FELICIANA SENTINEL.

OL. 3. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA. JANUARY 11, 1879. NO. 28.

PROFESSIONAL.

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. WICKLIFFE. C. L. FISHER.
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Will practice in the Courts of West East Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and joining Parishes.

R. P. G. KAUFMANN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
ce at residence in St. Francisville.
ne 16-77.

S. McCRINDELL, M. D.,
YSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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fice next door to Brook's drug store.
4,'78.1y.

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THE SENTINEL.

OUTSPOKEN AND DEMOCRATIC.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF WEST FELICIANA

OFFICIAL JOURNAL CITY OF BAYOU SARA

S. LAMBERT, G. W. REESE, } PROPRIETORS.

GEO. W. REESE.....Editor.

January.....11th.

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DER DOG UND DER LOBSTER.

Dot dog he vas dot kind of dog
Vat ketch dot ret so sly,
Und squeeze him with his little teeth,
Und den dot ret vas die.

Dot dog he vas onquisitive
Vareffer he vas go,
Und, like dot vooman, all der time
Somding he vants to know.

Vone day, all by dot market-stand
Vare fish and clams dey sell,
Dot dog vas poke his noss abound
Und find out vat he smell.

Dot lobster he vas took dot snoze
Mit vone eye open vide,
Und ven dot dog vas come along
Dot lobster he vas spied.

Dot dog he smell him mit his nose,
Und scratch him mit his paws,
Und push dot lobster all abound,
Und vonder vot he vas.

Und den dot lobster he voke up,
Und crawl yoost like dot snail,
Und make vide open ov his claws
Und grab dot doggie's tail.

Und den so quick as never vas
Dot cry vent to der sky,
Und, like dem swallows vot dey sing,
Dot dog vas homeward fly.

Yoost like dot dunderbolt he went—
Der sight vas awful grand,
Und every street dot dog vas turn
Down vent dot apple-stand.

Der shildren cry, der vimmin scream,
Der mens fall on der ground,
Und dot policeman mit his club
Vas novare to be found.

I make dot run und call dot dog,
Und vistle awful kind;
Dot makes no difference vot I say,
Dot dog don't look behind.

Und pooty soon dot race vas end,
Dot dog vas lost his tail—
Dot lobster I vas took him home,
Und cook him in dot pail.

Dot moral vas, I tole yon 'boud,
Betore vas neffer known—
Don't vant to find out too much dings
Dot vasn't ov your own.

New York Clipper.

THE VALUE OF DIAMONDS.—The question is often asked—"Why are diamonds so costly? Why are they so highly prized? This may be answered somewhat in the same way as when we determine the reason for the high value placed on gold, yet gold is estimated rather from fashion than from any real beauty. Its value depends, however, on its comparative scarcity, but above all its duribility. The diamond, the most costly of all substances, has intrinsic beauties of its own. It has a limpidity, a brilliancy, a fire appertaining to itself, but above all, an absolutely indestructibility far surpassing that of any known product, which gives the additional reason for its enhanced value. The first diamond taken from the bed of the Indian torrents cut centuries ago, has not lost an atom of its weight, nor has a spark of its brilliant fire been dimmed. Though it has passed through millions of hands, it shows no trace of wear; it has been subjected to all temperatures and climates, and its shining lustre has never paled. This indestructibility has, then, made it inestimable as a standard of value. A thousand years ago it had its price, and a thousand years to come it must remain unchanged in form and lustre, and still be an object of worth.

THE FARMER'S STRATEGY.

Farmer Evans walked round his wood pile and surveyed its diminished proportions with a considerable lowering of his shaggy eyebrows. "Somebody's helping themselves," he thought; "I must set my wits to work to discover the offender." He sat down on a log, rested his elbows on his knees, and after scratching his ideas, he settled his temples in the palms of his hands and meditated. The result of his cogitations must have been satisfactory, for he rose by and by with a queer smile overspreading his weather-beaten face, and walked into the house, chuckling, "I'll do it; that'll let the cat out of the bag!"

He found Harry Bailey, a young, likely-looking farmer, in the kitchen with his daughter.

"That young fellow is courting Jennie, sure enough!" thought the old gentleman as he discreetly passed into the sitting room. "Well, he's as likely to make her a good husband as any one. If she likes him I shan't object."

And he fell into a fit of gentle musing over the memory of the gentle wife who had been lying under the flowers since Jennie's birth.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Jennie was tripping about, engaged in some household, work and Harry was watching her with love-lit eyes, and could not make up his mind to tell her that he loved her.

* * * *

The Rev. Mr. Walker, of the Orthodox Church, in Belton, had prepared a discourse for his sinful congregation, upon the subject of endless punishment. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus was his basis, and he hurled the anathemas of wrath at the black sheep of his flock as though he were an avenging angel and many members of his congregation felt guilty of errors. Little Tom Bates shivered in his shoes, and thought of the pie he had taken in the night before and then told his mother a lie, and debated whether he should confess, or run the risk of the punishment fulminated by the parson. But he did not settle the matter that time, for the minister was suddenly brought to a full stop in the midst of his discourse, and the congregation electrified by a tremendous crash and report in their midst, as if heaven and earth had come together.

Farmer Evans rose to his feet simultaneously with his frightened daughter and the rest of the congregation, and poor little Tim was not sure for the moment that his future had not begun. The cause of the noise was found to be an explosion in the stove, through the infernal agency known as gunpowder. How it came there was a mystery to all except Farmer Evans. Harry Bailey, who made the fires and found the wood for a stated sum, came forward with a white face and explained that the thing was unknown to him. The farmer walked homeward thinking. "Bad, bad! I'm very sorry that he's that sort; I never suspected him of all others; and Jennie likes him."

The farmer's first impulse was to nip in the bud the acquaintance between Jennie and young Bailey; but his naturally kindly feeling ultimately prevailed over his anger, and on his next meeting with the delinquent he abruptly addressed him:

"You are courting my daughter?"

Harry Bailey admitted the fact bashfully.

"And you make the fires for the Orthodox Church?" continued the old man.

Harry assented.

"And furnish the wood?"

"Yes," said the young man, growing red and white by turns.

"Perhaps you would like to have the mysterious explosion in church last Sunday explained? I knew my wood pile was going somewhere, and put a small charge of powder in one of the sticks. I need not say that I was surprised to find you were the thief, as you dared to come courting my daughter!"

Harry quailed before the stern, clear glance of the old man.

"I know I'm too mean to live; much less to love her," he broke out. "I don't expect you to overloook it. I—I had a hard year on the farm; you know what losses I met. I meant to pay you back again, but I don't expect you to believe me. One thing I beg—don't tell her anything about it; I couldn't bear to have her think so badly of me."

The old man regarded the ashamed, repentent face with pity.

"Look here Harry," he said, "I'll forgive you and will not mention it to a soul if you'll look me in the face and promise solemnly to be strictly honest from this time forth."

Bailey caught his hand gratefully, and he felt his reward begin as he saw the shadow of a new hope dawning on the troubled face. "I solemnly promise," he said, "never again to touch a penny's worth of anything that is not lawfully my own."

"At the end of the year you can have Jennie if you want her, and we'll unite the farms."

With an overflowing heart Harry stammered his thanks, and the farmer never regretted that he had given him a chance to redeem his self-respect.

THE SMALL BOY HAS SOME FUN.

He was naturally cruel, and he told an acquaintance one day that he had a new trick to play on the public—something entirely new. He had a long string and a brass key tied to the end of it, which he said was the instrument of torture. Over the front sidewalk a maple tree sent some pretty strong branches, making a seat hidden by leaves. Into this, after dark, the boys climbed. "Now, wait," says the principal, "till the first victim comes, and don't make a noise." Pretty soon an ordinarily dressed woman came along, and just as she had passed he let drop the key on the hard sidewalk, immediately pulling it up again. Both now watched developments. The woman came to a sudden stop, began fumbling in her pocket, and wondered what it was she could have dropped. She started on, but had not gone far before she came back, impelled by curiosity, and began a careful search of the walk. Meanwhile, the boys in the tree stuffed their fists in their months to keep from scaring the game, and dared hardly look below for fear of laughing out. A sympathetic sister came along, and together they picked up stones and turned over all the chips on the sidewalk. No money, no key, nothing could they find; and so went on to their homes, perhaps to worry all night, or perhaps a giggle in the tree turned their look of disappointment to a very cheap smile, and a laugh from the same place made them have awful wicked thoughts about boys. One victim found a piece of tin, and laying the cause to the noise to that, was saved from a great deal of worry. But when she picked it up and threw it down to test the sound, the boys nearly fell out of the tree. A man, when caught, would slap all his pockets, glance around a little, but it was seldom that he was brought to a hard-pan search. When any one saw the trick after searching half an hour and saying all kind of little things for the amusement of the boys, he simply went away hurriedly. There was no remark to make, no names to call. To get out of sight as soon as possible seemed to be most desirable. The trick is harmless; no one breaks a leg or looses an eye in the process. It might be recommended to constitutionally tired boys as a good way to sweep the walk. The victims will throw all the chips and stones into the street by curiosity's power, as it were.—*Rochester Express.*

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

From the Louisiana Sugar Bowl we learn the following particulars of a most horrible death by fire in New Iberia: On Christmas eve, about 10 o'clock p. m., upon his return home, Mr. Gonsoulin discovered his wife dead. Mrs. Gonsoulin was burned to death. Her remains were so charred and blackened by the action of the fire, that she could be scarcely recognized. Mrs. Gonsoulin, a member of one of the families of Broussards, in this parish, had been for many years affected with fainting spells, and a species of epileptic fits. She was alone in their home, near the lower limits of town, at the time of the burning, her husband being up town. It is not known in what manner she caught fire, nor whether, while suffering from one of her spells or not. There are reasons for believing that she had been dead some time when her husband came and found a corpse instead of a living wife whom had left in the evening. The fire in the chimney-place was burnt out except a few coals, there were no coverlets left on the bed, a pile of ashes on the floor indicated that the poor woman may have wrapped herself in the bed-clothing in order to extinguish the fire. We believe Mr. Gonsoulin, under the excitement of this cruel affliction, laid the body on a bed and hastened to one of his neighbors for assistance. Upon the neighbor's coming, it was discovered that the bed in the room adjoining the one in which she had been placed, was on fire. A few moments more and the house itself would probably have been in ashes.

☞ Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtues that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year: you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening.

Cuban Chill Tonic, the Great West Indies Fever and Ague Remedy, is the best medicine ever presented to the People, for the speedy cure of malaria—It cures the Chill roots out the Fever, purges out the malarial poison from the system, carries off the black bile—It saves sickness, and gives health to the poor sufferer, get a bottle from Mumford.—It is cheap, and Safe.

☞ Alexander Dumas has published an article in which he states that Napoleon intended by conquest to snatch India from England. The war was to be prosecuted in India, and England disappear, as did Carthage, from a magnificent reign.

☞ Srbscribe for the SENTINEL.

WHAT THE CAPITAL HAS COST.

Last June, says the New York *Graphic*, Congress called upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a tabulated statement of all money spent by the government, since its origin, in the District of Columbia. This statement has been prepared by Mr. Bailey, of the warrant division, and is full of interesting figures. The total expenditures for what may be termed permanent improvements, including original expentures, the cost of repairs, furnishing and keeping in order the public institutions in Washington are as follows:

The Capital.....	$17,184,691 18
The Patent Office.....	13,197,908 19
The Treasury Department.	7,062,942 42
Streets and avenues in the city of Washington.....	5,975,294 98
The State Department.....	4,989,948 21
Loans, etc., to the District of Columbia.....	4,927,299 80
Benevolent institutions....	4,732,448 92
Penal institutions.....	4,448,329 79
Water works.....	4,000,822 16
Navy Department (including yard).....	3,896,136 04
Department of Agriculture.	3,174,192 75
Smithsonian Institute.....	2,395,520 36
Postoffice Department.....	2,124,504 69
War Department.....	2,044,069 42
Parks and public grounds.	1,826,537 33
The Executive Mansion & grounds.....	1,640,449 90
The Library of Congress..	1,575,847 24
Bridges, &c.,.....	1,200,568 12
The Botanic Garden.....	722,813 88
Works of art, paintings, statuary—Corcoran gal'y.	602,569 18
Canals.....	527,418 83
Miscellaneous.....	350,540 05
Fire Department (buildings engines, etc).....	199,299 60
Courts.....	78,468 82
Total.....	$92,112,395 87

The total represents the amount of money the government has invested in the District of Columbia, under the items named, none of which, under the statutes, is taxable. The government owns all the streets, avenues, alleys, parks and public grounds in Washington, and is proprietor of about one-half the acreage of the city. In lieu of taxes it annually provides one half of the money required to support the District government.

THE CLINTON PATRIOT-DEMOCRAT

This sterling Democratic paper continues to fly at its mast head the names of Hendricks for President, Gordon for Vice President, and Wickliffe for Governor. We might look a long time for better representative men without finding them.

Hendricks is true to the people, true to the Constitution, was chiefly instrumental in giving homes to the frontier settlers who populated the States west of the Ohio river, and is a statesman whose ideas of government are as liberal and as broad as the great prairies of his own Indiana.

Gen. Gordon is the Bayard of American Senate. Military and civil honors cluster around him, and he is a Christian gentleman of irreproachable private and public character.

Robert Wickliffe belongs to an honored Kentucky family—distinguished at the bar, in the pulpit and in the halls of legislation. He has filled offices of high trust in this State, and his record is a clear one. He is a strict constructionist and believes that Legislatures should act within the limits of the constitution, and no further. He favors a rigid administration of the laws, and is a strict economist in disbursing the public money. His devotion to the State of Louisiana and his whole life is a guarantee that he would be a sure man to pilot the ship of State through the breakers that surround her.

We have said this much of the distinguished persons brought before the people of high positions; we could say not less. We could name a host of others equally worthy of public trust, but in all the land, throughout its length and breadth, none can be found more deserving of the confidence of the people of the United States and of the State of Louisiana.—*Point Coupee Pelican.*

☞ An Ohio woman who died recently willed her local paper $125. That woman's chances for heaven are very good, but if a person wishes to make a sure thing of a happy hereafter, the amount he or she leaves to a newspaper should not be less than $10,000. Now is the time to make up clubs—that is, wills for this paper.

☞ There was a death from yellow fever in Morgan City last week. The disease was contracted by a stranger who was occupying a room in which the malady prevailed last summer. He had an attack of black vomit before he expired.

Why will you suffer with a shaking Chill or a burning Fever, 2 doses of Cuban Tonic, the, Great West Indies Fever and Ague Remedy, will stop the Chills and Fever, while one bottle will cure them up for years. Try it

Cuban Chill Tonic, the Great West Indies Fever and Ague Remedy, a positive cure for Chills, Fever, and Billiousness, at—Dr. Mumford's

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

—Scarlet Fever has become epidemic in New York.

—The plague has again appeared at Astrachan in Russia.

—Shreveport had a $10,000 fire during the latter part of last month.

—The Southern Pacific railroad will reach Maricopa Wells in May next.

—The American National and Continental Bank Note Companies have consolidated.

—It is rumored that Russia has consented to the payment of the Turkish indemnity in paper roubles.

—Archduke Rodolphe, Crown Prince of Austria, will shortly be betrothed to a niece of the King of Saxony.

—The Yellow Fever Relief Committee of Cincinnati, report the total contributions of that city to be $66,776 92.

—A rich strike of siver has occurred in the Dunderberg, Colorado, mine, which runs two thousand ounces to the ton.

—Gen. Grant is now in Ireland, striking for the vote of that nationality in this country, in 1880. He will find it no go.

—The Saratoga, the third of the steamships built in the United States for the Russian government, sailed for Copenhagen on the 1st inst.

—Earnest Delacourt, a man about 35 years of age, is now in the Ward's Island, N. Y, Insane Asylum, for falling in love with the pretty daughter of his wealthy employer.

—The Emily B. Souder, the vessel said to have introduced the yellow fever into New Orleans last year, was foundered at sea a few days ago. Only two survivors have thus far turned up.

—The German government has instructed her consul at Tunis to support the demands of France made upon the Tunisian government for the illegal seizure of property held by Frenchmen.

—Ten persons broke out of the Anamosa, Iowa, Penitentiary on the 3d inst. One was shot dead, another was wounded and will die, two more were wounded in the leg, and five or six others captured.

—By the premature explosion of a sand blast near Tarrytown, recently, two men lost their lives. The head of one was severed from the body, and the body of the other impaled upon the broken limb of a tree.

—Canada is constructing a link of the Pacific railway which will tap the wheat growing areas of Manitoba and the Northwest, and provide a short route for the transportation of the grain to the seaboard.

—The decision of the faculty of the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., in dismissing Dr. Winchell because of his views on evolution, has been emphatically approved by the Methodist Episcopal Conference of East Tennessee.

—Five chiefs of the Ute Indians are on their way from Colorado to Washington, to consult with the Interior Department relative to the sale to the Government of a strip of their reservation said to be a valuable mineral district.

—A dispatch from Yokohama says the steamer Tokushima Maru, running between Osada and Diva, was totally destroyed by the explosion of a quanity of of gunpowder that was in her cargo, and eighty-three persons were drowned.

—At Junction City, Texas, Tom Doran and Louis Temple recently fought a duel. Doran killed Temple. The latter's father then pursued Doran, shooting him twice fatally, stabbed the body eleven times and then cut the throat from ear to ear.

—The suit against the government brought by the heirs of Stephen A. Douglas, for certain cotton captured by the U. S. Government, in Mississippi, during the war, was settled in the Court of Claims on the 24th ult., by judgment in favor of claimants.

—The annual review of the live stock market of New York for the year 1878, shows an increase in the volume of trade and in the receipts of cattle, sheep and hogs as compared with last year, of 30,154 beeves, 141,035 sheep and 511,157 hogs, and compared with totals twenty years ago the increase is 238,191 beeves, 792,796 sheep and 1,419,661 hogs.

—At a meeting of the Sons of Liberty, in Jersey City, N. Y., on the 30th ult., a resolution was unanimously adopted pledging the members of that body to the destruction of the proposed monument of Maj. Andre, the English spy, within three months of its completion, and for the failure to carry out the same they offer their lives, liberty, etc,, as a forfeit.

—A bloody tragedy is reported near Keoche, in the vicinity of Shreveport. Wiley Holmes, married to a sister of Ben. Talbert, had some family misunderstanding with his brother-in-law. Both happened out hunting deer, and met on the road. Talbert ordered Holmes to halt, and aimed his gun at him. Holmes raised his gun and both fired simultaneously, each shot taking effect. They then dismounted and fired again. Talbert fell in the road, and Holmes walked to a house near by, falling exhausted on the doorsteps. Talbert came up and stepped over Holmes into the house, asking for a gun to finish him. He, too, fell on the floor, and both expired in a few minutes after. Holmes was twenty-three and Talbert nineteen.