FELICIANA SENTINEL.

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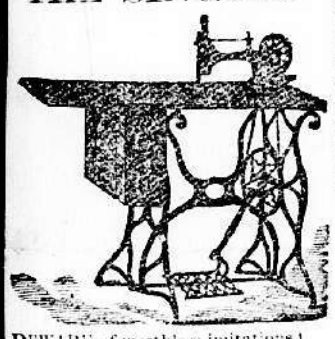

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WE WARRANT EVERY MACHINE SOLD BY US

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Your attention is respectfully invited to the following Circular of the

New Remington,

NO. 3, SEWING MACHINE,

Manufactured by

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who have been engaged in the manufacture for the past fifty years, whose reputation for honest work, first-class material, beauty of design and artistic finish, cannot be excelled.

—REMINGTON NO. 3.—

Leading points of Superiority.

Simplicity.—All complicated machinery has been omitted in its construction.

Durability.—All wearing parts are made of the finest cast steel and case-hardened. All parts are interchangeable.

Tension on Thread.—Nearly automatic, and very sensitive; can be adjusted without removing shuttle from machine.

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Self-Setting Needle.—All needles are numbered, and can be set by a blind person.

Ease of Adjustment.—All the wearing parts of the Remington No. 3 are adjustable, so that any lost motion can be easily taken up.

The manufacturers invite the most critical examination and severe tests, and solicit public favor solely on the intrinsic merits of their New Remington No. 3.

Having taken the Agency for the introduction and sale of this Machine, I solicit a share of the public patronage. Samples of sewing on Tin, Wood, Leather, Tucking, Cording, Hemming, Ruffling, Braiding, &c., &c., sent on application. Stamps must be sent to pre-pay postage on sample work.

Local Agents wanted, with whom satisfactory arrangements will be made.

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THE FELICIANA SENTINEL.

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

November.....13

OUTSPOKEN AND DEMOCRATIC.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF W FELICIANA

Official Journal of the Town of Bayou Sara

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

One copy, one year (in advance)	....	3 00
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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.

THE OLD SCHOOL-MASTER.

LEE O. HARRIS.

He sat at his desk at the close of day,
For he felt the weight of his many years;
His form was bent and his hair was gray;
And his eyes [illegible] dim with the falling tears.
The school was [illegible] task was done.
And the house [illegible] now so strangely still,
As the red beam of [illegible] setting sun
Stole silently over the window-sill.

Stole silently into the twilight gloom,
And the deep'ning shadows fell athwart
The vacant seats and vacant room,
And the vacant place in the old man's heart—
For his school had been all in all to him,
Who had no wife, no children, no land, no gold;
But his frame was weak and his eyes were dim,
And the fiat was issued at last—'Too old.'

He bowed his head on his trembling hands
A moment, as one might bend to pray;
"Too old!" they say, and the school demands
A wiser and younger head to-day.
"Too old! too old!" those men forget
It was I who guided their tender years;
Their hearts were hard, and they pitied not
Trembling lips and my falling tears.

"Too old! too old!" it was all they said.
I looked in their faces one by one,
But they turned away, and my heart was lead;
"Dear Lord, it is hard, but Thy will be done."
The night stole on, and a blacker gloom
Was over the vacant benches cast;
The master sat in the silent room,
But his mind was back in the days long past.

And the shadows took, to his tear-dimmed sight,
Dear well-known forms; his heart was thrilled
With the blessed sense of its own delight,
For the benches all were filled;
And he slowly rose at his desk, and took
His well-worn Bible that lay within,
He said, as he lightly tapped the book,
"It is the hour—let school begin."

And he smiled as his kindly glances fell
On the well-beloved faces there—
John, Rob, and Will, and laughing Nell,
And blue-eyed Bess, with the golden hair,
And Tom, and Charley, and Ben, and Paul,
Who stood at the head of the spelling class—
All in their places—and yet they all
Were lying under the grave-yard grass.

He read the book, and he knelt to pray,
And he called the classes to recite,
For the darkness all had rolled away
From a soul that saw by an inward light;
With words of praise for a work of care,
With a kind reproof for a broken rule,
The old man tottered, now her, now there,
Through the spectral rands of his shadow school.

Thus all night long, till the morning came,
And darkness folded her robe of gloom,
And the sun looked in, with his eye of flame,
On the vacant seats of the silent room,
The wind stole over the window-sill,
And swept through the aisles of a merry rout;
But the face of the master was white and still,
His work was finished, and his school was out.

—*School Journal*

A CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is a disease which affects young persons more than it does elder ones. It has its peculiarities just the same as other complaints, one of which is to take the cause for the cure. The best known remedy is to splice yourself to the cause with a matrimonial Band, which may be procured from almost any Justice of the Peace or Minister of the Gospel. If it is not convenient to do this, the following may prove beneficial to the afflicted.

Take 1 lb of deliberate Consideration, 2 ounces of Resolution, a large amount of Determination, (the more the better) add to this ½ Gallon of liquid Reflection, bottle this in your mind; cork it with Memory, and use with Discretion, often as the cause appears. To be well taken before shaken.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures Fever & Ague.

CAPITAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 3, 1880.

Probably the result yesterday will be attributed to a thousand different causes, but among them all of us will agree that three or four rank first in order of influence. First, and most important was opposition to a "Solid South" as representing a question as to the inviolability of the Union. Beyond doubt this idea that somebody in the South was led to overthrow the government, and would be aided by a Democratic victory, turned the scale in many States. I do not think sensible people in the North gave much attention to such nonsense until General Grant began to preach it from the stump. There are thousands of people in the North—educated and ignorant—who invariably think of Grant and no one else whenever the affairs of the country are mentioned. It is not worth while now that the election is over to quarrel with the superstition.

Next in importance, as an issue, was the labor question as affected by the tariff. The votes of operatives in mills, workshops, and factories, turned the scale in several States. An impression was abroad, false, of course, that control by the Democratic party meant free trade and reduction of wages. Hancock's election meant no such thing, but, no matter who should be elected, a reduction of wages was sure to come. Those thousands who voted for Garfield to prevent it, and who perhaps changed the face of the election, will find, during the next year or so that they voted against the inevitable.

Third in importance among the causes leading to disaster was the putting of Ex-Senator Barnum at the head of the campaign. He was never fit for leadership. It was Tilden, not Barnum, who achieved victory in 1876. But aside from the question as to his fitness, he represented in the public mind, much that was thought to be irregular in the previous campaign.

In connection with this subject of campaign management I wish to say a few words. In the minds of honest Democrats there is an objection always to mere "management". A central authority, authorized to pass on questions about which it can know nothing is repulsive. The State Committee, or, better, still, the District or county Committees should hereafter control matters in their own neighborhoods. When anything is needed in the way of speakers or documents there should be a committee, with headquarters in this city, to supply what is wanted. The practice of "loosing" a campaign in thirty-eight States from any one point, is a failure. It might have good results once in a hundred times, but hardly oftener than that.

At this time—I write on Wednesday morning, it seems certain that both Houses of Congress are to be returned to the Republicans. This, though an evil, is a less evil from the fact that Garfield will be a far better President than he has been Congressman.

The defeated candidate is probably the best soldier the war produced on the Federal side. His conservative political ideas at one time, and his soldierly honor at another, kept him during the civil war from the high perferment which others grasped for. He has ideas as clear as crystal on the subjects likely to be important to the country for all time. He is not only an able soldier but a man of highest honor.

He can wait four years.

DEMOCRAT.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the shortest way;
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verses, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

SEARCHING OUT FRAUDS.

At a meeting of the Democratic State executive committee last evening, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it appeared that at the recent election in this State a vote has been cast in certain localities largely in excess of the legal vote as determined by the recent census taken under direction of the general governmens; therefore

Resolved, That it be the duty of the several county committees of this State, and they are hereby requested by the State committee to examine such census returns, and make comparison with the votes recorded as having been polled in the various districts of their county, with the view of ascertaining the extent of the fraudulent vote in this State, and forward immediately the result of such examination of W. A. Fowler, chairman of the Democratic State executive committee, at the St. James Hotel, New York. The unaccountable increase in the Republican vote in New York and Kings counties, and the plain evidence of fraud in such vote demand immediate investigation on the part of the respective Democratic organizations of these counties.

Resolved, That all citizens of this State, in each and every locality, who favor the right of the people to popular government, and who believe a fair vote and an honest count essential to the perpetuation of our institutions, are requested to aid, by all means in their power, to the ascertainment of this result.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to every Democratic organization in the State.

The Tammany committee on organization held a protracted session last evening. John Kelley offered resolutions setting forth that a large number of persons from Washington, Vermont, Massachusetts, and other States, had been colonized here and voted the Republican State, county and local ticket. The names and residents of many of these illeged voters are know. The resolution provided that the matter be placed in the hands of counsel, to take appropriate action.

ALMOST YOUNG AGAIN.—My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost holpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family.—A lady in Providence, R. I. —Journal.

—Don't fail to call and see the "Peep of Day" now moored at the landing in Bayou Sara.

THE TEMPORARY TRIUMPH OF EMPIRE.

It appears that Grant, Conkling, Cameron, Logan have been elected President It appears as we wrote that the effect of the October election was too potent to be overcome. This October effect has never failed to make itself felt in our presidential elections. While Pennsylvania was an October State the other States followed Pennsylvania like sheep jumping down a precipice. The methods by which Ohio and Indiana were carried in October are known to the country. It was these methods, therefore, that won the election yesterday, for we assume that it is lost to the Democracy. What has triumphed? Sectionalism has triumphed; Chinese cheap labor has triumphed; the coercion of the white workingman has triumphed; falsehoods in newspapers and on the stump has trimphed; centralization has triumphed; the Empire has triumphed. It is not the triumph of Garfield, it is the victory of the strong man who came to his rescue in Ohio and Indiana before the twelfth of October, and in whose hands he is. We cheerfully announce to the people of the United States, or the large portion of them who will read this issue of our journal, that we can endure those victories if they can endure them. We are certainly in as good a position to suffer them as the laboring men of the United States. We shall continue business at the old stand, notwithstanding the transient triumph of a cause which ought not to be the victor.

Who and what have been beaten? A brave Union soldier, heroic in battle; a noble and splendid lover of civil liberty in peace, has peen defeated. The beautiful sentiment of union, the harmonious impulses that should fill the hearts of the people of one country, have been for the moment crushed. It is disclosed by the methods we have indicated that union is not wanted. It is announced that the great rivers that flow like arteries through this continent to the gulf, bearing upon their bosoms the rich argosies of an industrious people, begin in one country and end in another. That was the commanding argument of the canvass, and that is the interpretation to be placed upon the verdict. This, therefore, is not the triumph in which the patriotic American finds cause for exultation. There is in the victory no flavor of fraternity, no gentle belief that this country is to be one in the affections of the future as it is one in history, in interest, in geography, in beauty. The Republican party in conducting this campaign and this election have done all that they could to destroy this sentiment of union.

We do not say that the result is without Democratic fault. It is needless now to enumerate the causes of the result. There were some ambitions in Indiana which insisted that Indiana should be made an October State by the decision of the Supreme Court of that State, in order to force an Indiana nomination at the Cincinnati convention; and if Indiana had not been an October State, we firmly believe that the result would have been different. We take also some malicious satisfaction in saying to some of our Democratic friends who surrendered the Presidency four years ago that presidencies of the United States are not so easily won that they should be readily surrendered when won. Four years ago it was not the rights of one man but the rights of a great party, the rights of suffrage in this country that were at stake. The Democratic behavior four years ago was spiritless, cowardly, and these qualities are not winning, and the effects of that surrender were felt yesterday. The strange disposition to applaud a victorious wrong is seen in the suffrages given yesterday to the party that elected Hayes President and Nicholls Governor of Louisiana by the same votes.

But the triumph of yesterday is not permanent. The Democratic principle, the idea which underlies our continent on which that government, is as lasting as the continent on which that government dwells. The democratic party, old as the century, can survive the defeats of a quarter of the century. It has "sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat"—while the republic lives it will live. If the country seems now at the feet of a spirit of centralization, of centralized power that does not differ from the Empire, it is in spite of Democratic protest; and the Democratic party, notwithstanding the temporary reverse, will falter not from its lofty spirit; will fail not in its final purpose; will continue its splendid march in the cause of the people against power, in the cause of Democracy. There is a story of a people who were forty years in the wilderness. They engaged in no better cause than that of Democracy on earth. The Democratic party is one of invincible hope; and it has belief in the doctrine,

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

And the Democratic party is forever opposed to the throne.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Walk to the river and save a dollar. Photographs $2 a dozen on board "Peep of Day."

A BAD REVIVAL.

A colored revival near Little Rock has just resulted rather seriously. Parson Greenleaf, Methodist, and Elder Hawbush, Presbyterian, united their forces and held a union meeting. The preachers worked faithfully, but at the end of one week, and when only five conversions had been effected, the preachers closed the meeting with religious disgust. When the two men began to settle up a dispute arose as to the devision of the converts spoils.

"I oughter hab three," insisted the Methodist. "I wucked harder den yer did. My voice is stronger, an' hit had more 'fect."

"No, sah," said the Presbyterian, "I shall hab three myself. Yer may take de niggers ob ebery Union meetin' hil' in de las' ten years, and yer'll see dat de Mefodis' tried ter git away wif de Presbyterians. I'll hab hit said dat yer can't pull de lamb's wool ober my eyes."

Here the congregation sung a hymn, and to make a great effort towards conciliation old knock-kneed Ben, the man who used to make bread-trays prayed.

"I'll tell yer what I'll do," said the Methodist, "I'll gin yer two, an' we'll fling up a bench leg, wet or dry, fur de udder one."

The Presbyterian agreed, but when he picked up a flat bench-leg and spit on it the Methodist minister exclaimed:

"I kicks agin sich perceedins'! Mr. Hawbush, I doan perticular want any truck wid yer, but when I goes ter do de coun' ef yer interfere den dar'll be a sturbance!"

"Lemmey tell yer," said Hawbush, gripping the bench-leg. "I'll be dinged ef I'se nr gwine ter be counted out. I'se not ur gwine ter be counted out. I'se been counted out fur justice ob de peace four or five times, an' dinged ef hit am' gettin' a little sorter tiresome."

"I'se gwine ter hab three ob dese converts," exclaimed Mr. Greenleaf, and he began to drag two sister converts towards the door. "Ketch a holt ob Sandy Jones, bradder Simmons," yelled the preacher. "Ketch him, fur I kin manage de 'omen."

"Stop dar!" demanded Mr. Hawbush. "Turn dat man loose ar I'll brain yer."

"G'way from heah, G'way, I tells yer," yelled Mr. Simmons, "G'way, fur I'se pisener den a snake!"

Mr. Greenleaf dropped the two women and run to the assistance of Mr. Simmons. Other parties interposed and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. Mr. Greenleaf grasped Mr. Hawbush and a lively scuffle took place. "Doan fling yer weight onter me," exclaimed Greenleaf, "Doan do dat; I'se got a ketch in my back." The fight would have been serious but for three constables who entered and arrested the entire congregation. The ministers have sued each other both claiming the right to three converts.—Little Rock Gazette.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle.—1y.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, cures every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple or eruption.

Four to six bottles cure salt-rhum or tetter.

One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clean the system of boils, carbuncles, and sores.

Four to six bottles cure the worst kind of erysipelas.

Three to six bottles cure blotches among the hair.

Six to ten bottles cure running at the ears.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers.

Eight to twelve bottles cure the worst scrofula.

Sold by druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

A cough, cold or sore throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung desease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches are certain to give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, consumption and throat diseases. For thirty years the troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and singers use them to clear and strengthen the voice. Sold at twenty five cents a box everywhere.—1y.

Ayer's Pills and their effects are too well known everywhere to require any commendation from us here.—Scranton (Pa.) Times.