FELICIANA SENTINEL.

VOL. 2. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA., AUGUST 25, 1877. NO. 9

A. CROSS,

Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

C. HARDEE,

Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.

THOMAS J. KERNAN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Courts of East and West Feliciana.

CALHOUN FLUKER,

Attorney at Law,
Clinton, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Courts of the 5th Judicial District. Aug.2'76.—1y

WM. J. POWELL,

Attorney at Law,
St. Francisville, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Parishes of West and East Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee.

J. WEDGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana,
Will practice in the courts of East and West Feliciana and the Supreme Court of the State. feb17-1y.

M. W. LEAKE,

Attorney at Law,
St. Francisville, Louisiana.
Will practice in the Parishes of West and East Feliciana, and Pointe Coupee.

E S. JONES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.
Office on the North side of the public square. june 28, '76.—1y

WICKLIFFE. C. L. FISHER
WICKLIFFE & FISHER,

Attorneys at Law,
St. Francisville, La.
Will practice in the Courts of West and East Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and adjoining Parishes. june28'76.—1y

J. U. BALL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Bayou Sara, Louisiana,
Office at residence june 28, '76..1y.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. E. Green Davis offers his services to the people of this and adjoining Parishes. Orders addressed to him, at his residence will receive prompt attention.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!!

I will attend all calls on the Coast, from Natchez to New Orleans; also the back country, when accessable with a buggy. Persons wishing my services, can procure the same by addressing me, at my office.
D. STOCKING, D. D. S.,
'76.—1y. St. Francisville, La

MARTINEZ,

Main Street, Bayou Sara, La.,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Confections, Tobacco, Wines and Liquors.
'76.—3m.

ROSENTHAL,

(At L. Vresinsky's old stand,)
Bayou Sara, La.,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER
Respectfully solicits a share of the patronage and guarantees satisfaction

HOTEL,

Corner of Camp and Common streets,
New Orleans, La.
BEMFORD & WATSON.
PROPRIETORS.
BOARD,—Two dollars and fifty per day. june 28,76—1y.

F. IRVINE,

Bayou Sara, Louisiana,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Groceries, Provisions, Western Produce and General Plantation supplies.
ALSO
COMMISSION, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
STEAMBOAT AGENT.

HENRIETTA HOUSE.

BAYOU SARA, LA.
Board can be procured by the day, week or month, and at reasonable rates. In the past, the table will be supplied with the very best fare the market affords. Elegant and well furnished rooms. Accommodating servants always in attendance. Patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAS FREYHAN & CO.,

On the Road, St. Francisville, La.
Proprietors Steam Cotton Gin
AND
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Dry dress goods, general dry goods, furnishing goods, clothing, boots, shoes, groceries, provisions, hay, grain, agricultural implements, bagging and ties, and a general assortment of hardware, china and glass ware.
Highest market price paid for cotton and hides

WELL DIGGING.

Would respectfully inform persons that wells to dig, recurb or clean out the same will be promptly attended to. Address the undersigned through Feliciana Office at this place.
B. BRANIGAN,
Jun. St. Francisville, La.

John Roth,

FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER
St. Francisville, La.

JOSEPH VACARO,

Carpenter and Undertaker,
Will give prompt attention to all business in his line in this and adjoining Parishes. june 28 '76.—1y

TO THE PUBLIC!

Knife, Side, Box and Bias Plaiting done nicely, expeditiously and cheaply by
MISS Z. CLEVELAND,
Mrs. Turner's residence, St. Francisville, La.

PICARD & WEIL,

Bayou Sara, La.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FANCY DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING, FURNITURE,
BOOTS, SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES GENERALLY.
☞ Highest market price paid for cotton.

JOSEPH STERN,

Adjoining Post Office,
Foot of the Hill, St. Francisville, La.,
Retail Dealer in
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, Boots and Shoes, Glass and Wooden Ware, Tin ware, Family and Fancy Groceries, Western Produce and Plantation Supplies Generally.
ALSO
FURNITURE AND SHINGLES.
☞ Highest market price paid for cotton. July27, '76.—1y

C. BOCKEL,

Bayou Sara, La.,
Would respectfully call the attention of his friends and the public generally, to his large and superior stock of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
LADIES DRESS GOODS,
PROVISIONS, HARDWARE,
cutlery, crockery and glass ware, plows, hoes, western produce, and in fact everything necessary for family and plantation use, all of which he will sell at the lowest possible rates, for cash. I have also on hand a large and varied assortment of saddles and harness. Repairing done in a neat and substantial manner on short notice.

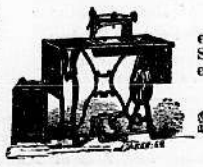
A. T. GASTRELL,

Bayou Sara, Louisiana,
DEALER IN
PLOWS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, Bridles, Harness, Hardware, Guns, Pistols, Pumps, Pipes, Machine Fittings, Cocks, Valves, Castings, Ropes, Hollow Ware, Wagon and Carriage Woodwork, Blacksmith's Materials, Etc., Etc.
TIN COPPER AND SHEET IRON MANUFACTORY.
Also Agent for the celebrated "CHARTER OAK" STOVES,
Urie, Garrett & Cottman, Brinley, Jas. H. Hall and other plows, Allen's Horse Hoes, Wood's Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, all of which I will guarantee to sell lower than can be purchased elsewhere.
Grangers and others will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

N. O. & BAYOU SARA U. S. MAIL PACKET
The superb passenger steamer,
La Belle.
J. J. BROWN.....Master.
S. S. STRECK.....Clerk.
Leaves Bayou Sara for New Orleans every Wednesday after the arrival of the cars from Woodville, and every saturday at 7, p. m. Returning, leaves New Orleans every Monday and Friday, at 5, p.m.
JOHN F. IRVINE, Agent

UNITED STATES MAIL & PASSENGER PACKET.
The superb passenger steamer,
Robert E. Lee.
WM. CAMPBELL.....Master
McVAY.....Clerk
Will leave Bayou Sara, on her upward trip, every Wednesday. Returning, will leave Bayou Sara every Sunday at 7, a. m., reaching New Orleans before dark the same day.
E. W. WHITEMAN, Agent.
June 28, '76–1y.

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMER.
The magnificent passenger packet,
NATCHEZ.
T. P. LEATHERS.....Captain.
J. F. MUSE.....Clerk.
Will pass Bayou Sara, on her upward trip, every Sunday morning, at 8 o'clock. Returning, will leave Bayou Sara every Thursday, at 7, a. m., reaching New Orleans before dark the same day.
E. W. WHITEMAN, Agent.



A DEALER wanted in every town in the South for the celebrated
WEED SEWING MACHINES.
The easiest learned, lightest running, most durable and popular machine made. Received the highest award at the Centennial.
Special inducements offered. Address
Weed Sewing Machine Co.,
No. 182 Canal Street,
New Orleans, La
June 1, '77.—1year.

Feliciana Sentinel

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF WEST FELICIANA.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL CITY OF BAYOU SARA.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

S. LAMBERT. . . PROPRIETOR

JNO. D. AUSTEN.....*Editor.*
S. O. RHEA.....*Publisher.*

St. Francisville Aug. 25. '77

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year (in advance).....3 00
" " " 6 mo. " " " 1 75
" " " 3 " " " 1 00

ADVERTISING RATES:

[A Square is the *space* of ten lines solid brevier.]

Space.	1 w'k.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 sq're.	$ 1.00	$ 3.00	$ 6.50	$ 9.00	$ 12.00
2 "	2.00	5.00	9.50	15.00	20.00
4 "	4.00	8.50	15.00	23.00	30.00
¼ col'm,	5.00	10.00	18 00	30.00	40.00
½ "	19.00	20.00	40.00	50.00	70.00
1 "	20.00	40.00	60.00	90.00	125.00

Announcing Candidates:

For State and District offices,.....$25.00
For Parish offices, ... 10.00
For police District offices,..... 5.00
(to be paid invariably in advance.)

Transient Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of $1.50 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Personalities charged at transient advertising rates.

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; Quarterly, payable monthly; Transient, in advance.

The above scale of rates must be the basis of all contracts with advertising agents.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, resolutions, etc., charged as advertisements.

A WAY-SIDE FLOWER.

They were walking up "Love Lane" in a gay chattering processsion—girls with laurel-wreathed hats, young men, bearing shawls and empty baskets, a matron or two; last of all Stephen Felton, a child on either side of him, and in his arms little Nanny Forsythe, half asleep. Wherever Stephen went children followed, led by attraction irresistable as that which draws iron filings to the magnet. Grown people could not understand this attraction, but the little ones never mistook about it. Sleepy as she was, Nanny's small hand kept patting his shoulder as they went along, and her voice cooled words of drowsy endearment, which made Stephen smile, gloomy as he felt that day. Each cheerful reply to the children's questions cost an effort; but he spoke cheerily all the same, and tried to keep his eyes from wandering forward to where Captain Hallett walked by the side of Milly Graves, with his handsome head very near hers, and his voice murmuring low sentences inaudible to the rest of the party. Many glances were sent back at this couple from those in advance, for Ned Hallett was the novelty of the moment, a hero and a stranger; and the girls, who were only too well disposed to pull caps for him, thought it "quite too bad" of Milly to absorb his attentions as she had done all day.

But, after all, what could Milly, what could any girl, do, when an all-conquering captain takes up his position at her side in early morning and never leaves it till late afternoon? It is not in girl nature to resist such tribute, and Stephanie De Witt, in front, was partly justified in calling it "a desperate flirtation," although I fear the pout with which she spoke was due rather to *amoire propre* than outraged morals. But on Milly's side it was not all flirtation For all her merry, saucy ways, she was a sensitive, credulous creature, just the woman to give "gold for dust," and stake her all in that unequal barter so common in this world of misunderstood values.

Her fair cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes full of shy excitement as they walked along, talking about—dear me, who do people talk about when they are young and of different sexes? Captain Hallett's fine eyes said more than his tongue: his martial mustache seemed to give point and value to mere nothings. He carried a lithe little cane with which he emphasized his sentences; now cutting the air, now beheading a mullein, in a way which Milly thought fascinating. And then Love Lane was such a pretty spot, the very place to be—eloquent in. Its winding turns hedged with fragrant growths, woodbine, brier, sweet-fern, and bay. Overhead the trees met and clasped in shady arches. Here and there a pink honeysuckle glinted in the network of green, or a trail of shimmering clematis. The pure primrose light of a cloudless sunset sifted down through the canopy of boughs, a light breeze stirred, full of delicious smells. It was like an evening in fairy-land.

Suddenly a turning brought them to a fern-clad bank, against which, set in a frame ork of tremulous verdure, stood one rose, of perfect wild wood pink, poised at tip of a cluster of vivid leaves. It was like an enchanted queen, Milly thought.

"How beautiful!" she cried; but even as the words left her lips the restless cane flew through the air, picked the rose from its stem, and sent it into the dusty road, a little whirlwind of broken leaves accompanying its fall.

"What a pity!" she said, involuntarily.

"It's only a wild rose, you know," he said surprised.

"But don't you like wild roses?"

"Oh, yes; but there are so many of them that it is hardly worth while to waste sentiment on a single one;" and the Captain showed his fine teeth in a smile which was the least bit cruel.

Milly sighed, and cast a regretful look behind. Her gentle nature felt for the fair despoiled thing. But, after all, there were plenty of wild roses, as Captain Hallett had said, and presently she forgot her sympathies and its cause. Another turning in the lane brought them to the village outskirts and to Squire Allen's gate, where the rest of the party were waiting. There were good-bys to say, divisions to make. Mrs. Allen was intent on securing to each person his or her own basket. Kitty Felton was counting teaspoons, Stephanie hunting for a missing plate. In the midst of these researches Stephen came up with the children. He looked weary, and put Nanny into her mother's arms with an air of relief, disregarding the drowsy protest which she uttered.

"What a lovely rose, Stephen!" said some of the girls. "Where did you find it?"

"In the road," replied Stephen. "Somebody had switched it off its stem and left it to die, so we picked it up."

"Yes, and Mr. Felton said it was a shame to treat flowers so," put in a little boy.

The Captain listened impassively, but Milly gave a half-pained glance at the flower.

"That was just like you, Stephen," she said, softly; and Stephen brightened for the first time that day.

It seemed to Stephen, looking back, that his love for Milly had begun when he was a boy of five and she a baby in the cradle. He could not recollect the time when he did not prefer her to all other girls. At school he was her knight; his sled, his jacknife, his help, always at her service. Stephen taught her to skate, to row. It was he who brought her the first maple sugar, the first arbutus; he who took her on sleigh-rides, and walked home with her from church and village tea parties. Milly absorbed these services, not ungratefully, but as a matter of course. She had been used to them from her babyhood, and could almost as well have dispensed with sun or air out of her life; but sun and air being never withdrawn, are rarely noticed or alluded to. "Dear poor old stephen," she called him. Now, it is not well for a man to lavish himself on a woman who thinks of him only as "dear old stephen."

And now stephen was doomed to stand by and see a stranger appropriate the object of this life-long devotion. He had sown and another to reap of his labors. Day by day all that summer long the glamour grew and deepened. Captain Hallett's leave of absence seemed of the most elastic description, permitting him to stay the entire season at Baymouth. His mornings, his evenings, his noons, were spent with Milly. Stephen sickened at the inevitable gold-banded cap which met his eyes whenever he entered the house, and proved his rival in possession of the field. Milly greeted Stephen kindly always; but there was a sense of interruptions; he felt himself a third party. Then he tried, staying away; but that was worst of all, for his love did not notice his absence beyond a careless "What ages it is since we saw you, Stephen!" This state of affairs, of course, set people to talking, but Milly was blushingly indignant. "It was hard," she declared, "if a girl could not have a pleasant friend without such things said." But her pretty poutings and protestings made little difference, and it was generally understood that the affair, if not absolutely an engagement, amounted to "an understanding," whatever that may mean.

At last the long, lovely summer came to an end, as sommers will. Scarlet boughs flamed in the forests, golden rod burned along brook-sides, the birds flew, and with them Captain Hallett prepared for flight. His orders had come to report in Galveston, Texas, and his leave-takings were hurried. The last moment was Milly's, and it was taken for granted that another year would bring orange blossoms and a wedding. Milly's own expectations were not so definite. No definite promise had passed between her and her lover; but she trusted him, and waited brightfully and hopefully. Letters came and went; the scarlet boughs burned into ashes and fell to the ground in pale heaps; then came snow and the winter, to be in its turn scourged away by the whip of the fierce New England spring. Still Milly waited; but not so brightly now, for the letters came less regularly than at first. By-and-by they ceased altogether. Weeks passed without a word. Milly, with visions of yellow fever and Indans chasing each other across her terrified brain, wrote and wrote again; but no presage of the real danger which threatened glanced over her, till one day, opening the newpaper, this met her eyes:

"At Galveston, Texas, by the Rev. Pierre St. Cloud, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Dix, Captain Edward Hallett, U. S. A., and Blanche Emily, only daughter of the late Pierre *St.* Cloud, of Pilatka, Florida. No cards"

Mrs. Graves up stairs heard no sound, but when she went down Milly lay on the sofa white and rigid, the newspaper still clasped in her cold fingers. It was not long before her senses came back. Her mother flamed with anger, but the girl hushed her with a weary sob.

"We were never really engaged, you know."

"Not engaged! Oh, Milly!"

But Milly turned her face to the wall and said no more.

Baymouth was stirred to its depths next day by the news that Captain Hallett was married to a Southern lady, and that Milly Graves was down with typhoid fever. Every one wanted to help to nurse, above all, to know the particulars. Such masses of blanc mange and jelly were sent in that poor Mrs. Graves was at her wits' end to know how to dispose of them. But no one could really aid, not even poor Stephen, who scarcely left the house day or night, or ate or slept till the crisis passed, and Milly was pronounced out of danger.

Out of danger but it was weeks before she could sit up, and weeks longer ere she came down stairs, thin, white, shrunken—mere shadow and wreck of the blooming little beauty who walked so gayly up Love Lane at Ned Hallett's side not quite a year ago. She was patient always and uncomplaining, but she did not often smile. Perhaps stephen won these infrequent smiles oftener than any one else, and he counted them as precious payment for all time and trouble spent in her service.

Only once did he see her shed tears. This was when, hoping to give her pleasure, he brought in the first wild roses of the season and held them before her. Suddenly a spasm passed over her face she gave a gasp, turned aside, and struggled for composure. Stephen dropped the flowers as if they burned his fingers and hurried out of the room. A hot anger shot through him. "He has ruined everything for her," he thought "Even a rose reminds her of him. Coward that he is? They hang a man for poisoning the water springs; why not hang him? though hanging is too good for such a villain as he."

Nature's processes of cure are secret. It is in their depth's that wounds begin to heal. Gradually as months went by the renovating principle worked in Milly. She resumed her place at home, her little duties and pleasures, and took up again the burden of life. She was pale still, but the paleness infolded a sweet serenity which was no less lovely than her girlish bloom. "Milly Graves was real improved since her disappointment," certain severe old ladies asserted, and they were not far from right. Stephen adored her more than ever. Two years later he told her so.

To his surprise, she was neither astonished nor shocked, but looked in his eyes with a smile which was sad and tender and sweet all at once.

"Dear Stephen" she said, "this is just like you. Do you recollect the day in Love Lane, and the rose you picked up out of the dust? You are doing the same thing now, but I am not worth it, dear, not worth the picking up."

"Milly," said Stephen, trembling with eagerness, "there never was a day since I first saw you, and that was twenty-one years ago, when I didn't love you beyond any other thing. Pick you up, indeed! You, my Rose of all the world! I am not fit to touch your stem my darling, or handle one of your leaves, but I love you, dearest with the whole of my heart. Can you not love me a little bit in return?"

"Oh, Stephen, I do!" and the fair little fingers closed over his. "There's nobody in the world like you. I always knew that. It's only—the others are so much fresher, you know—fresher and brighter, and—they might make you happier than I can. You're quite sure? You really want me? Then I'll do my best. Why, Stephen, how happy you look!"

"Happy! I should think so, when I've got evetything I ever wanted in my life!" cried Stephen.

☞ A farmer says: "Soles of old shoes will make hinges for light gates." If he has a daughter he might have added that the soles of old boots will prevent young men in the neighborhood from swinging on his gates.

☞ The first bale of new Louisiana cotton arrived at New Orleans on the 10th instant. It was raised in the Parish of Natchitoches, shipped per steamer Texas to O. Chopin, cotton factor, and brought 12½ cents at auction. The first bale last year arrived on August 4th, six days earlier.

Never deceive for the sake of foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious when you relate anything to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things add a little to them and as they pass through a dozen mouths the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So when you attempt to tell anything that you have seen with your own eyes relate it correctly in every particular, and as you grow older you will reap the advantages of this course

"SERVED HIM RIGHT."

DETAILS OF THE TERRIBLE IOWA TRAGEDY—CAROLINE WHITE EMPTIES A REVOLVER INTO THE BODY OF HER SLANDERER—A WARNING TO SNEAKS.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

DES MOINES, IA., July 29.—Miss Caroline White, a young girl of seventeen, has created a sensation by shooting Wm. M. Holland, a married man, having a wife and seven children. The details of the affair are given by the Sigourney News: "On Monday last, shortly before dinner, Miss White called at the house of Thomas Yocum, and stated that she had come to look at a quilt pattern. This was given her by Mrs. Yocum, who told the servant-girl to step in the other room with Miss White, and she would wait on the table. The harvest hands, among them Mr. Holland, being then about ready for dinner. Nothing to excite particular attention was noticed in Miss White's looks or action although it is now remembered that she did, while sitting in the room, place the door looking toward the table in the dining-room slightly ajar. Mr. Yocum, being unwell, was not long at the table. Just as Mr. Holland was about finishing dinner, Miss White walked out to the table and presented a paper, telling him to sign it, which he refused to do, and stepped out doors, Miss White followed him. In a moment the first shot was heard and Mrs. Yocum, who was first at the scene, tells us that Holland was running, passed around an evergreen, and a short distance therefrom fell perfectly lifeless. Miss White, meanwhile, was following up with a revolver, and when Holland fell placed the muzzle close to his head and continued firing. Yocum and another man whose name we have forgotten, attempted to get hold of her, but she quickly leveled the pistol on Yocum's assistant, telling him to stand aside, or she would shoot him. This he did quickly, and the weapon was in a second lowered by Miss White, and fired at the prostrate and lifeless body of Holland. When the man got hold of her, the chambers of the pistol proved to be all empty. Whether the full five shots were fired is not known, as in the excitement none remembered distinctly. If all were fired, one failed to take effect. One shot grazed the face, doing no damage. One entered the temple, one over the right eye, making its way through the brain, and another to the left of the vertebræ, ranging upward through the center of the heart, and between the fourth and fifth true ribs, lodging beneath the skin. It is thought that the ball passing through the heart was the first one fired after he had fallen lifeless." The cause of the act is said to be that Holland had repeatedly stated that Caroline was unchaste, and that he had had intercourse with her which reports coming to the ears of her family, Holland was interviewed and promised to sign a statement that he had lied. For some time he has evaded his promise, until the girl became exasperated. She is reported to be of good character, modest and unassuming; not a whisper was ever heard against her name, except from Holland, who went to young men and told his tales.

☞ Fifty-three churches in New York are loaded with $2,368,000 in mortgages. And besides there are doubtless debts otherwise secured The Presbyterian total is $706,000; the Reformed, $644 000; Protestant Episcopal, $453 000; Roman Catholic, $229,000; Baptist, $212 000; Methodist, $79,000—Lutheran, $45,000.

☞ Assurance never failed to get admission into the house of the great.