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ANITA.

She's a pretty puss in boots. With a saucy name that suits. Every glance. In it whippersnapper it sung. Still it ripples on the tongue In a dance. Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat. And she talks of this and that. Just to watch her winking blush. Even Socrates would hush. Half a day. She is not an angel, no! They are out of place below. Let us grieve. Yes perchance there is a wing. Hid beneath that puffy thing. Stayed a stere.

RACE FOR A BRIDE.

It was in those days when sharp islands which divide the mouth of the Choptank and the Chesapeake bay, was the site of three large farms of more than four hundred acres. But the senseless roll of the tides of the bay and river on the two sides and the numerous ice gorges of the northern rivers of the bay have caused the island to be worn away to a mere shadow of its former self. The lighthouse, which is now more than half a mile away from the northern end of the island, was then on solid ground, one hundred or two hundred yards from the water. But the Choptank has not been changed. It is still one of the most picturesque rivers in the state. In fact it puts one more in mind of the interior of a West Indian island than that of a middle Atlantic state. The growth of vegetation is so luxuriant and dense that in some cases it is with great difficulty that passage is made in going through the woods which line its banks. The water is a beautiful dark blue and has that freshness and saltiness of air about it which is only possessed by the ocean itself.

On this particular day the sky was radiant with flooded sunshine, and a gentle breeze was blowing from the west, which rendered the air very delightful. There was a delightful calmness on the river and bay, which persuaded one to spend his time idly dreaming. A number of fishermen were indulging in this occupation under the shady trees after several hours of sport. Suddenly from one end of the island came a swiftly-rowed boat, in which were a number of young people, steered by a benevolent and elderly-looking man. Closely following, and seemingly in pursuit of it, came a second boat, steered by a middle-aged man, suddenly propelled by two sturdy young men.

"Well! If there ain't Nellie Barnes and Dick Wilson running away to get married!" exclaimed one of the fishermen.

"And there goes old man Roche, Nellie's stepfather, in pursuit. Now, won't Rome howl!" "I bet on the lovely bride!" "And I on the stern parent!" "Come, boys, come! Jump into the boat and let's see the fun out."

Dick Wilson's father had died some years ago, and left his son a fine farm of one hundred and fifty acres. Adjoining the Wilson farm was that of John Roche. For years there had been bad blood between the neighbors. It was all on account of a point of land projecting into the Choptank. Both Wilson and Roche claimed it, and when it was taken to law, it was decided in favor of Wilson. About two years ago Roche married a pretty widow named Barnes. She had a daughter whose name was Nellie. It was love on the first sight when Dick and Nellie accidentally met in the church on the mainland. From that time on the affection grew stronger. They fondly thought that no one knew it but themselves, but they were mistaken, for



THE GOOD PARSON SAT IN THE STERN.

Mr. Roche had seen it at the very start, and tried by every means to keep them separated. But love will always find a way. Dick and Nellie went out together one Sunday at church and agreed to run away and get married on the sly. And what was more fortunate for them was the fact that the good parson of the church resided on the island and was in full sympathy with the young couple. The expectant bride was seated beside her betrothed, near the middle of the foremast boat. She was a sprightly, beautiful, black-eyed young woman, whose cheeks rivalled the peach in their color. There was a wistful mouth. But to-day her cheeks were pale with apprehension and her smiles were sad. The expectant groom was a stalwart and resolute young man. His mouth was concealed from view by a very

MINER'S SUPERSTITIONS.

One of Them Has to Do With Strikes Discovered on a Friday. Superstitions of miners are among the curiosities of mental phenomena which are past finding out, as witness a scrap of conversation in Creede camp one evening recently. "Hallo, Dave! That strike at the 'Dug Out' is a big thing. Just bin up there."

"No good, Charley. It hoodooed itself," was the reply. "In what style?" "It was a Friday job. Pay dirt on Friday are a devil's gift."

"Unless there's a heap of it. Then it'll do." "The more there is, the worse for the finders," objected Dave. "It cusses 'em all the more. Over on Crip (the short name for Cripple creek) the fat streak was struck in the Davis mine one Friday morning. None of the boys thought what day it was, they were so tickled, but after doing a little work to find out if it was the real cream, they all remove the fat and kept it for use up full for a week. Just a week, and it was Friday when they got back to work, you see."

"Had anybody stolen the mine?" "Not yet. It were all there, and as they went further in it got better." "In ten weeks they took off forty-six wagon loads to the mills, and it gin 'em back silver worth ninety-five thousand dollars. The owners 'lowed they could take it to Denver better'n to send it by express, and they hired a car over to the Springs and had the pure stuff loaded in. Then they stayed there till two in the morning to guard it. Just then along came a lot of 'agents' with mules and carts and carried off about half the bars, and left the three fellers tied and gagged, locked in the car."

"You don't say that 'agents' carried off a ton 'n a half of silver?" "Certain and sure. You see, part of 'em was galoots from the mill and knew all about how things was fixed, and I heern part was from the sheriff's office to keep order and see there was a fair divide. Most anybody could be a agent in them times."

"Well?" "Yes, and that hold-up was a Friday morning. They got to Denver with the other half of the stuff, got a receipt for it and sold her at a big shave. I reckon they got pretty nigh \$30,000, but it didn't do 'em no good. They had worked hard and kept sober a good while, and wanted a little blow-out. They started in by getting too drunk for a few days and then he got rich for any sense, so they began to speculate in the faro and monte business, and in two weeks they were cleaned out. One sobered up afore the others, and he had about one hundred dollars left, and they got back to the 'Dug Out' on Friday night looking like 'two old huns.'"

"But there was good stuff left there?" "Oh, plenty. It were good for big money, but the boys was in debt considerable, and so they had to mortgage it to his fellow there was always looking for a chance like that. They paid their little debts and worked hard for a week. Then they had a fight among themselves, and two knocked off work and got drunk. To her struck to his a few days and then he got drunk. Pretty soon things got so bad nobody'd trust 'em, and when the mortgage came due the Davis was sold measly cheap. Some speculators got her, and they took out pretty nigh one to six million dollars before she gin out."

"Well, I don't want no Friday in mine."

"Nor I too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why He Left. "You began practice in Arkansas, did you not, Doctor?" "Yes," replied the physician. "I did. I would have gotten along all right if it had not been for my diploma. It occurred to one of the natives to ask what it was. 'My diploma,' I answered, 'is from one of the best schools in the country.'"

"You don't mean to tell me," said the old man, "that you had ter go to school to learn your trade, do ye?" "Certain," said I. "That is enough for me," said the old man, "any feller that hain't got no more natural sense than he has to go to school to learn to be a doctor, an' him a grown man, ain't no man for me, and he jamed his hands into his pockets and walked out. I stayed six weeks more and gave it up."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Tender Wife. The superintendent of a hospital in Sydney telegraphs to the wife of a poor patient: "Husband very ill; may die at any moment."

Whereupon she answers, not to him, but to her dying husband: "If you die, see that you are buried by the Odd Fellows."—Humors of the Scot (English).

His Natural Mistake. "Yes," the literary boarder was saying as the Cheerful Idiot entered the dining room, "I had a remarkable dramatic flavor."

"What had?" asked the Cheerful Idiot. "A novel I was reading last night."

"Oh! I thought you were perhaps speaking of the omelet."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Bust Measure. Smith-Jones is a magnificently developed man, isn't he. Do you know his bust measure?"

Robbins—No, but I think it is about ten bottles.—Texas Siftings.

Often the Case. Customer—Catchem & Cheatem are announcing another big drop in prices. Merchant—Well, there's plenty of room for their prices to drop.—N. Y. Weekly.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Apple Short Cake—Season good apple sauce with butter, sugar and spices if desirable. Make a short cake, open and butter it and spread with the apple-sauce in layers. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.—N. Y. Ledger.

Steamed Eggs With Tomato Sauce—Break eggs into individual egg or vegetable dishes, salt very lightly, and place the dishes in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water until the whites are set and a film has formed over the yolk. Serve hot with a dressing of hot stewed tomato which has been rubbed through a strainer to remove seeds and skins.—Good Health.

Mutton and barley.—Take two pounds of the neck of mutton; cut it into small pieces, place it in a pan with three pinches of salt water. Well wash two ounces of pearl barley, and add it to the broth. Season with a half carrot, half a turnip, two onions, and half a head of celery; let it boil gently for four or five hours, skimming carefully; then strain and leave until cold, remove the fat and keep reserving add a little chopped parsley.—Leed's Mercury.

Roast Beef.—Have the butcher prepare roast with skewers. Rub thickly with pepper, salt and butter; dredge with flour, remove skewers, put in dripping pan, pour in a few spoonfuls of the meat from burning, place in a hot oven, baste often with the drippings. When done, place the roast on a platter. Garnish with sliced lemon. Make a rich brown gravy of the drippings, thickened while boiling with two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter rubbed together. Serve in gravy boat.—Farm and Home.

Bread of Mutton Grilled.—Half boil a breast of mutton, score it, and season it with pepper and salt, rub it over the yolk of an egg, and sprinkle it with bread crumbs and a few sweet herbs. Put it over a clear fire, and broil it gently till it is a fine brown color. Chop a sprig of parsley, an onion, four pickled cucumbers and a tablespoonful of capers, and boil them ten minutes in half a pint of gravy, thicken the gravy with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Lay the mutton on a hot dish, and pour the gravy over it.—To Color Icings and Creams Green.

Take young spinach, wash in several waters, pick off the leaves and pound them in a plate, and add a little sugar as you have of the coloring. If you desire your cream to be a delicate tint of green, add only a little; if deeper, add more.—Home Queen.

Peppercot.—To four quarts of water put one pound of corned pork, one of neck or ear of mutton, and a small knuckle of veal. Let this simmer slowly for three hours, skimming all the while, and then take out the mutton, which will serve as a special dish for the table with celery sauce. Into the broth put four slices of white turnips, six tomatoes or a tablespoonful of tomato ketchup, an onion in thin slices, a little pepper and salt to taste. Add to this a half pound of tripe in one-inch strips, six potatoes thinly sliced, and a dozen whole cloves. Simmer for an hour, ten minutes before serving add dumplings no bigger than a marble. Serve hot, removing the pork and veal bone before serving.

VENTILATION OF SEWERS. How to Prevent Contamination of the Sewer. The modern sanitarians agree that there is little dependence to be placed on the ordinary sewer trap as a means of keeping sewer gas out of the house. The chief means of safety lie in thorough ventilation. The ordinary house sewer should measure four inches and no more, because a larger pipe is not so easily or thoroughly flushed out in every part as a smaller pipe. The pipe should be ventilated just outside the house or at its lower end, and the pipe should be extended to full length to at least eight or nine inches above the peak of the roof, and capped by a regular ventilating plover. By this means air will be continually pumped through the pipe. There are a multitude of patent devices that save plumbers work, and are supposed to take the place of this simple method of ventilation, but all are makeshifts. Do not let the plumber persuade you that it is not necessary to extend the pipe its full size, but that a two-inch pipe will do for ventilation. It costs but little more to extend the pipe to the roof in full four-inch size. Now, that nearly every village has a system of sewerage and a water supply, it is especially necessary that all persons understand that safety from sewer gas is not in shutting it out by water trap, but in purifying it by the introduction of a current of pure air. Main sewers should be as thoroughly ventilated as house sewers, as the simplest precaution against the dangerous accumulation of gas. Yet this is too often neglected.—N. Y. Tribune.

His Candid Opinion. Mr. Billus had bought a new piano. A lusty fellow with red hair was assisting in carrying the instrument into the house, when Mr. Billus thus addressed him: "What a pity it is, Larry, that you and I were not born rich instead of handsome!" "Excuse me, sir," replied Larry, taking a good look at him, "but I think we were bate on both."—Chicago Tribune.

They Seldom Get On. Van Waller—Or Criggleston getting on in the world? Osborne—Oh, he isn't getting on. "How is that?" "He is a detective."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Her Ooze. "The duke seems to be completely blinded to Miss de Million's true character." "Yes; she threw dust in his eyes."—Puck.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TEN-MINUTE EXERCISES.

Everything in a woman's life should be done temperately, especially the wearing of corsets. This eternal lecturing upon the evils of corset-wearing is all folly; to condemn tight lacing is another thing, but the loose, wide-made corset is to be commended.

Of course all exercise should be taken with the waist perfectly free, and when vigorous out-of-door sports are indulged in no stay should be worn; but when in the street or at home or at social functions the corset worn sensibly is a necessity of that intangible something called style.

The rules for health and beauty are really very simple. Rise a half-hour before breakfast, open the window, whatever the weather or season, and

go briskly through the ordinary calisthenic exercises with the arms and legs and body for ten minutes—no longer, for the half-hour of vigorous exercise which some advocate is trying to the nerves and taxes a woman's strength altogether too much; even five minutes may be found sufficient day after day.

The motions should be made evenly, firmly and with sufficient rapidity to get up a pleasant warmth. The lungs should be filled through the nose with fresh air from the window and emptied through the mouth with a quick exhalation. This should be done four or five times. Then the position should be taken for the exercises—legs together, hands on the hips and chin held up. Then a rotation of the body as in the first illustration. This tends to make the waist slim and mobile, and the muscles may be felt alternately stretching and relaxing under the hands as the motion is described.

The second sketch illustrates the exercise for widening the chest, increasing its bust and strengthening and knitting the spinal muscles generally. The other exercises to be taken are made according to the well-known routine, hands from shoulder up, ten times, then down, then from the shoulder straight out in front the same number of times. All these should be done briskly.

After the exercise a cold sponge bath should be taken, accompanied by vigorous rubbing, and every other week a cupful of common salt should be thrown into the water each day, and every time it is used it must be remembered that soap cannot be used, as the two do not agree.

After dressing slowly a breakfast should be eaten of fresh fruit, grain foods and eggs or chops, according to one's taste. At night, just before retiring, the same exercise should be gone through and a sponge wet with alcohol rubbed over the body; bathing the feet in warm, almost hot, water is soothing and healthy also, as it helps one to sleep soundly and sweetly.

To give a woman an erect and beautiful figure there is no surer way than to

TOP BUREAU DRAWER.

Harriet Holt-Cahorn says that a woman's bureau drawer—the top drawer, that either is or is not a catch-all—reveals character more than any of her possessions, and I could almost tell her fortune by looking into it. Is it a pot-pourri—gloves, laces, hairpins, frizzes, collars, letters and a hundred other things? This denotes an uneven, unsystematized, happy-go-lucky life, one that fate loves to pursue. The orderly woman who establishes a standard for people to live up to always keeps this bureau drawer in order. Her life is of the tranquil kind. The woman who fills her bureau with boxes possesses an excess of order that makes life a burden to the ones who live with her. She is conservative and not very adaptable nor tolerant. While order in the first lane to Heaven, order does not by any means produce Heaven. However, the bureau drawer never poses. You may profess sentiments that are not yours, and your milliner and dressmaker and you a personality which you do not possess, and pose successfully for what you are not; you can buy correct books and pose for a litterateur by living up to their bindings. In your house and its furnishings you can buy artistic effects and harmony of color and grand pictures, and then the atmosphere that belongs to these evidences of culture will hover about. You can have a Louis Quinze room without knowing why you have it, and you can buy your coat of arms and your antiques and your ancestors, and you may escape the soul of all that they represent and the world will be none the wiser. But let the world have a peep in the top drawer of your dressing table and it will find out things about your real character of which it has never dreamed.—Philadelphia Times.

FANCY WORK BASKET.

A standing work basket is such a comfort when one sits down to mend or sew. First of all, because it is more convenient than the ordinary little basket. Then it is such an independent sort of an institution, being able to stand alone, that it quite relieves its

owner of the many little attentions she must bestow on the unpretentious small basket. A very convenient and attractive basket may be made at home, using two peach baskets, as shown in cut. The lower one may be left unfinished inside, merely serving as a support. The upper one should be lined inside, and furnished with numerous pockets and a cushion or two for needles and pins. Cover the outside with pretty cretonne or silkoline, putting a band and bow where the two baskets meet. The top is made of a long, straight piece of the right width, to gather up in the center with a drawing string, the other edge being fastened under the upper fringe. The drawing string should be long enough to let all the fullness out, so that the top may be turned down on one side when the basket is in use.—Rural New Yorker.



A FANCY BASKET.

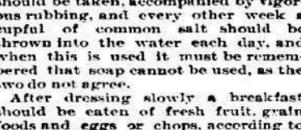
INTRODUCE THEM. Boys and Girls Should Be Presented Formally to Adult Visitors. It is common enough in too many households to introduce the children to visitors. Guests are formally presented to the adult members of the family, but the younger boys and girls are either ignored altogether, or else introduced in a general way without giving their individual names. This course is almost certain to result in awkwardness and constraint on their part when grown. There is a difference between putting children forward unduly and giving them their just meed of recognition. And pray take pains, in making introductions, to speak the names distinctly, and, above all things else, do not omit their mention. How many of us have been annoyed to have a hostess greet an intimate friend, to whom we were entire strangers, with some such salutation as: "Oh Henry, so pleased to have you meet Miss Blank." Leaving us to discover her surname as best we may. It is not a bad plan for the family to rehearse by themselves some of these little social formalities.—Congregationalist.

Chafing Dish Parties. So great is the rivalry among the owners of fine chafing dishes and choice recipes to be cooked in them that cooking clubs, of both men and women, frequently meet and prepare a luncheon of the chafing dish, each person brings or sends his dish and the materials for making it in advance, and the feast is cooked course by course by the different chefs. To prevent a superabundance of one kind of food, each guest is notified of the dishes that will compose the menu, or permitted to send in word of the concoction at which he is most skillful. In this fashion a chafing dish party may have much of the delight and terror of a summer picnic.

Toothsome Egg Cake. Two cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 3 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 cup sour milk, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon cream tartar, 1/2 pound aprils, shredded, 3 eggs, 1/2 cup vanilla. Beat the sugar white with 3 eggs, for Frosting.—Mrs J. E. R. Trask, in Farm and Home.

Keep All Food Covered. Every article of food should be kept covered until it appears on the table. Milk and butter should be kept in airtight covered vessels. They take up several minutes at a time or are positively harmful to the stomach after standing uncovered for an hour or two. Not only odors, but the animalcules that fill the air are attracted to milk and butter. Uncovered jelly is a menace to family health, yet in two thirds of the parties in the city will be found half-used dishes of jelly standing uncovered.—Good Housekeeping.

This Sounds Good. An excellent relish for the Sunday night tea table is made with sardines as a basis. Take four boneless sardines, rub them smooth with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a dust of cayenne pepper; heat the mixture in a chafing dish and spread on hot buttered toast. A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top before serving.



BROADENING THE CHEST.

stand with the hands on the hips as often as possible, with the abdomen in one and the chest thrown well out. When one is at home it is easy to stand in this way for several minutes at a time or to walk about the house so. It works like magic, too, for giving one a fine carriage.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that all the walking in the open air one can possibly do, unless it is in the hot sun, serves to add to one's health and beauty, and a woman should be out of doors all that she possibly can, as nothing brings the bloom into her cheeks so quickly or so beautifully as God's pure air and sunshine.—Marie Jourean, in Chicago Record.

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