

The Weekly Thibodaux Sentinel.

JOURNAL OF THE 9TH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Official Journal of the Parish of Lafourche and the Town of Thibodaux.

VOL. XIX.

THIBODAUX, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884.

NO. 50

THOUGHT AND OPINION.

A THOUSAND influences in our modern life tend to separate, to isolate and alienate.—*Living Church.*

The church to-day is like the butt end of a broom—as many diversities as the broom has fingers.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The thing desired is to make men forget they are anything but American.—*A Southern Teacher in the Independent.*

A MAN voting when he is drunk is as if you should send a wild bull into an orphan asylum to take care of the children.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

ANY man strong enough to have attained prominence in National affairs, whatever his name, is too strong to permit women to fight his battles.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

WHILE the D. D.'s are quibbling, these bonneted Amazons are marching on to the conquest of the people for righteousness and God.—*Mrs. Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army.*

THE theory that the interests of a journal, when it is suddenly robbed of its working head, can best be served by the promotion of the next in rank, has found favor with all great American newspapers.—*Utica Observer.*

UNreformed Utah applied to Congress for a place in the Union, and is admitted by any time-serving party, God grant she may hang as a mill-stone around the neck of every politician who favors the conspiracy to give the American Bluebeard a seat by the side of Washington.—*Joseph Cook, Boston, Lecture.*

WE want simplicity of life, frugality, modesty, industry and system. If we could introduce these virtues into our higher society, we should diminish the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation and suicides of the single, and the bickerings, wretchedness and divorces of the married.—*Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York.*

AS LONG as our school system continues to be a stuffing machine the assaults will be made. Reform need not be revolutionary. Too many things are taught; sweep at least one third of the "ologies" off the schedule and teach the others more leisurely and more thoroughly and less mechanically.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

It is scarcely possible to estimate the effect upon the social status of women in general which might be exerted by a class of women comparable in many-sided intelligence and power to the class of men who rule the thought and industry of men; but such a class of women can only be created by equal opportunities of education.—*The Nation.*

WHEN a man has been a part of a great thing, the greatest in American history, what will he do? All other things are less, and however well he does them, he seems a smaller figure in the doing. The pictures of General Grant will not represent him standing on Wall street King a trade. Appomattox is higher ground, and the conditions of the surrender of Lee and his legions are the words we shall remember.—*Rev. Myron Reed.*

"Kurnel" Smith's Hearty Welcome.

There was a party of four of us out from Cheneyville, Louisiana, to look over a sugar plantation, and we had dismounted by the roadside to drink at a spring and rest a bit under the shade, when along came a native on a mule. As he drew up and looked us over, we saw that he was armed with shot-gun, revolver and knife, and the eyes under his old hat had a bad expression.

"I reckon you gents hain't bound over to Kurnel Smith's place?" he said as he surveyed us.

"Reckon we just ar' that," answered r' spokesman.

"How soon?"

"Right away."

"Say, General, will you do me a favor?"

"I reckon."

"Bot here fur about half an hour, and don't hurry. The Kurnel and I have had a little furse, and I am going to git the drop on him. Reckon you don't care to mix in?"

"Reckon not, and if these gents is mixed we'll give you time."

We didn't raise any particular objection, and the wayfarer passed on at a gallop. By and by we followed at a slow pace, but made no discovery until we reached Smith's place. The "Kurnel" was at the gate with a rifle leaning against the fence, and as he came out and shook hands our guide asked:

"Been any furse around here, Kurnel?"

"Nothin' to speak of, thank ye."

"Didn't see a fellow on a mawl come this way?"

"Well, somebody did come along an' that 'ere gate post full o' buck-shot, and I sent a bullet through his ole hat to teach him not to be so keardless; but he off yer hosses an' come in—come in an' make yerselves to hum."

—*Frederick Free Press.*

One of Houdin's Tricks.

The great Robert Houdin went by royal command to St. Cloud, as he relates in his "Confidences," to give a show before Louis Phillippe and his family. In the course of this show he borrowed six handkerchiefs from the audience. Then various members of the audience wrote down on slips of paper the names of places whither they would like the handkerchief to be transported. This done the conjurer asked the King to choose three of these slips at random, and from the three to select the place he referred. "Come," said Louis Phillippe, "let us see what is on this slip. I should like them to be found under one of the candlesticks on the mantlepiece." That is too easy for a wizzard; let us try again. "I should like them to be found on the dome of the Invalides." That is too far—not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah! You will, I fear, find it difficult to comply with the last request on the slips!" The request was that the handkerchiefs should be found in the box of the last orange tree on the right hand of the avenue on St. Cloud. The conjurer expressed his readiness to comply with the request, and the King immediately sent off a party of men to keep guard over the orange tree. The conjurer put the handkerchiefs under a bell of thick glass, waved his hand, took up the bell and showed a white dove in place of the handkerchiefs. Then the King, with a sceptical smile, sent orders to the head gardener to open the box of the orange tree chosen, and to bring whatever he might find there. This was done and presently there was brought in an iron coffer covered with rust. "Well," cried the King, "here we have a coffer! Are the handkerchiefs in it?"

"Yes, sire," replied Robert Houdin; they have been there a long time." "A long time, when it is only a quarter of an hour since they were given to you?" "What, sir, would be the use of magic if it could not perform impossible feats? Your Majesty will be surprised when I prove to you that the coffer and its contents have been in the orange tree box for sixty years." The King now observed that a key was needed to open the box, and Robert Houdin asked him to take the key which was hung by a ribbon round the white dove's neck. This was a key as rusty as the coffer which it opened; and the first thing found in the coffer was a parchment bearing these words: "To-day, June 6th, 1786, this iron coffer, holding six handkerchiefs, has been placed amid the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to aid the accomplishment of the magical feat which will be done this day six years before Louis Phillippe or Orleans and his family." Below the parchment, sealed with Cagliostro's seal, which was known to the King, was a packet, and in the packet were the six borrowed handkerchiefs.—*English Magazine.*

Dilemma.

From behind the plain, broad writing-table a brisk, active figure came forward to greet me, with a bright twinkle of the eye, a sunny smile and a hearty grasp of the hand. A remarkable youthful figure, as it first appeared to me, and most jaunty arrayed. The apparel was conspicuous and even foppish. There seemed to be a prevailing effect of gold and jewelry rather too lavishly displayed. Coat, vest and trousers were cut in the top of the day's fashion. The cravat was brilliant in color and obtrusive in size. The general impression was that of a dainty and airily-dressed man, to whom a good looking-glass was a very necessary article of domestic furniture.

But I was soon drawn from this rapid contemplation of attire to observe the features and manner of the man himself. Never, I thought, had the art of photography more completely failed to catch the true lineaments and expressions of its subject than in this instance. Here before me was a face aglow with a bright, healthy pink-and-white bloom; a face which, while furrowed with heavy lines when in repose, was yet youthful in its expressive and changeable vivacity; a large mouth, about whose corners there seemed always playing a quizzical smile, and hair and beard slightly tinged, indeed, with streaks of gray, yet fine and tawny and curly, and arranged with studious care about the broad white forehead, the retreating chin and the delicately tinted cheeks.

But of all the striking features the great beauty of the eyes first attracted and held the visitor. Eyes of the bluest blue; eyes which danced and sparkled with sunniest merriment, and yet which quickly softened into serious sympathy; eyes which were brilliant and searching, and seemed always to be kindly, though keenly, reading the person to whom he was talking, yet which never hardened into sternness; eyes in which, especially, you could discern all the humanity and humor, the noble intellectual possibilities and the manly tenderness of their possessor.—*Lecture by George M. Towle.*

The Sultan's Day's Work.

A salary of \$10,000 a day would appear to those who have but few wants a nice competency. That is the daily wages of Abdul Hamid, and no sovereign alive earns his money harder. Out of that sum he has, moreover, to pay for his own beard, fire, and candles, his lodgings alone are free; so that considering the footing on which his establishment is placed, he must be a man of order and economy to make both ends meet with so small an income at his command. There is, indeed, no more diligent or active man in his empire than the sultan, and it is literally true of him to say that he eats his bread in the sweat of his brow. He gives personal audience to everyone who applies for it, whenever it is possible; when not, his first adjutant gives audience for him. The 600 wives of Abdul-Aziz have vanished and Abdul Hamid finds it as much as he can do to meet the milliner's bills of a poor three dozen spouses. This scanty harem leaves him a good deal more time for devotion and state business. He leaves his apartment betimes, and bathes the prison of his soul in tepid water, after which he stretches himself full length upon a carpet and breathes a silent morning prayer. He then drinks a cup of chocolate and proceeds immediately after to the affairs of the state. Dispatches are received and sent, reports examined and approved of, expenses consented to, decorations granted, ministers and ambassadors received, and that goes on for several hours. Toward noon a second carpet is spread at the feet of the ruler of the faithful, whereon he prays again, and then takes his second breakfast. After that he goes out for a drive, and when he returns he is at the disposal of his family and the inhabitants of the palace. He gives audience to his brothers and sisters, listens to the report of the household officers, confers with the chief of the eunuchs on all sorts of delicate subjects and gives him his orders. The imam, or chaplain of the palace, also comes in the evening, and the sultan prays or reads some pious book with him. Three times in the week the sultan takes lessons on the piano from a French teacher—that is, he listens to his teacher playing a few morceaux, but never plays a single scale himself. Later in the evening he dispatches more state business, and then an hour before midnight he, accompanied only by the chief of the eunuchs, retires to the mysterious recesses of the harem.—*Exchange.*

"The Only Flower."

A lady in this city recently received a photograph of a baby from a friend in a distant city. It was a beautiful picture. The little fellow looked out of that picture at you and smiled such a handsome smile, flanked on either side with the prettiest of dimples, while his little lips parted just enough to show a couple of little teeth. One would want to kiss the picture if unable to kiss the original. On the back of the photograph was written in a fine but tremulous hand: "The only flower the angel of death has left us."

How much meaning there was in that sentence. The only blossom left. The mother of that baby had buried three little ones since last fall, and now her heart trembles in fear that the last, her baby boy, may be taken from her. How our hearts go out to that mother and to that baby! There is something about a poor little helpless baby that draws everybody to it. Even old bachelors love them, except when they cry, and then they do not dislike them. The cry of a baby has such a distressing effect on an old bachelor's nerves that he don't exactly know what he says and does at the time, but you can bet he would run his legs off to get a doctor or the paragon if he thought they were wanted to help the baby out of its trouble.

The most thoughtless girl will stop in the street to kiss a pretty baby, and who ever saw a homely baby? Nothing makes a young "auntie" more happy than to be able to make something pretty for baby to wear. Yes indeed the baby is a "well spring of joy" to the whole human race regardless of sex or condition of servitude. When the angel of death steals in the family and carries off the little baby, everyone comes to condole with the parents. Everybody feels a personal interest in that family and sympathize with it that its one bright light has gone out. So when we looked upon the photograph of the baby boy whose mother has written on the back: "The only flower the angel of death has left us" our hearts went out to that mother in sympathy and to hundreds of mothers all over the country who have laid the precious forms of their darling babies away in the tomb. Yes indeed, the baby is a "well spring of life" and he who would sneer at a baby, who would cast it aside when it wants to put its fat chubby arms about his neck and hug him as the only way to show baby love, has not the heart of a true man and is one in whom the spirit of loving kindness and feeling for his fellow men dwells not.—*Peck's Sun.*

HOSTETTER'S



TO the needs of the tourist, commercial traveler and new settler, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is peculiarly adapted, since it strengthens the digestive organs, and braces the physical energies to unhealthful influences. It removes and prevents malarial fever, constipation, dyspepsia, healthfully stimulates the kidneys and bladder, and enriches as well as purifies the blood. When overcome by fatigue, whether mental or physical, the weary and debilitated find it a reliable source of renewed strength and comfort. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

OF THE SOUTH,
FOR THE SOUTH,
FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.



IS FOR ALL.

The farmer, the mechanic, the workman, the merchant, the manufacturer—persons in every avocation in life, members of every household, the wife and the mother and the children—all will find

The Times-Democrat

The ideal newspaper for the office, the shop and the home. It is a necessity, at a price so low that even poverty will find it its own economy. It is a luxury to which all other luxuries should readily subordinate.

Complete in news, independent and forcible in direction, elevated in tone, refined in literature, foremost in all good work, enterprising in all things, it

Recommends itself to the Consideration of the People.

THE DAILY TIMES-DEMOCRAT, eight to twenty-four pages, 35 issues in the year, is mailed to subscribers at TWELVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, and at proportionate prices for less periods.

THE WEEKLY TIMES-DEMOCRAT, twelve to sixteen pages, published Saturdays, is mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

To every DAILY and WEEKLY yearly subscriber.

The Times-Democrat Almanac,

OR YEAR BOOK,

Will be sent free. The T. D. ALWAFACH has deservedly attained a wide popularity. It presents in a condensed shape a large amount of information, local, sectional and general, which is almost regular request by the student, the politician, the business man, and by all intelligent citizens. This year's issue, besides an unusual quantity of finely engraved and appropriate illustrations, will contain a large double-page, accurately designed and artistically engraved bird's-eye view of the buildings, grounds and location of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition.

Remittances can be made with but little inconvenience or trouble from any postoffice, by postal note, money order or registered letter.

For all purposes address

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT,
New Orleans, La.

NOTICE.

Thibodaux Benevolent Lodge, No. 90, will meet the second Sunday in each month at 3 o'clock P. M.

By order of the W. M. feb-19-84.

H. MANUEL,

—WHOLESALE DEALER IN—

Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

20 & 22 Chartres Street,

NEW ORLEANS.

April-20-84-ly.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

PIANOS

Of All the Leading Manufacturers.

GRUNEWALD HALL,
NEW ORLEANS.

STEINWAY,
KNABE,
SOHMER,

PLEYEL
BEHR AND
FISCHER

PIANOS,

Upright, Square and Grand

ORGANS,

OF THE BEST MAKES.

Music and Musical Instruments
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

A NUMBER OF

Second-hand Pianos
always on hand, comprising the leading
Pianos made.

Pianos sold on easy payments. Full guarantee given with every instrument.

MUSIC

of the latest publications received daily.

For Anything in the Musical Line

—CALL AT—

LOUIS GRUNEWALD'S

GRUNEWALD HALL,

—OR—

137 CANAL STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper, \$3 a year, weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 311 Broadway, New York.

DENTAL NOTICE.



J. J. DAIGRE, DENTIST HAS LOCATED in town permanently and will perform all operations appertaining to his profession at very moderate prices. He will also practice in the surrounding country and adjoining Parishes when called for. Office: Corner of St. Philip and Thibodaux Sts. The best of reference given.

H. HOFFMANN,

Dealer in

FURNITURE, Hardware, Paints, Oil Window glass, Wall-paper, Lime, Sand Plaster, Cement, Metallic, rose wood, imitation black walnut Coffins, also cypress coffins made to order, &c. In connection with A. H. HOFFMANN, Cabinet Maker and Repairer of all kinds of furniture. Main Street, 5-Jan76 ly Bet. Jackson and St-Philip.

CITY HOTEL.

Corner of Railroad Avenue & Iberville Sts
DONALDSONVILLE, La.

P. LEFEVRE, Proprietor.

The Bar is supplied with the best wines and liquors

ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, gear anteing speedily and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

—Subscribe to the SENTINEL and keep posted.