FELICIANA SENTINEL.

L. IV. ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA, APRIL 24, 1880. NO. 42.

TSITRY

DR. E. Green Davis offers his services to the people of this and adjoining Parishes. ders addressed to him, at his resi- ill receive prompt attention.

MES M. McPHERSON.

TERINARY SURGEON
Bayou Sara, Louisiana.
Keeps a public dray and will do uling for the public at reasonable

LMORE & CO.

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GILMORE & CO,
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TS and Boys clothing made after he latest styles and at reasonable My grocery store will be kept well during the winter months.

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. S. D. HAMILTON,

of the Peace, 4th Ward. West Feliciana, La.,
PECTFULLY states that having is office for eight years, he is well d to perform the duties thereof in itable manner. Collection of claims eive his special attention

BROWN.

(Opposite City Hall,)
River Front, Bayou ara.
er in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. assortment of Eye Glasses and les on hand.
icular attention given to the re- of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. paid for old gold, silver and dia- . Plain gold rings made to order.

HENRIETTA HOUSE.

BAYOU SARA, LA.
d can be procured by the day, week nth, and at reasonable rates. In ure as in the past, the table will plied with the very best fare the affords. Elegant and well fur- rooms. Accommodating servants ntly in attendance. Patronage so- and satisfaction guaranteed.

EW ARRIVALS.

W GOODS, NEW PRICES

BROOKS' DRUG STORE

CHOCOLATE,
Maillard's Double Vanilla.
100 lbs. FINE CANDY.
HURD'S Magical Mixture.
Clothes washed without rubbing. Price, 25 cents.
STARCH GLOSS shoe polish and Diamond Dust.
BOHEMIAN Toilet Ware.—A large stock.
HOP BITTERS and Cutieura Remedies.
BROOK'S CHILL Cure we guarantee.
TEA. The finest Imperial & Black—very cheap.
BASE BALLS and Bats.—A large assortment.
VIOLINS, Strings, Bridges, Bows, Keys, Etc.
TOILET SOAPS Extracts, Colognes, Powders, Etc.
COMBS, Nail, Leather Tooth Cloth, Paint and Varnish Brushes.
GOLD and Silver Paper and Perforated Gold and Silver Card Board.
PAPETERIES,--Fine and Cheap, just received.
PENS, Ink, Paper, Envelopes, and pencils, all kinds.
HEADQUARTERS for Fine Toilet Ware and Articles
TOBACCO—Fine Cut, Cigars Cigarrettes, Cigarrette papers, Etc.
LAMPS, Lanterns, Chimneys and Wicks.
LINSEED Oil, Paints, Varnishes and Putty.
DOLLS, 49 dozen, all handsome, from 10c. to $2.50.
BUIST'S Warranted seeds'
BRANDY, Whiskey, Claret, Port, Madeira and Sherry Wines, At Brook's.

MY Stock of Toilet Articles IS FULL and VERY CHEAP.

New Orleans Prices!

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& H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway New York.
nufacturers, Importers and Dealers in VET FRAMES, ALBUMS, GRAPHOSCOPES,
STEREOSCOPES AND VIEWS,
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LEVY & NEWMAN
OTTON FACTORS
..AND..
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 62 Carondelet St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA

THE FELICIANA SENTINEL.

OUTSPOKEN AND DEMOCRATIC.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF W FELICIANA

Official Journal of the Town of Bayou Sara

April.....24

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

GEO. W. REESE.....Editor
WM. L. STIRLING ..... Publisher

One copy, one year (in advance)....			$ 00
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Personalities charged at transient advertising rates.

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 PERFECTLY AWFULLY LOVELY STORY.

There was once a perfectly model girl.
With perfectly *model* ways.
That saw perfection in everything
That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she saw,
And perfectly awful, too,
That *none would* have dared to doubt her word,
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time
Was perfectly, awfully warm;
The winter was perfectly, too, when there came,
Some perfectly terribly storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town;
And the perfectly hatchi teachers there
Did things up *perfectly* brown.

Her lessons were perfectly fearfull, long,
But never were perfectly said,
And when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attended is perfectly mag-
With a *perfectly heavenly spire*,
And perfectly crowds go there to hear
A *perfectly stunning* cho r.

I might go on with this "*perfectly*" poem
And write to the end of time,
But fearing to wear your patience out,
Will bring to an end my rhyme.

[Chicago Saturday Herald

WHAT THE DRUG CLERK SAID.

"Tastes good, doesn't it?' asked the drug clerk, as I drank the soda water flavored with pineapple syrup.

"Yes, very good."

The drug clerk laughed sardonically and said:

"Of course. But then you don't know what it is made of."

"What do you mean?'

"The old man's out," he said, looking *cautiously* around the store, "and I'll let you into some of the secrets of the business, if you won't give me away.',

Strict secrecy being promised he continued:

"The old man made that pineapple sirup, but he didn't make it right from the *fruit*. He made it out of old cheese, that you could smell through a fire-proof safe. Full of skippers, too! I'll tell you a curious thing about that cheese. The old *man cut off a slice and brought it up stairs* here with him one night. He laid it on the counter; next morning it was gone. Come to look, the little animals in it had shoved it on the floor, wriggled it down stairs, and put it back exactly in its old place in the cheese. The old man said that was an extraordinary *illustration of* the strength of the home instinct in the brute creation.

"Yes, and our sarsapatilla sirup he doctors up by extracting juice from boot legs and old trunks. He distills all our lemon sirup from roofing shingles and from chips that we get over here at the cooper's shop; and when we run out of raspberry all he wants is a handful of red bugs, a gallon of *coal oil*, and a half an hour by himself. As for the soda water itself—well, if people knew how we use up seidlitz powers when the soda is short, the store'd be gutted by a howling mob in less 'n an hour!"

"Do you do that kind of thing often?"

"*Often' is not the word for it.* The drug business is a perfect fraud. The c porous plaster. The old man has a national reputation for them. He makes 'em out of old sun-bonnets and glue—cuts up the sun bonnets and smears on the glue; and when you get one of his plasters on his back it is there for life.—There's a man comes in here most every day to swear at the old man because he put on one of our plasters for a lame back in 1848, time of the Mexican war, and as he couldn't get it off, the skin grew over it like the bark of a tree, you know. That plaster has worked further and further in until now its gone to his lungs, and it pulls at his left lung in a way to set him crazy. He is a very remarkable chemist—the old man. I do believe he could make paregoric out of umbrellas, and boil down an illustrated weekly paper into otto of roses. He has the blandest ingenuity. You wouldn't believe."

"But your customers generally are satisfied?"

"Oh, yes. You see they don't know. A doctor sends a prescription here, written in a dead language. We don't bother ourselves to try to read it. I ask the boy what's the matter with the patient. Then I put a little cayenne pepper in some molasses, and touch her up with *assafetida* to give her a good, strong smell, and drop in some squills and ipecac to make a kind of goneness in the stomach, and stir in some wormwood to make her take hold of the insides, and then let her go. Patient thinks its splendid because it tastes nasty; and the old man gets the money, and so everybody's happy.—There's a woman around in Pine street with *lumbago* who deals with us, and one day when I forgot to put the assafetida in the lotion, she sent around and threatened to prosecute us for malpractice. The old man fixed up the next bottle so that you could have smelt it in Asiatic Turkey when the cork was out. That seemed to calm her."

"Do the physicians approve of that kind of thing?"

"Oh, you know, the doctors all work share and share with the old man. If a doctor sees a woman going to die any how, he loads her up with drugs, and then collects twenty-five per cent. commission from us. And so when we accidentally put in arsenic instead of glauber salts, and a convalescent patient climbs the golden stair, the doctor knows better than to make a fuss about the mistake. He wipes his eyes and tells the family he saw the disease would be fatal from the first. We have a new boy here who makes about four fatal blunders a week. Never gets hold of any harmless drug when there's a deadly poison within reach. The old man hires him for economy. Only last week he sent a quart of laudanum to a *young* clergyman who sent for port wine, and one of our best customers was an angel in less than an hour. If that boy was let go, perfectly loose, to do just as he pleased, he'd fill all the cemeteries in town before the month was out. Yellow fever and cholera combined are not *half as dangerous as that boy.*"

"Where is he?"

"Why, he is out now. He took to Mrs. Jones who has cerebro-spinal meningitis, the medicine that was intened for Mrs. Blackburn's baby; and the baby got Mrs. Jones' prescription. You just notice when you go by Blackburn's if there isn't crape on the door. I bet you a pound of cough lozenges that baby was waited into the mysterious realms of the hereafter, three-quarters of an hour ago. That boy never knows where anything is but the gum-drops and the licorice. He can go straight to them every time. Here he comes now. Say, Johnny, did you fix it all right?"

"No," said a small boy, who entered at the moment. "Blackburn's baby got a dose before I reached the house, and it has gone up."

"I told you so," said the clerk to me.—And turning to Johnny, he said: "You look sharp now. Go into the cellar and mix the red paint with the old man's patent liver pads, and see if we ain't nearly out of lard and soft soap for his Balm of Pera, for removing freckles and purifying the complexion."

"Why," said the boy, drawing his head out of the gum drop drawer: "the old man told me he wanted the lard put up into boxes for tetter ointment, and that when I was done I should melt up the glue for the jujube paste."

While the clerk argued the matter with him I paid for the soda water and withdrew. Both the clerk and the boy struck me as likely to be very efficient as instruments of sudden death.--Max Adeler.

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

"One day las' fawl," began President Gardner, as Elder Toots settled back for his usual nap, "I war passin' up Antoine street, an' I seed Cutwater Smith a sittin' on de fence. In de airly winter I passed dat way agin an' I seed him lumbin' de streets for wood. De older day I had bizness wid him, an' I foun' de family out ob fawel, out ob purvisions, and was out for clothes wasdan my ole cow rubber was for a blankit. I knowed what would happen de first time I seed him roostin' on de fence. I tell ye, called men' the man who roosts on de fence in fawl will lug a cold stove an' look into an empty cupboard all winter. Dis world owes no man a libbin' If any member ob dis club has got dat ideah under his kinks he wants to wallop it out right away. What de world owes a man, an' what it gibs to every man, is a fair chance to earn his bread an' butter. I ha'r people groanin' out dat luck is agin 'em. Out upon luck! If luck means anythin' it's steady work and takin' care of de shillens. Odder folks an whinin' arouns dat dey hab no show. No show in dis world! Why, eben de flies an' de sh eters hab a show! Ebery man has a chance to reach up, but when he makes a saloon his headquarters he's got to reach down. I dont' go much on public charity myself, but when I'm gibin' I'd sooner gib to a wide-awake thief than to a whinin', complainin' loafer. De curtain will now be lifted on de reg'lar time-table ob bizness."—Detroit Free Press.

THIS IS BUSINESS.

If a note is lost or stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it, if the consideration for which it was given and the amount can be proven.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of special partnership.

Ignorance of law excuses no one.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

A note made on Sunday is void.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A note made by a minor is voidable.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The acts of one partner binds all the rest.

"Value received" is usually written in a note, and should be, but is not necessary. If not written, it is presumed by the law, or may be supplied by proof.

The maker of an "accommodation" bill or note (one for which he has received no consideration, having lent his name or credit for the accommodation of the holder,) is not bound to the person accommodated, but is bound to all other parties, precisely as if there was a good consideration.

No conclusion is sufficient in law if it be "illegal" in its nature.

HORRIBLE.—Wm. Mitchell and Abraham Doke, colored laborers employed on Burnside's Ascension plantation, in the first ward of this parish, had a quarrel last Saturday night which produced fatal results. Doke was under the influence of liquor and addressed insulting language to a woman in the quarters, to which Mitchell took exceptions. He received a cursing for his pains and retaliated by striking Doke in the face with his fist. Doke pulled a picket from a fence near at hand and followed Mitchell across the wide street between the parallel rows of cabins forming the quarters, and when the men had crossed the open space, Mitchel seized a stick of wood that was lying on the ground, turned upon his pursuer and dealt him a powerful blow across the forehead, felling him to earth with a fractured skull. Those near the spot say Doke apparently died instantly, without uttering a sound. Mitchell disappeared, and although Sheriff Jones and Constable Owen White were on the place shortly after the killing, their efforts to ascertain his whereabouts were unavailing. The Coroner held an inquest the following day. Doke was a dissipated, quarrelsome man, and those who knew him best think that Mitchell was justified in taking the extreme measure he adopted to protect himself from injury.—*Donaldsonville Chief.*

☞ The Marquis of Landsdowne owns vast estates near Kenmare, Ireland, in a region now severely suffering from famine. Although the turf crop was a failure, and the starving people could not buy ordinary fuel, the Marquis refused to allow a stick of wood to be given them. He kept guardians about his estates to prevent the poor from picking up rotten twigs or dry leaves to make a fire with. One unfortunate woman whose husband was dying, tried to steal some little bits of rotton wood. She was caught, arrested and charged with having robbed the most noble Marquis of wood worth one penny. She was fined three shillings and sixpence. The husband got out of his dying bed to try to obtain the money to save his wife from prison; but he died on the way. These facts are vouched for by the correspondents of the New York Herald.

A PLEASANT WEDDING NIGHT.—A few weeks ago a respectable old peasant farmer in Roumelia, smitten by the charms of a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe that had squatted in the neighborhood of his farm, induced the maiden to listen to his addresses, and finally obtained her consent to become his wife. He received several warnings from sundry of her gypsy lovers, couched in threatening terms, but was so infatuated by her surpassing beauty that he disregarded these monitions and married her. On his wedding night a number of stalwart gypsy youths broke into his house, seized him in his bed 1 bed, bound him to a plank, and deliberately sawed him in two, having previously strangled his young wife before his eyes. On the same night the tribe struck its tents and decamped, nor have the authorities as yet succeeded in lying hands upon the perpetrators of the crime.—N. Y. Sun.

☞ The Czar shoes his horse with silver —Baltimore News. And the farmer's wife shoes her chickens with an old apron.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI

The following is the full text of House Bill, No. 5421, recently introduced by our indefatigable and able Representative in Congress, Hon. E. W. Robertson. The bill, which will in all probability, soon become a law, was read twice, referred to the Committee on Levees and Improvement of the Mississippi, and ordered to be printed:

A bill to provide for the raising, strengthening, and rebuilding of the levees on the Mississippi river, to protect said banks from caving, and to permanently locate and deepen the channel of the said river, and for other purposes.

Sec. 1. That there is hereby appropriated, out of any moneys in the United States Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of five million three hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars, to be drawn on the warrant and applied under the direction of the Secretary of War, as follows, to-wit: The sum of five million three hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars for maintaining and constructing such levees, and closing such outlets along the Mississippi river, deemed necessary by the engineers placed in charge of the work, under the supervision of the Mississippi River Commission, (established under act of the last session), and approved by the Secretary of War: Provided, Such amount shall be distributed as follows, to-wit: Total for New Madrid Reach, nine hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars; total for Plum Point Reach, seven hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars; total for the Memphis Reach, three hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars; total for Helena Reach six hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars; total for Choctaw Bend, five hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars; total for Providence Reach, six hundred and nineteen thousand dollars; contingencies, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; total, four million one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars. Closing gaps in levees, one million and ten thousand dollars; surveys and examinations above and below Cairo, and the other expenses of the Mississippi River commission, two hundred thousand dollars.

Sec. 2. That the Secretary of War shall, after public advertisement, under supervision of said engineers, let all the work to be done, by virtue of the first section of this act, to the lowest bidder or bidders: Provided, That no bid shall be accepted without good and solvent security; that no payment for the work done shall be made until the same shall be accepted and approved by the Chief of Engineers: And provided further, That no portion of the money hereby appropriated shall be applied to the payment of debts incurred by the local levee authorities, or to any work than such as may be contracted for and constructed under supervision of the said engineers, in accordance with the foregoing provisions.

HON. E. W. ROBERTSON.

Referring to the nomination of a Congressman for our district, the Covington Farmer has the following to say of Col E. W. Robertson:

"The St. Helena Gazette and Amite City Independent want our delegates to the approaching congressional convention to urge the nomination of a man from the Florida parishes. We think Hon E. W. Robertson is doing well enough. Better let him alone. He is doing good service as Chairman of the Committee on Mississippi Levees, a very important position, and we have no doubt he will do his utmost to accomplish the greatest possible good, not only for our own district and State, but for all the States within the limits of the great Mississippi Valley. He has introduced a bill in the House appropriating $5,320,000 for sustaining a system of Mississippi levees according to the plan of the levee Commission. His labors are of great national importance, and considering the fact that he has ably and honorably represented our district, we do not propose to advocate his recall, simply because his home is over yonder in East Baton Rouge parish, instead of St. Tammany, or any other Florida Parish.

☞ Georgian finances are in such a flourishing condition that there is an accumulated surplus in the treasury of $250,000. With this it is proposed to take upon equivalent amount of baby bonds, and thus reduce the State debt to that extent. The credit of the State is now as high as any in the Union. Georgia sixes sell at 100, her sevens at from 112 to 115, according to maturity, and her eights cannot be bought at 120. The State will save $30,000 at once by the refunding of baby bonds as proposed.

Old Speckle rose from off her nest
And cackled with much vigor,
As if to say, "that egg's my best,
No hen can lay a bigger."
While Johnnie, standing near the gate
In mute contempt gazing,
As if he could not tolerate
The fuss he hen was raising.
His pocket took her down a peg.—
He raised his voice to say it—
"You find you're smart—
Dod made zat egg,
You toodn't help but lay it!"

☞ The buffalo gnat has made its appearance and is doing much damage to stock in Rapides parish.

COMMODORE BARRETT.

Death struck recently a *shining mark* —our friend Commodore Edward Barrett. He is no longer with his foot on a bounding deck and the broad ocean around him; but his noble soul, which hated all shams, social and political, and loved deeply the chivalry of courage and truth, scarcely encountered nowadays, has gone before the Father, "far beyond the twilight judgments of this world, high above its mists and obscurities.

Our departed friend was born in New Orleans in 1828. His family was among the most aristocratic of the State, his ancestor, the Marquis de Villers, being the commander-in-chief of the French forces to whom Washington surrendered his sword after Braddock's defeat.

Our people will remember that his father, Thomas Barrett, was for fifteen years collector of the port of New Orleans, to which office he was appointed by President Jackson. Edward, when only thirteen years of age, received a minshipman's warrant, reporting to the sloop Warren at Pensacola. Subsequently, he was transferred to the frigate Mecedonian of the West Indies squadron-afterwards he served in the line of battleship Columbus and the sloop of was Preble of the Mediterranean and Brazilian squadrons, and later in the sloop Falmouth, in the Mexican Gulf.

As passed midshipman he was attached to the frigate Mississippi and Cumberland, and was present at all the engagements on the North Mexican coast during the war with the neighboring republic. He served in General Worth's division during the seige of Vera Cruz, and at the naval battery in the expedition against Laguna, and in the engagements or Tuxpan and Tampico.

In 1855, he was commissioned lieutenant, and served until the breaking out of the war for the independence of the South in the Mediterracan and African squadrons. His Southern birth and the fact that he was appointed from one of the rebel States, caused him to be pursued with malignity and enemity by the Republicans.

During the war he was tried for disloyalty, and was acquitted. He was promoted to commander in 1855 and captain in 1871.

His last service afloat was in 1878, command of the sloop of war Plymouth. He was commissioned commodore in January last

Barrett was a gentleman of birth and by choice, an experienced navigator, a brave commander, an accomplished linguist and the author of various nautical works. He was an ardent Democrat, always unflinching in the advocacy of his principles. His death in the prime of manhood cannot but be deplored by his numerous friends in this city.—*N. O. States.*

POSTAL CARDS.

The postal card is a little over six years old in this country, yet it is doing as well as could be expected for its age. It has only two enemies, the man who receives duns on it, and the manufacturers of writing paper. The little postal causes a decrease of from twelve to fifteen million dollars every year in the business of the writing paper trades in this country. Postal cards are made at Holyoke, and forty men are continually employ at their manufacture. The cardboard is furnished in packages of 3,000 each, and every sheet is made into forty postals. Three presses are kept going night and day. A machine slits the sheets into strips of ten cards each, and these in turn are cut into single cards and dumped in piles of twenty-five cards each, when they are packed by girls into pasteboard boxes containing 500 cards. A government officer is constantly on hand to see that no pilfering of cards is done. The Holyoke manufactory turns out about a million of cards a day. Last year there were used in this country two hundred and forty-six million sixty-three thousand and sixty cards. Of the new international cards introduced a few weeks since, there have been two millions used already. The government keeps on hand twenty-five million of the postal cards.

☞ It affords us unbounded pleasure to refer to the fact that Howard's Lottery had no influence over Representatives Munday and Haney, of our own Parish, or Senator Leake and Representative Golson, of West Feliciana. These gentlemen stood exactly upon the same ground as did Senator Marston and a few other incorruptable public servants. All honor to them.—*Pelican-Democrat.*

☞ A story is told of a darkey preacher who took the text from Psalm lvii, 8—"Awaken, psaltery and harp." He read it peasel-tree and harp, and expended his time and energy on the peasel-tree, describing its size and flowers and fruit and how it was cultivated and was used solely to hang harps on. Unfortunately, he said, it could not be raised in this country!

☞ Financially speaking, the French are a frame people, while Italians are liars—[Exchange. If you told them so you might get a paistor on the eye, but its perfectly safe to say the Chinese have taels.