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This forms a rich combination appropriate to expensive furnishings. Quite as artistic and pretty an effect, however, may be obtained by the use of less expensive materials. A very dainty effect is obtained by the use of point d'esprit over a colored lining or dotted muslin used in the same way. In colored goods there are the liberty muslins in delicate figures, which cost from 15 to 40 cents a yard, according to quality, and the chintzes, which are very dainty and attractive.

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Is a Popular Newspaper, and is recognized as a good Advertising Medium.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

Stoneware Cooking Utensils—Artistic Bed Drapings—A Sea Bath at Home.

A "bachelor housekeeper" who is endeavoring to bring about the renaissance of kitchen pottery presents its claims after the following convincing fashion in Table Talk:

A kitchen in which pottery appears in plenitude for the various kinds of its capable service warts an odor of purity and fascinates with a sense of cleanliness. In numerous kinds of cookery it has no equal, and in some there are dishes one might better abandon than attempt to prepare and serve without its aid. Many who are using iron, tin and copper to the exclusion of earthenware do so in ignorance of the perfect adaptability and service of the stone pot.

For the simple forms of boiling, broiling and frying the metals are more convenient, but for baking, pot roasting, braising, stewing and fricasseeing it is far superior to all its rivals. Cooking in the stone pot simplifies the preparation of all the dishes that come under these heads, relieves the cook from close attention and constant stirring to defeat the imperfect action of applied heat and performs its work with unflinching accuracy and without accident. It gives its best and almost exclusive service in the baking oven and under close cover. Few avail themselves of its reliable and easy use, and being, as I declare myself, an experimenting and progressive housekeeper, I wish to recommend it to others who are anxious to learn and know for themselves of its unequalled merits. Any cook will with one demonstration understand perfectly its superior action under the influence of heat, and for such the details of preparation will be necessary in but one case. I shall therefore confine myself to a single recipe and formula.

Procure a large earthen pot with a closely fitting cover of the same material. This may be found in almost any house furnishing store. Make the first attempt with the ordinary and familiar fricassee of disjointed chicken. After preparing sprinkle each piece with salt and pepper and dredge with a little flour. Lay the pieces singly in the pot, which has been rubbed with a little butter or melted suet. Pour in a pint or more of hot water, just enough to appear toward the surface of the chicken. Dredge the top again with flour, put on the cover and set in the oven. The oven should be very hot for the first 15 minutes, after which the heat should be reduced to the lowest degree that will keep the pot simmering.

At the outset it may be necessary to examine the pot occasionally to acquaint oneself with the action of the oven's heat, but when this is once ascertained the pot may be left undisturbed from the beginning till the dish is about done. Young chickens will require only two hours; older ones, three to four, more water and the slowest possible heat to bring them out tender.

The chicken will be cooked to a point that the meat will easily come from the bone and yet may be served in its perfect form as when laid in the pot. It will have all the richness of a roast without the dryness that quite forbids the open oven baking of a chicken. It will have all the juiciness of the fricassee without any of the wateriness which one wishes to avoid.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Why Grandpa Let the Chimney Wait.
How Far Off the Lightning Struck—A Sand Castle.

A new chimney was going to be built on grandpa's house, and the boys were in a state of high glee. They were always delighted when there was something going on, and this would be "something like," Wayne said.

"Mike's coming to mix the mortar, you know, and carry it up the ladder to the mason. He'll tell us stories too, Mike's such fun!"

"Yes," echoed Casper. "I guess he is. You spell Mike's kind of fun with a big F and a big U and a big N! I say, Wayne, let's go get his hod and play we're hod carriers, with mud for mortar, you know. Come on!"

"Come on!" shouted Wayne. "It's leaning up against the barn. Mike left it there last Friday when he brought his things over."

On the way to the barn they saw grandpa harnessing Old Molly to the big blue cart. That meant a beautiful, jolly ride down the orchard, and the boys forgot all about playing hod carriers. They climbed in and jolted away.

"Mike's coming tomorrow, you know, grandpa, and the mason," said Casper, his voice quivering over the jolts. "Oh, goody!" cried Wayne, but dear old grandpa shook his white head.

"Not tomorrow, boys. You'll have to wait a bit longer. I sent word to Mr. Keet and Mike last night that they needn't come for a few weeks longer. I'd decided to put the chimney off."

"Oh, grandpa?"

Both clear little voices were shrill with disappointment. Both little brown faces fell. Grandpa did not speak again at once. He was guiding Old Molly carefully out at the side of the barn road. The bus saw a little crippled "butterfly" fluttering along in the wheel track. That was why grandpa turned out. Grandpa's big heart had room enough in it for every little live thing. Back in the track again, farther on, grandpa spoke.

"I'll show you why we must wait for the new chimney when we get home, boys," he said cheerily. "You'll agree with me, I know. It's a case of necessity."

"But I don't see what made you decide to grandpa," Wayne said soberly. Grandpa's eyes twinkled under their shaggy brows.

"A little bird told me to," he said, and that was all they found out until they got home. Then the same little bird told them. Grandpa took them up into the attic, with a great air of mystery. The old chimney had been partly taken away, half way down to the attic floor. Grandpa tipped up to it and lifted them, one at a time, to peer into it.

"Sh!" he whispered softly. "Look sharp."

And there on a little nest of mud, lined with thistle down and straws, that rested lightly on the projecting bricks, sat the little bird. She blinked her bright eyes at the kind faces peering down, as if to say:

"Oh, dear, no! I'm not afraid of you. Isn't this a beautiful nest? So exclusive and safe! There are four little speckly, freckly eggs under me. When I've hatched them and brought up my babies in the way well educated little chimney swallows should go, then you can build your chimney, you know."

So that was why grandpa's new chimney had to wait—Annie H. Donnell in Outlook.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Save Surplus Fruit.

Millions of dollars' worth of fruit annually goes to waste because in its marketable state, when green, the market is glutted, says the Agricultural Epitomist. Evaporation would save much of this loss. Even drying in the sun is better than to permit the fruit to rot. The only trouble is that fruit honestly evaporated on the farm is compelled to compete with sulphured evaporated fruit, which, though it may be inferior in quality, sells at the highest price because it is of brighter color. Some of the finest appearing evaporated fruit will likely be found to have been treated either before or after evaporation with the fumes of sulphur, and it is probable that sulphur will be used as long as the eye of the consumer demands first to be satisfied. But with evaporators as cheap as they now are, and with a good market for such fruits during a large portion of the year, there can be no excuse for sacrificing any portion of the fruit crop.

What the Best Breeders Do.

Breeders generally would make money by observing the practice of those who command the highest prices for their cattle, says the Tennessee Farmer. In the first place, they do everything in their power to keep up the standard of their herds. In the next place, they never cheapen their cattle by offering cheap bargains. As a rule, with very rare exceptions, the very best bargain offered in any sale is the highest priced animal. There are numbers of herds in the United States from which, in order to buy a choice calf, bull or heifer, one has to engage it before it is dropped. These are the herds whose practice it behooves the beginner to study.

Good For the Scrub Cow.

The best cow owned by the Kansas Agricultural college gave last year 9,119 pounds of milk and 384.7 pounds of butter fat. The value of the product for the year was \$73.17. For the best month last year she gave 977 pounds of milk and 37.12 pounds of butter fat. For the first month of this year her milk yield was 1,250.1 pounds, which made 44.83 pounds of butter fat. This is an improvement over her best month last year of 273 pounds of milk and 7.77 pounds of butter fat, or 21 per cent.

A Water's Dilemma.

It was in one of the large down town restaurants that the short little woman and her tall husband went for dinner one night.

"Will you have oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare.

"Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. "And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded, and, as he handed his order to the waiter, he said, "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the tablecloth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got very red. Then he came around to John's side, and, speaking sotto voce, said: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock broiled or fried?"

—Chicago Chronicle.

Its Great Advantage.

"I can't get a dollar's worth of credit," said Jaysmith.

"Then be thankful," replied Tenspot. "No one will dun you."—Detroit Free Press.

Yachts and People.

They were both in splendid fettle. They were ready for the run. But they couldn't show their mettle Ere the start of the sun; They were fit for demonstrations To astonish high and low And increase the joy of nations, But the wind refused to blow.

Oh! you'll find a man who started In the race of human life With the purpose honest-hearted To be noted in the strife. He was wretched, he was ready For each chance that might show; He was upright, true and steady, But the wind refused to blow.

—Washington Star.

SELECTIONS

THIS SCHEME WORKED.

A Swindler's Slick Way of Getting Money on a Draft.

A novel fraud by which a Minnesota bank was induced innocently to abet the robbing of a Montana bank has perplexed recently one of the detective agencies. Inquiries made recently at a St. Paul hotel as to a possible guest who wore a silk hat, a Prince Albert coat and gray mutton chop whiskers revealed the nature of the criminal scheme. But the inquiring detective would not repeat names.

A few weeks ago, said the detective, the very respectable gentleman with the silk hat bought of a country bank not far from this city a draft on New York for \$1,000, paying for it in currency. He explained he was going to a small town in Montana and that he did not care to take so large a sum with him in cash. Would the cashier kindly notify the only bank in that Montana town that he had sold the New York draft to Mr. Hat, and that Mr. Hat would cash the draft at the Montana town? Certainly the cashier would write. He did write. And when the owner of the draft appeared a few days later at the Montana bank he found not the slightest difficulty in cashing a forged copy of the draft.

"You're Mr. Hat of Philadelphia, of course," said the exchange clerk in Montana. "We received a letter from the bank that told you the draft. Let's see?" Tall, gray side whiskers, very subdued manner. Oh, yes! That's all right. Description a matter of form, you know. Your signature? Exact, of course."

So, with apologies for taking the usual precautions, the clerk, upon comparing the signatures of Mr. Hat, accepted his receipt and gave him all in gold, as became a banker of the mining state—\$1,000. As the new customer went out he made a particularly good joke about the Montana weather.

The old gentleman with the subdued manner had copied the original draft upon a blank that he had somehow secured from the Minnesota bank. The letter from the bank would naturally have quieted any suspicion in Montana, for the letter gave, as usual, the number of the draft and other details, which were fully corroborated in the forged copy. Inasmuch as the letter proved to the Montana bank that Mr. Hat must possess an original draft for the amount required, the bank would never entertain the thought that a forged copy would be presented by the holder of that original. Thus the cashing of the forged copy was easy.

At once the gentle defrauder took the next train for Minnesota. He reappeared before the cashier of the Minnesota bank, and smiled through an unctuous apology.

"I'm extremely sorry to trouble you again," said the urbane gentleman, "but, you see, I've decided not to make that Montana trip this month. I have found a little real estate deal up in St. Paul where I can invest the money to better advantage, at least for the present. Now, will you be good enough to cancel your draft here?—extending the bona fide original—and let me have the \$1,000?"

The Minnesota cashier was as agreeable as had been the Montana clerk. The agreeable Philadelphian received his second \$1,000. He smiled. The cashier smiled. The Montana clerk kept smiling whenever he thought of the affable stranger who made so pleasant a little joke about the weather. Everybody continued to smile until the Montana bank drew upon the Minnesota bank for \$1,000 advanced upon a draft. Then there was but one smiler left—the polished, respectable, the witty Mr. Hat of Philadelphia.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

High Price of Meat.

The prediction made last spring and summer that there would soon be a dearth of cattle and swine in this country seems to be realized if the advancing prices of meats are any indication, writes E. P. Smith in the Boston Cultivator. It is not always that advances in the retail prices of meats benefit the cattlemen and farmers, but they should if matters are rightly regulated. The producers of cattle should refuse to sell if they cannot share in the advance in prices, especially in a year like this, when there is none too many in the country. In cattle raising for market breeders should keep in mind the fact that they practically control prices if they but co-operate. The small breeder is of course at the mercy of the large ones and must let their cattle go for the prices that the large ones set. The breeder who raises a thousand head of cattle can on general principles sell his cattle at less per pound and make a profit than the farmer who raises a dozen. If one understands his business, it is easier to conduct a large cattle enterprise than a small one, and profits are correspondingly more satisfactory. Quick profits and many of them should be the motto of the breeders today. Good times may not last long, but while they do we should make the most of them. Breed animals rapidly and fatten them for the market in the very shortest time possible. Then, when the trade barometer indicates a falling off in demand, and the supply in the country is large, sell quickly, even at a little less than you anticipated. Do not find yourself in possession of large herds when the market is falling off.

A Sand Castle.

Over the golden, sun kissed sand, With cheeks peach tinted and wind blown hair, Beryl and Bee ran hand in hand, A bright eyed, harefooted, charming pair.

Bee are they with pail and spade Till a castle arises, smooth and high, Round which a trench may be quickly made, For the tide is coming in rapidly.

"The sea is sharing our holiday," Says Bee, with a laugh like chiming bells. "See, the baby waves are all at play, With their dear wee pebbles and pink tipped shells."

"Could we but live in our house of sand And have not a single tickle to do, With a fairy fountain at our command, It would be lovely, I think, don't you?"

But a frolicsome wave breaks over the mound And covers their feet with silvery spray, Back to dry land they come with a bound, While their trail sand castle is swept away.

—Cassell's Little Folks.

FERRIS

Do not fear cold and rain. Thibodaux Shoe and Hat Store has the line of the highest grade waterproof mackintoshes.

EMILE J. BRAUD, Prop.

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Ed. McCulla, Prop.

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Roofing and Guttering a Specialty. REPAIR WORK PROMPTLY DONE.

H. N. Coulon, NOTARY PUBLIC

MARKET STREET THIBODAUX, LA.

THOS. LEGENDRE'S SHAVING PARLOR

Opposite Bank of Thibodaux.

I have bought the shop formerly owned by Joe. Coulon and am prepared to give the best service. Give me a call.

LOCAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Taylor ready to run again is a head quite frequent in Republican papers of late. Can it be that Governor Mount is about to withdraw his protection and that Taylor must run to Governor Roosevelt for shelter from the indictment charging him with complicity in Gobb's murder.—St. May Banner.

The exact number of census enumerators now at work is 52,631. Pennsylvania leads the list with 4670. New York comes next with 4422. Among the number assigned to the different States and Territories are the following: Alabama 1258, Indian Territory 186, Kentucky 1318, Louisiana 717, Mississippi 812, Missouri 2262; New Mexico 179, North Carolina 1226, South Carolina 378, Tennessee 1492, Texas 1806.

Does this apply to any one here? Read: "The person who mistakes an ever lasting criticism of the town or country in which he or she lives for superior knowledge and a past companionship with ever so much better things, shows unmistakable signs of rats in the upper. The fellow had best to please abroad or in a new relationship is usually the fellow that was never accustomed to much at home, or whose education is very circumscribed. Scathing people do not measure everything or every body by what they have been accustomed to, but upon merit, rather, after making due allowances."

Taken from the New Iberian; published in New Iberia. Of course, it is not applicable to any one in our community.

Don't Borrow Your Neighbor's Paper.

Here is the latest story of the man who was too stingy to take his home paper. He borrowed a copy from his neighbor, sending his little boy for it. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty squash. His cries reaching his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed fence, ran into that, breaking it down cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and gaining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the corral, and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket the wife ran, upset a four gallon measure full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry she dropped a \$7 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled milk and into the parlor, ruining a \$29 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.

A Belleville citizen who happened to get on a locked up jury, addressed the following note to the judge: "We, the jury, being hungry and backed up eight hours without eating, which has been our regular habit since we know ourselves respectfully find ourselves guilty of wanting to eat, and recommend that our sentence of imprisonment be commuted to the liberty of twelve square meals, at three of ourselves on the mercy of the court, after which we hope to find the defendant guilty."

Says the Abbeville Meridian: "It's quite a joke to read the protest of the Republican papers against the trust. That organization isn't any worse and isn't any more favored by the tariff than any other trusts, but it hits the Republican papers and consequently they are demanding that Congress shall repeal the duties on paper. It certainly does make a difference whose ox is gored."

Sampson Wins.

The United States court of claims has passed upon the suit of Admiral W. T. Sampson and others under his command at Santiago for prize money on account of the destruction of the Spanish fleet. The court declares that Admiral Sampson was the commander in chief and that Commodore Schley was the commanding officer of a division or squadron thereof on duty under the orders of Admiral Sampson. The Spanish squadron is found by the court to have been inferior to the American force, and a bounty of \$100 therefore was awarded for every officer and man under Admiral Cervera's command.

The total amount of bounty money allowed is \$166,700, of which Admiral Sampson will receive \$8335 and Admiral Schley about \$3000.

Besides finding that Admiral Sampson was in command during the battle, the court declares that the New York was among the vessels engaged,

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