FELICIANA SENTINEL.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF WEST FELICIANA PARISH AND THE TOWN OF BAYOU SARA.

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Professional Cards.

T. J. Kernan.
ATTORNEY & COUNELOR AT LAW
Clinton, Louisiana

J. L. Golsan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
St. Francisville La.
Will practice in the Courts of West Feliciana and Pointe Coupee.

W. W. & H. C. LEAKE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
St. Francisville.....Louisiana
WILL practice in the Courts of the Fifteenth Judicial District, composed of the parishes of West Feliciana and Pointe Coupee, and in the Supreme Court at New Orleans; also in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States.

S. McC. Lawrason,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELOR AT LAW,
—St. Francisville, La.—
WILL P ACTICE in the Parishes of West and East Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and adjoining Pa ishes. aug 13 82 1y

R. C. 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.

D. J. Wedge,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clinton, Louisiana.
Will practice in the courts of East and West Feliciana and the Supreme Court of the State.

Theo. A. Bakewell,
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AND
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—PARISH OF WEST FELICIANA,—
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Not by myself, but by competen workmen in my employ; and if necessary,
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Suffering from a general wreck of tone, and its usual concomitants, dyspepsia and nervousness, is seldom derivable from the use of a nourishing diet and animal of appetite, unaided. A medicine that will effect a removal of the specific obstacle to renewed health and vigor, that is a genuine corrective, is the real food. It is the possession of this grand requirement which makes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters so conducive as an invigorant. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Feliciana Sentinel.

OUTSPOKEN AND DEMOCRATIC.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF WEST FELICIANA

Official Journal of the Town of Bayou Sara

Official Journal of the School Board.

HUNTER C. LEAKE, Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday May 10, 1884

THE VALLEY OF TEARS.

FROM "GERALDINE," A ROMANCE IN VERSE.

If I climb to the mountain of gladness,
And bask in the sunshine of bliss,
If unheeding all sorrow and sadness,
Forgetting the good that I miss,
I look out from my uplands of being
Across the broad reach of the year
I grow tenderly sober at seeing
The shadowy Valley of Tears.

It is never quite lost to my vision,
Though often beyond it I see
The green slopes of the summit's elysian
That wait with their blessings for me;
And though often I long for the freedom
That yonder eternally reigns
I remember that each has his Edom
Before the glad Canaan he gains.

When my heart with tumultuous throbbing
Takes up the sad burdens of men,
I go down amid sighing and sobbing,
And walk the d m valley again.
A sober, sepulchral procession
We make as we journey along,
With a grief for our only possession,
A funeral dirge for our song.

There are willows above us low bending,
That weep with us over our woe;
And the mist of the mountain descending,
Bedews all the way as we go.
In the dark of our dubious grieving
We walk as if stars had gone out,
And our souls were grown sick of believing
The morrow were more than a doubt.

There are hearts with their hunger pathetic
That walk in the Valley of Tears;
There are souls, in their sadness, ascetic,
That linger and grieve through the years.
There are loves that come silently hither
To seek for some treasure of cost,
And that mourn, as a bairn for its mother,
The wonderful love that is lost.

There are many who wait and who wander
Within the dim valley with me,
And who yearn for the mountain-tops yonder
The sunlight and gladness to see;
But a stranger I look in their faces
And strangers they look into mine;
And as strangers we group for the places
Where sunlight and gladness may shine.

For who walks in the valley so lonely
Goes there in his sorrow alone;
And who gives friendly greeting gives only
For bread to the hungry a stone.
They may touch us whose yesterday's tender
Made loving and living supreme;
But our grieving refuses surrender,
And friendship was only a dream.

I am far up the mountains of being;
The mists of the morning below
In their beauty shut out from my seeing
The valley where soon I must go:
But I know, though the sun of my hoping
May shine with a gladness that cheers,
That I soon shall be wearily grouping
My way in the Valley of Tears.

You may smile on the summits of gladness
Who never have went at their base;
But in time with the garment of sadness
You closely will cover your face;
And unknown of the many who wander,
Unknowing, as they are unknown,
You shall grope from the radiance yonder,
Across the dark valley, alone.

Amid pitiful sobbing and singing,
Where willows and cypresses bend;
You shall walk where the shadows are lying,
And see not a sign of the end;
You shall know, by the twilight unbroken
When morn on the mountain appears,
You have come, without warning or token,
At length to the Valley of Tears.

Secretary of State Frelinghuysen has notified Mr Burke the Director General of the New Orleans Exposition, that Persia has appointed a commissioner to the Worlds Exposition who is now on his way to Paris with many numerous exhibits. The merchants of Teheran are greatly interested. Minister Young has cabled the department at Washington that the Chinese Government has cordially accepted the invitation, and will have an extensive representation at New Orleans next winter.—American Sentry.

POOR POLAND.

Of all the national tragedies in modern history—and there have been many—that of Poland stands alone in melancholy preeminence. Other nations have been humiliated conquered, crushed brought from highest estate to lowest; but each of these has obtained at least partial restoration and compensation, regained a portion at least of the former power and prestige, and secured the respect even of its hereditary enemies. Poland only has fallen never to rise again; has been stripped of every vestage of recognized nationality; has had her name literally blotted from the map of Europe. There is, by courtesy, a "Kingdom of Porland now but it is merely one of the provinces of the Russian Empire: a province divided into ten departments and ruled by Russians for Russia's exclusive benefit. The policy of relentless denationalization has even prohibited, under severe penalties, the use of the Polish language in the courts and public schools, and no longer ago than 1870 the Russian calendar—old style—was forced upon the University of Warsaw, minor educational institutions, and made obligatory in all legal proceedings and official correspondence. Russia shares with Austria and Prussia the immortal infamy of the partition of Poland; but Russia has supplemented an infamous robbery by a still more infamous tyranny. From 1794, when the third partition annihilated the political existence of Poland this tyranny has been reduced to a science and practiced with a diabolical ingenuity and persistance which no language can fittingly describe. When if ever. the history of these imprisonments, tortures banishments, executions, and wholesale massacres is faithfully written, the world will shudder and sicken at a story which finds no parallel save in the awful record of Tiberius, Nero and Caligula. Thousands of the bravest Polish men and the noblest Polish women have endured a living death in poisonous dungeons, have tracked with their blood the road to Siberia to perish in Siberian mines, have writhed and died under the stick or the knout; and for no other crime than loving their native land and laboring for its deliverance. Thousands and tens of thousands more have been driven into hopeless exile. become wanderers on the face of the earth, without a country and without a home. Of those who remain in Poland, and dare to yield to the commonest instincts of patriotism, the most favored suffer a perpetual crucifixion of the soul, and are fortunate indeed if tho'r bodies escape the prison or the lash. For though the Russian yoke has ground the Polish neck for a hundred years it has not shaken much less broken, the Polish spirit; has not dimmed much less extinguished that pure flame of liberty which burns in every Polish bosom, whether on the banks of the Niemen or the Mississippi, the shores of the Atlantic or the Frozen Sea. Before Nihilism usurped its place, the spectre of a Polish insurrection haunted the palace of every Russian Czar, vexing alike his waking and his sleeping hours; and no Russian Czar has hesitated to exorcise that spectre by all the appliances of despotic and merciless cruelty which fear and hatred could suggest.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dont fail to try a bottle of Dr. Tichenor's Ant septic Refrigerant.

TIRED BIRDS.

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every Autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer land of the Amazon; after a short stay, returning again to the North, some penetrating to the extreme shores of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends of the Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make yearly voyages now into the African continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were, perhaps, stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the Autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes, there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or piece of drift-wood.—C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

Dr Tichenor's Antiseptic Regrigerant is the best remedy known for all kinds of wounds on man or beast. Call at Brooks'

HOW TO MAKE A CABLE LETTER.

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Given the following words: Club—regret—Gladstone—surrender—portfolio—will—resign—Sudan—Tamai—Wells—Queen—worse—upper story—gone—John—Brown—legs—to make a readable cable letter.

This is done as follows: I sauntered down Piccadilly to the club this morning, and while talking to a friend who has the entree into all political and royal circles I learned with considerable regret—I might say chagrin—that Mr. Gladstone the Prime Minister of Great Britain, had stolen a portfolio from Her Majesty the Queen, which she valued very highly. This has been found in his possession, and he has been induced to surrender it to the proper authorities. He will thus be forced to resign the position he has held with honor for the past five years in the deepest disgrace. Mr. Gladstone the British Prime Minister, is forced to this Sudan move by the course of events in Egypt, which, Dr. Tamal Wells, physician to Her Majesty the Queen, says has seriously interfered with the Queen's good health. Dr. Wells also informed me, under cautions of secrecy, that the Queen has rented the upper story of Buckingham Palace as a museum for the exhibition of John Brown's legs.

By the time the telegram reaches Chicago it will receive a new interpretation, as follows: The influence of the club is being dragged into British politics, and I see with regret that this will oblige the Prince Minister to surrender his portfolio to Mr. Sudan. This, Sir Toomas Wells says, has made things much worse for the Queen, who has gone to live in the upper story of her palace, where she mourns the loss of John Brown's legs.

BUSINESS MELODIES.

No. 1.

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise, for when he marked his prices down he then did advertise.

And when he saw his trade increase, with all his might and main, he marked still lower every price, and advertised again.

And when he advertised again his rivals stamped and tore, to see folks rush with might and main to patronize his store.

And while they sat in solitude and saw his custom win, that man behind the counter stood and raked the shekels in.

And when he raked the shekels in, and saw his future rising, he took a goodly lot of tin and kept on advertising.

Each day a generous sum he'd sink, and demonstrate full plain, the more one pays for printers' ink the greater is his gain.—Ex.

No. 2.

"There was a man in our town one time, who thought him wondrous wise; he swore by all the fabled gods he'd never advertise. His goods were advertised ere long and hereby hangs a tale—the ad. was set in nonpareil, and headed 'Sheriff Sale.'"—Ex.

HIS DEAD CHILD.

N. O. Times-Democrat.

The other day a New Orleans man had occasion to go over the lake. On his way back, and when the train stopped at the bay, he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a little baby in his arms. After the train had got under way the conductor came and said: 'Come with me; I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw,' and he led the way into the next car. There sat the man whom he had noticed with the babe; his precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, and as these other two men watched he leaned over and looked long and earnestly in the little face, and then kissed the frail fingertips he held so gently in his hand. 'That baby's dead,' said the conductor. 'It died this morning at the bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage-car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms.' Stricken to the heart's core he sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never again softly clasp his, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night time over its delicate heart, and the world was nothing to him.

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic Refrigerant is not a patent medicine but a harmless remedy certain to cure.

STANDS IN HIS OWN LIGHT.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"There is a fine specimen of a bull dog," remarked Smith to Jones at a dog show.

"Yes he is a beauty."

"You ought to have a dog like that, Jones, living in the suburbs, as you do a watchdog is almost a necessity."

"No, it isn't," replied Jones, wearily.

"A man who has seven daughters all over twenty-two and unmarried, stands in his own light if he keeps a dog."

For pure healthy reading buy the Seaside Libraries. Mumford keeps the latest numbers.

THE TELEPHONE FORESHADOWED.

In a fairy tale written by the Brothers Mayhew, published in London in 1847, and called 'The Good Genius that Turned Everything into Gold," occurs this passage:

"Let their voices be heard
At a distance no voice could reach!
And swiftly as thought,
Let the words be brought,
And the Lightning endowed with speech!"

"As the Queen looked up, she saw suspended above her a series of long metallic threads, which ran through the air till they were lost in the distance.

"'You wished to speak with your husband,' said the little Bee. 'I shall be pleased to convey any message you please to him; and as I knew your business was immediate and important, I thought the best plan would be to send it by lightning for you, so that you might receive it by the next flash. What shall I say to him for you?'

"'Ask him if he needs the fairy dress?' eagerly replied the Princess.

"'It is done,' said the Bee.

"And instantly the words went tearing through the atmosphere on the wings of the lightning messenger. And swift as a sunbeam the answer returned."

SHE WANTED TO POP.

Burlington Free Press.

"Say, George, I'm going to pop—"

The young man reached for his hat with a frightened expression of countenance and faltered out something about an engagement with a man down at the hotel.

"Why, George, you ain't going so early, are you? I was just going to say that if you'd stay a little while longer I'd pop—"

George disappeared through the parlor door, and was hastily fumbling for the catch-lock in the hall.

"Say, George, what's the matter?" she cried, rushing out after him. "What are you going away in such a hurry for? If you'll stop just a few moments longer, I'll pop—"

But George was thrashing around in the storm-house, and jabbing the door all over to find the latch. He finally burst a hinge off and was kiting down the path like a frightened deer, when his girl stuck her head out into the frosty air and bawled so that she could be heard a block away:

"Say, George, if you'll come back I'll pop some corn!"

George came back.

One of the best things we have read lately is the following published by Morris E. Tyler, of the Democratic Messenger:

Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a teaspoon, twist your heel into the toe of your boot, send up fishing-hooks with a balloon and fish for stars, get astride a gossamer and chase the comet, choke a mosquito with an anvil, get a horse-trot up here—in short, prove all things heretofore considered impossible to be possible, but never, never attempt to please everybody when you edit a paper.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," so says the old adage, and so the proof of the value of a medicine is the opinion of those who have used it. Thos. Bass, Sr., of Steelville, says, "I have used Prickly Ash Bitters in my family for 2 years for ailments of the kidneys, liver and bowls, and find there is no remedy equal to it."

Bayard Taylor was at dinner with several gentlemen, one of whom bored the company with long philological dissertations. At length Mr. Taylor said, "Do you recall the derivation of the word 'restaurant?' "Oh yes! it is from the Latin restaurare to invigorate." "Not at all," replied Mr. Taylor it is from res, a thing, and taurus, a bull—a bully thing.' The philologist subsided.

A. DOHERTY, WM. GARIG
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CORNER LAUREL AND LAFAYETTE STS
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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
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FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all.
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

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