and tending a loom, in one scale, and housework in the other, and try to strike a balance between them. Housework is healthful than some businesses and less healthful than others. Taken all in all, the housekeeper's chances for physical well-being are a little better, for she has none of the terrible nervous strains over the possibility of losing her position, and no matter how rushed she gets into it, you get fresh and round and rosy; it leaves you old, and worn and wrinkled, and feeble. What do you expect to do about it?'"

"I am to have a complete suit of semi-mourning made, for recently it seems to me as if I do nothing else but attend funerals. And here so much stress is laid on funerals. Abroad we send our carriage to the funeral, here we must attend in person."

—The dead lady was a "society leader," and when she died they arranged that is, the family—to have a celebrated clergyman assist at the last rites, in a very fashionable church, and they invited the smartest men in society to be pallbearers, arranged an attractive musical program, and ordered just the proper thing in flowers, violets and all that.

Well, there were, notwithstanding this preparation, only about fifty people in the church. Of course the weather was bad, but the family has never recovered from the slight.

—An excellent though unconscious criticism of the rapid and incoherent manner in which too many congregations perform their part of the "responsive reading" of the Psalms on Sunday, was made by a small boy on his return from his first attendance at church.

—"Mamma," he remarked, "the people don't like the minister, do they?" "Why, certainly, Harold; what made you ask such a question?" was the reply.

—"Well," said Harold, sturdily, "he'd read something, and then they'd all grumble, and then he'd read some more, and they'd all grumble again."—Youth's Companion.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Ounce Pudding: Six eggs, six apples chopped fine, six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, a little salt and nutmeg. Boil two hours and serve with wine or lemon sauce.—Boston Budget.

—Apple Fritters: Three eggs, three tablespoons sifted sugar, one pint flour, salt, milk to make a good batter, as many apples chopped fine as the batter will take. Sift sugar over when fried.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Orange Jelly: Squeeze the juice from the oranges, pass through muslin; grate the rest of two oranges. Boil and clarify the sugar. Mix all with a little gelatine, stir and put into little pots. Use a quarter of sugar for every pound of juice.—Leeds Mercury.

—Baked Cabbage: Boil a firm head for fifteen minutes, change the water for more boiling water; boil till tender, drain and set aside to cool. Mince some boiled ham, mix with bread crumbs; add pepper, one tablespoonful of butter, and two eggs well beaten, and three tablespoons of milk, chop cabbage very fine; mix all together, and bake in a pudding-dish till brown. Serve hot.—Farmer's Voice.

—Stewed Mutton and Haricot Beans: Take one and a half pounds of neck of mutton, cut it into pieces, melt an ounce of dripping in a saucepan, add to it one large onion sliced, and the mutton. Stir all together, until slightly brown, then add half a pound of haricot beans, previously soaked in water for twenty-four hours, and a stick of celery. Add sufficient stock water to cover, and simmer until the meat and bones are cooked. Place the meat in the center of the dish, and the beans round, slightly thickened the gravy, and add to it a little chopped parsley. Pour over all and serve.—Leeds Mercury.

—Frozen Oranges: Medical men tell us that when oranges are touched by frost they develop a poisonous quality, and are extremely injurious. This may account for the distress certain persons experience after eating this fruit. It is said by experts that one can very wisely learn to detect oranges that have been frosted. When in a perfect state the stem end is very firm and not easy to indent with the thumb; but if the fruit has suffered from freezing, no matter how carefully it may have been treated after thawing, it will way entirely under pressure. As this is a matter of a good deal of importance, it is worth while to observe the condition in which oranges are before purchasing them.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Canned Salmon with Drawn Butter: Remove the skin and fat, drain thoroughly. Be careful to keep the fish as whole as possible. Put it into a double boiler and steam it forty minutes. If you have not a double boiler, wash out the can, put the fish into it, and place it in a hot water bath, cover the vessel tight to keep in the steam and boil forty minutes. When done, pour into the center of a hot platter. To make the drawn butter, put one tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, add a hot, salted quick one or two tablespoonfuls of flour. Be careful not to brown it. Add gradually one pint of warm milk, stirring constantly. Boil until it thickens, then add a heaping tablespoonful of butter cut into bits, stir until the butter has melted, then add a dash of cayenne pepper and the juice of a lemon. Add the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, cut fine. Pour this sauce over the fish, garnish the dish with parsley and serve.—Boston Budget.

—A Young Woman of Observation Speaks of Color Schemes for Rooms: "I have been helping a child school teacher to redecorate her house, and a young woman of observation, and I have learned more about color effects in one week than I ever knew before. You see, houses are not painted or papered as they used to be, on the old, homely plan of white walls and a blue here and such a pattern will be all right there, but according to settled laws, canons and rules. It's quite a scientific matter now, I assure you."

—"Yellows, for instance, are all right for a hall or vestibule, but they must not be used in the nursery, in which one rests or reads or works. Why? Because yellows do not absorb any light, but are strong reflectors, and the reflected rays of light are not only trying to the eyes, but positively affect the brain, and in the spirit, creating a distinct disturbance of the nerve centers. So the modern scientific decorator, at any rate, tells us, and we believe him."

—"On the other hand, buffs and creams are recommended for the nursery and children's sleeping rooms because of their tonic qualities. They are better than white, which is likely to disturb the young optic nerves by its brilliancy, and are calculated to impart a cheerful but not too boisterous temperament, as well as a good complexion to the youngsters."

—"For the library or workroom there is no color like coffee. Coffee, in fact, is the most soothing thing in the color world, it seems. It includes a pleasant, warm feeling, such as nothing else does; it conduces to habits of speculative thought; it produces a philosophical calm, and it is eminently successful as a mild incentive to literary efforts. Indeed, there seems to be some delicate, abstract connection between coffee as a beverage, and coffee as a color for domestic decoration. I suggested something of this sort to the handsome and interesting young artist who was superintending the decorations, and he dejectedly agreed to agree with me."—Philadelphia Times.

—Tragedy of the High Seas. "O, George, I feel so queer!" exclaimed the young bride, as the vessel lurched again to leeward. "Isn't there something we—we can hold on to?" "I'm afraid not, dear," said George, pale to the lips. "We'll have to do everything we can."—Chicago Tribune.