

# THE FIELD CLAY SENTINEL.

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NO. 31.

## HE REMEMBERED.

"You, Bill, my boy, I remember it all. Now that you've tried them old days to recall. How you sat on the porch with me, and how the coffee hit my leg in three. 'N' how, when we was in the school, 'Twas I got licked when you had broke the rule."

"'N' how we went a-fishing in the creek, 'N' how you fished in Grimes' pond to pick. 'N' how, when we went to the candy pull, you filled my best clothes pockets chock full; 'N' how that night, when I got to the school, The tickle that I got—'twas party bad."

"'N' how I remember all them borthorn acts, Now that you've chose to bring up all the facts; 'N' I remember, too, when I was small, I saw you lick yer, 't'w' growed at all; 'N' how I had, 't'w' twice as much as you, 'N' now I'll tell yer what I got to do."

"I'm goin' to take yer right across my knee, 'N' I'll tell yer till ye can't no more see; 'N' when I'm goin' to sweep ye round the door."

"O, all the hull nee! town kin hear ye roar, 'N' quite forgot ye, Bill, until ye spoke, 'N' now, my boy, I'll have my little joke."

And all unto his spoken word was true, A lovely course of sprouts he put Bill through, And when he'd done—some forty minutes after— The store just rang with Uncle Silas' laughter.

And Bill departed on his hands and knees, Resolved no more to call up memories— John Kendrick Bauge, in Harper's Magazine.

## A MISER'S DIPLOMACY.

Old Brigitte and Her Lucky Lottery Ticket.

Old Landry was a thin, shriveled up little man, very rich, and so parsimonious that people said he could shave an egg.

Since the death of his wife he had lived all alone in a tiny house in his native village. We say "alone," although he had an old servant with him, but Brigitte was of small account, a little more valuable than the dog, perhaps, but less than the donkey, for that cost forty crowns. She had entered the Landry household as a cow girl when only twelve years old, and had remained there ever since, and was a simple, honest soul, with a boundless admiration for "the master." He did not hesitate to turn to good account her blind, dog-like devotion, and, as a consequence, Brigitte's savings were not large, though her duties were arduous.

"You are a good old fool," he would sometimes say to her, by the way of recompense for her ceaseless industry, and then her wide mouth would expand slowly in a delighted grin, which displayed her toothless gums as she exclaimed admiringly:

"Master loves to make a little joke!"

One day the miser thought he could save a nation's bill by repairing a broken wall at the side of a pond, but while he was at work his foot happened to slip and he fell into the water just where it was most deep. He went floundering about for a minute or two calling for help at the top of his voice, but no one heard him, and his strength being exhausted he was about to sink for the third time when Brigitte caught sight of him, and, leaping into the pond at the risk of her own life, she succeeded, after desperate efforts, in bringing him to land. The old man was unconscious, but Brigitte took him under her arm as if he were a bundle of straw, carried him home and rubbed him so vigorously that animation was restored. When he opened his eyes the good creature shed tears of joy, and he had the delicacy not to mention the fact of her having neglected to save his towel, which he had dropped in the water, and which was a great loss, being quite new. On the contrary, he exclaimed, in a burst of grateful generosity:

"You saved my life, and I shall not forget it. I shall give you a present, Brigitte."

True to his word, the next day he called her to him, and after some hesitation drew out his long leather purse from his pocket, and then, with as much effort as if he were pulling a tooth, he took out a coin and handed it to her.

"Twenty cents," he said, "over and above your wages, Brigitte; you understand, this is not to be deducted; it is a present. Now do not spend it foolishly. You can buy a lottery ticket with it, and perhaps you will win a hundred thousand francs!"

It was the first time in his life that he had been so generous, and he could not forget it, but seemed to take a tender interest in the fate of his twenty-cent piece. Again and again he asked the old woman whether she had bought the ticket.

"Not yet, master," was her answer, every time he asked, but one day she replied to his usual inquiry:

"Yes, master, I have bought it."

"What number is it?" he said.

"Number thirty-four."

"Take care that you do not lose the ticket. I will look it up in my closet for you, if you like."

"Oh, no, master, I will not lose it."

After that excitement matters resumed their usual course in old Landry's house, plenty of work and very little food continuing to fall to Brigitte's share. The miser was beginning to forget his own prodigality in rewarding the servant, when one day, at the barber's shop, where he had dropped in, as usual, to read the newspaper, without buying it, he caught sight of a paragraph which gave him a terrible shock. It was the result of the drawing of the lottery, and one line stood out in flaming figures which nearly dazzled him.

"Number 34 wins the grand prize of one hundred thousand francs!"

The miser uttered such a cry as he read, that the startled barber grazed with his razor the ear of the school master, who was being shaved at that moment.

"What is the matter?" cried both men at once.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," answered Landry, recovering his presence of mind, and then he readjusted his spectacles and read the line again, spelling each word carefully. There was no mistake; number thirty-four, Brigitte's number, had won the grand prize! He put down the paper and rushed out of the shop. As he strode along on his homeward way, he became conscious of the fact that old Brigitte, the bridge, was

now a rich woman, and that it was by means of his twenty-cent piece that this wonder had come to pass. His money, he reflected, had won the prize. So, did not the fortune belong to him? A dozen different schemes for possessing himself of the money passed through his mind, and at least he decided upon a desperate plan.

"Well, Brigitte, any news?" he said, as he entered his house, where the woman was busy at her usual tasks.

"No, master, except that one of the chickens has the pip."

It was clear that she had not yet heard the news, and the old man chuckled with delight at the thought of his own shrewdness. He began by ordering Brigitte to kill a fowl and cook it for dinner with a piece of pork, gave her money to buy coffee, sugar, and a bottle of brandy, and then went down to the cellar to fetch some wine.

"What evil spirit has got into him?" thought Brigitte in amazement at this unheard-of extravagance, but when the old man was ready, and two plates set at table, her wonder increased at the prospect of company to dinner. Old Landry, however, told her to sit in the place opposite him, and when she refused to take such a liberty he exclaimed, sternly:

"Do as I tell you, you old idiot!"

Then the woman, having heard that it was dangerous to oppose the whims of an crazy man, sat down trembling on the edge of the chair, and Mr. master having filled her plate and glass said peremptorily:

"Go on, my good woman, eat, drink, and when they had got as far as the coffee he exclaimed, suddenly:

"Brigitte, I'm going to get married."

"Indeed, master," she replied, "I think you are right. You are not too old."

"Well, since you think that, we shall be married as soon as possible, you and I," he said.

After the chicken and pork and wine, Brigitte thought she was prepared for anything, but this was too much.

"You are joking," she gasped in terror, but the other hastened to explain that he was growing old and had no relations, no friends, and he did not want to die all alone like a dog; besides that, he was not ungrateful, confound it! And Brigitte had saved his life. He could not forget that.

The banus were published immediately, and the wedding took place to the great delight of the whole village. Then the strange pair returned to their home, where a new servant, engaged in Brigitte's place, awaited them. They had hardly got inside the house when the bridegroom asked, merrily:

"My dear, where did you hide your ticket?"

"What ticket?" said the bride, taking off her spectacles and looking wonderingly at the speaker.

"Why, the lottery ticket, No. 34, which you bought with my twenty-cent piece."

"Oh husband!" cried the old woman, "how you have fretted about that ticket! I wanted to please you, but lotteries are no good!"

"Have you lost it?" he gasped.

"I never had it to lose, for I bought sausages with the money!" replied Brigitte, quietly; "the weather was so cold, and I am very fond of sausages."

—Translated from the French for N. Y. Epoch.

MEALS BY SCHEDULE.

Close Figuring on What Can Be Eaten While Waiting for the Train.

"I have only two minutes to get my breakfast and catch my train," said a tall man in an Irish frieze jacket to the waiter in a railway station the other morning. "What can you give me in the smallest possible time? Take into consideration, too, the fact that I have left my false teeth under the pillow at my hotel."

"We have just the thing for you, sir," and he immediately brought a cup of coffee and a piece of lemon pie.

The gentleman sat down, and in less than a minute from the time he gave his order was rushing toward the office for his ticket.

"He made pretty good time," remarked a customer who sat at the next table.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the waiter; "we beat that every day. I once knew a man who came in here who had only sixty seconds in which to get his breakfast, buy his ticket and reach his train."

"What did you give him?"

"Two soft baked apples and a glass of milk. He finished in just fifteen seconds, took another fifteen for the purchase of his ticket, and when I saw him he was walking up and down the platform smoking a cigar, impatiently waiting for the train to start."

"I suppose most passengers who come in here are in a hurry?"

"Never saw but two who were not. And one of these was a soldier who had lost both legs in the war, and the other was a tramp who was waiting for the night freight."

"When a customer comes in and says he wants something to eat in a hurry I ask him how much time he has or what train he wants to catch. Now, I have a list of those articles that I can serve and which can be eaten in exactly the time the passenger has to spare. To the customer having one minute I serve lemon pie, hot coffee, and milk; if he has two minutes, lemon pie and hot coffee; three minutes, apple pie and hot coffee; four minutes, slapsacks and coffee; five minutes, ready cooked sausages and mashed potatoes; six minutes, fishballs and hash, cold roast beef, and so on. I tell you we work on springs all the time." And the waiter rushed off to serve another customer who appeared to be in a hurry.—Boston Herald.

A Familiar Face.—She—"So you've been out west? Did you have a nice time?" He—"Only so. I went to a party one night in Denver expecting to have a good time, but there was only one familiar face in the room." She—"Whose face was it?" Some friend from the east?" He—"Yes, it belonged to a clerk named in Connecticut."

Domestic.—I'm much obliged to you, mum, for sendin' me to that cookin' school so long. Here's me diplomat wot I got today.

Mistress (who thinks she has solved the servant girl problem)—I am delighted. Now I presume you can cook.

Domestic—Please, mum, the teacher said we couldn't be expected to remember all we learned, an' we must buy her cooking book, an' keep it by us all the time.

Mistress—Certainly. I will get you a copy.

Domestic—Thankee, mum. An' please, mum, wud ye mind sendin' me for a few terms to boardin' school till I learn to read.—N. Y. Weekly.

A New Jersey minister married fifteen couples within sixty minutes the other day. Fifteen knots an hour isn't bad.—Lowell Courier.

## THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A Gloomy Region Inhabited by a Few Animals.

The Dismal Swamp in Virginia, one of the largest of the swampy tracts in America, is also one of the most promising areas for reclamation. It contains fully fifteen hundred square miles, and is at present of little value. Except for a supply of lumber which is constantly diminishing. The swamp is situated on an inclined plane, gently undulating, and is really nothing but a continuation of the low, swampy, coastal plain, which extends from Texas northward. It is an old sea-bottom, and the western boundary of the swamp is a sea cliff and beach. Owing to the original deficiency of slope it is swampy because the water cannot run off, and its swampy nature is increased by the growth of vegetation which acts like a sponge in retaining water.

Near the center of the swamp is the famous Lake Drummond, about which so much has been written, and the origin of which is still an unsettled question. It has been supposed that during some time of drouth a fire, burning the peat, had produced a large depression in which the waters of the lake have gathered. Prof. Shaler, of the United States geological survey, considers this explanation to be improbable, although smaller pools have been produced in this way. He offers as a theory that as the vegetation grew upon the old sea-bottom, and the water had been raised to dry land, it began to extend over the entire area, Lake Drummond being the last place to be filled. One of the most interesting features connected with the Dismal Swamp, is its peculiar vegetation. Trees generally cannot grow in very swampy tracts, for their roots need to have access to the air during the growing season. The bald cypress (*Taxodium distichum*) under ordinary conditions differs in no way from an ordinary tree with respect to its roots, but in swamps such as the Dismal Swamp, where the roots are beneath water all the year, it has formed the habit of sending a knee-like protuberance from the roots up above the water into the air—breathing holes, one might say, for the roots. In this way the cypress can live in very wet swamps. The black gum of the Dismal Swamp accomplishes the same end, by arching its roots so as to raise portions of them above water.

As would be expected the animal life of this great swamp is also peculiar. No squirrels exist because there are no nuts; ground-loving animals are also absent because of the extreme wetness, so that there are no mice, moles, squirrels, or other animals of this class. Birds which build on the ground cannot live here, and the chief animal population of the higher classes consist of water birds and snakes. Of the larger animals bears are abundant, and there is a peculiar and very ferocious species of wild horned cattle. These animals, probably the descendants of former domesticated cattle, are now thoroughly wild and very dangerous. The fights of the wild bulls are said to be very exciting to those who have seen them, and in the contests between the bears and bulls both are sometimes killed. It is said that the bear, in order to escape the danger from the horns of the cattle, have the habit of springing upon their backs and rending the muscles which support the heads of their prey.

This region is in part a wilderness, but some efforts have been made to drain it, though these have been in the main unsuccessful and unscientific. Live here, and the chief animal population of the higher classes consist of water birds and snakes. Of the larger animals bears are abundant, and there is a peculiar and very ferocious species of wild horned cattle. These animals, probably the descendants of former domesticated cattle, are now thoroughly wild and very dangerous. The fights of the wild bulls are said to be very exciting to those who have seen them, and in the contests between the bears and bulls both are sometimes killed. It is said that the bear, in order to escape the danger from the horns of the cattle, have the habit of springing upon their backs and rending the muscles which support the heads of their prey.

He Had Found It Hard Work.

He dropped into an armchair and closed his eyes, apparently utterly exhausted.

"Been working hard?" inquired a friend who had dropped in to see him.

"Working hard?" he returned. "I've done three days' work in two hours."

"No kidding?"

"No, indeed."

"Putting in coal, perhaps?"

"O, no."

"Haven't been trying to clean a stove pipe, have you?"

"No, sir. I pay a man to do that."

"Then what have you been doing?"

"Well, you know that boy of mine."

"You mean Willie?"

"Yes."

"O, yes. Bright boy he is, too. What's he got to do with it?"

"Everything, sir, everything! I've been trying to get fifteen minutes work out of him."—Chicago Tribune.

Solving the Problem.

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## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

There exists in some parts of South Dakota, Colorado and Texas a singular variety of grass called the "sleepy grass." When in a fresh green state this plant is strongly charged with a narcotic propensities, so much so that horses and cattle grazing it are thrown into profound sleep.

The Indian, by contact with this Caucasian, soon learns the tricks of his white brother, even to utilizing the "sleeping grass." Some days ago an Indian at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, forged the name of Maj. Waugh to a check. Then he, in a business-like way, presented the check for payment, received the cash and disappeared.

A small and graceful waltz is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is a thing of beauty, and it is not secured at the expense of health. The latest insane method of securing a graceful figure is thus described: A broad band of adhesive plaster, about four feet long, is wound tightly around the waist and extended to the knees. The wearer feels as if she were in a vice, and of course the compression of the digestive organs causes permanent injury.

Considerable ingenuity is displayed by a firm of "engravers, printers and makers of novelties," in the form of a letter marked "personal," enclosing a faded rosebud with its leaves and the firm's card, with this note in a girl's handwriting: "Take back the flower thou gavest. I love you no longer. All my affection is now given to Messrs. So-and-so because they do such beautiful printing. I am no longer yours."

MADE.

Camden, Me., before the recent division of its territory, had six graveyards and four heaves. In splitting up the town the section now called Rockport got four of the graveyards and three of the heaves, and the Camdens don't know whether to feel angry or pleased. Camden is well provided with relics, however, as it has one graveyard that is more than a century old and contains one hundred and forty-four unmarked mounds.

The most curious of pets is that possessed by some Singapore children. It is nothing more nor less than an immense rhinoceros, with plates of tough hide like an armored ship. He is just such a beast as has killed scores of daring hunters who have penetrated the jungle. But this big fellow is as gentle as Mary's lamb, and allows children to play on his back and squirt sweetened water into his mouth without causing anything but a grunt to issue therefrom.

Capt. I. K. Morse, of Rockport, Me., has invented a course indicator which is expected to prove of great value to navigators. He believes that his device will show the actual course steered for any length of time, as it records every movement of the compass and registers the difference between the direction of the vessel's head and the points of the compass intended to be followed. Any deviation from the course ordered, either from carelessness or otherwise, will be shown.

Herr Frauwith, the Austrian pisciculturist, has adopted the most ingenious plan for the production of food for his fish ponds. He has a number of small ditches stocked with stagnant water and aquatic plants which are used as nurseries to propagate the larvae of insects, small crustaceans, and other low forms of animal life on which fish naturally feed. From time to time some of the water swarming with these creatures is admitted to adjoining ponds in which live the fish, who no doubt give the new arrivals a warm welcome.

A snow-shoe competition for ladies was lately held by the Christian Swedish club. The interesting event took place on a hill which not many years ago was considered a very difficult one for men, but the fair snow-shoe runners did wonderfully well. They not only compassed the descent without staves or poles, but even insisted that a hop be added. The request was not only complied with, and they had not, as it turned out, overvalued their powers in this respect, for the hop was cleared in the best style. Three prizes were awarded, and a dance brought the day to a close.

The Northland is the largest peninsula in Europe, and with the exception of Russia, is the largest country on the European continent. It is more than 1,100 miles long, it is from 250 to 400 miles wide, and it contains nearly 300,000 square miles of territory. It is about a third larger than either the republic of France or the empire of Germany, and more than three times the size of the peninsula of Italy. If we compare it with the states of the American union, we find that the Scandinavian peninsula comprehends more than four times the territory of all New England, and that if we could transport it over the sea and moor it alongside our own Atlantic coast, it would extend from Maine to Florida.

Fraternel Affection.

A pretty little story comes from New York city, illustrating fraternal affection in an unexpected quarter. Two small boys signed a street name, and when it stopped it was noticed that one boy was lame. With much solicitude, the other boy helped the cripple aboard the car, and after telling the conductor to go ahead, returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the car window, and the other passengers observed that, at frequent intervals, the little fellow would wave his hand and smile. Following the direction of his glances, the passengers saw the other boy running along the sidewalk, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. The passengers watched this pantomime in silence for a few blocks, and then a gentleman asked the lame boy who the other boy was. "My brother," was the prompt reply. "Why does he not ride with you in the car?" was the next question. "Cause he hasn't any money," answered the lame boy, sorrowfully. The little runner was speedily invited into the car, and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a quarter besides.—Golden Days.

## HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

To keep a cheese that has been cut, if you do not wish to use wine poured into a hole bored in the center, fill the hole with powdered chalk.

Bolled Frothing.—On a coffee-cup of sugar, five tablespoonsful of milk; boil five minutes and when cool, pour over the cake. This makes a clear, soft and inexpensive frosting.—Detroit Free Press.

To make a splendid cement that will hold together with a wonderful tenacity wood, stone, iron, ivory, leather, porcelain, silk, woolen or cotton, take two parts (by weight) of pitch and one part of gutta percha, and melt together in an iron vessel.

Delicate Cake.—Two teaspoonfuls white sugar and a half teaspoonful butter of crisco, one teaspoonful of milk, two and a half teaspoonfuls flour, in which has been sifted one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the well beaten whites of four eggs. Any preferred flavoring may be used.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Cheap Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, half pint of molasses, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one and a half of crisco, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice. Bake in a slow oven. This is excellent.—Detroit Free Press.

Quick Meal Muffins.—Make a rather stiff batter with a pint of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda, salt, a little sugar and oat-meal flour. See that the soda is thoroughly dissolved in a little water before putting it into the milk, then beat it a few minutes, add the other ingredients, beat well and bake in a good oven in well-greased pans or rings. Household Monthly.

Oranges and Apples.—The mild, sticky-sweet, tart varieties of apples make an excellent sauce stewed with one third sliced oranges, from which the seeds have been removed. Pars, core, and slice the apples, and cook gently so as to preserve the form of both fruits until the apples are tender. Add sugar to sweeten, and if desired, a very little of the grated yellow of the orange rind.—Good Health.

Pap of Grated Flour.—Take a quarter of a pound of flour and pour on just enough water to moisten it. Form it into a ball and tie it in a cloth, closely and firmly. Put it in a vessel of boiling water and let it boil the whole day. Then take it out, dip it in a pan of cold water, remove the cloth, and place it in a cool oven to dry, when it will be fit for use. To make the pap, grate some of this, mix it to a paste with cold milk, and stir it into some boiling milk; boil it slowly ten or fifteen minutes.—Boston Budget.

A Recipe For Lemon Cheesecake.—Beat to smoothness a quarter of a pound of good butter and one pound of granulated sugar; then add six eggs (leaving out the whites of two) and the grated rind of three lemons, with their juice, put all into a pan over a moderate fire and stir occasionally. Let it simmer until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture assumes the consistency of honey; then pour into pots or jars to cool. It may either be used immediately or covered for future use, and will keep for any length of time. For the pastry make ordinary short or puff paste and bake in small patty pans, afterward filling each with the cheesecake.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Silk Wrapper.

The silk Japanese wrapper is not at the head of the wrapper list. It is made of Japanese silk, which is firmer in texture than China silk, and a thin layer of wadding, plentifully sprinkled with sachet powder, is quilted between the lining and the outside. It is embroidered up and down the front and on the long sleeves. A silk cord and tassels ties around the waist, and long, deep pockets are in either side. Pointed, heelless Turkish slippers are worn with this wrapper, and to be thoroughly consistent the hair should be done in high bow-knots inclined toward the front. Kimono is the name by which this garment is known in its own home, and it has a quaint jingle that endears it to every feminine heart almost as much as the garment itself, and if there is one thing a girl will never be without after one experience it is this soft, warm, light, becoming garment.—N. Y. Press.

A Costly Luxury.

When a man has the misfortune to lose his wife, if there is no member of his household who can take her place he discovers that a housekeeper is a costly luxury. Beside the first expense, he finds that it makes a great difference in the out-go whether there is a person at the head of affairs devoted to his interests, or one who is serving merely for an expected return. One is faithfully striving to manage his property in the most economical manner, while he is fortunate if the other is not wilfully wasting it. The contrast will force itself upon him when he makes up his balance sheet, if it has not impressed itself before in a thousand ways. If the services which a wife renders in the home have a peculiar value, should she not be entitled to a fair share of the funds of the firm, whose money she is saving, to be expended at her discretion?—Ladies' Home Journal.

Watteau and Sack-Back Coats.

Most new fashions which show a radical change from long-established modes meet as a rule with extreme opposition from the majority, yet many of these very fashions finally win their way to popular favor by sheer force of insistence. Scores of derisive adjectives have been applied to the Watteau and sack-back coats, but it appears that the feelings of many of those who expressed an adverse opinion of them have undergone something more than modification, and the sack-back and the Watteau models are actually looming up in quite general favor. This can in a way be accounted for. There are certain articles of apparel that, for elegance and fitness, are almost entirely dependent on contemporary fashions. The trained skirt was a necessary adjunct to the new coat. Still advice is given to any woman whose stature is under five feet three inches to avoid these. N. Y. Post.

## DEFIES COMPETITION!

**JOSEPH L. COLSAN,**  
Attorney at Law,  
ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.  
Will practice in the Courts of West Feliciana and Pointe Coupee.

**R. C. WICKLIFFE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.  
Will practice in the Courts of West and East Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and adjoining parishes.

**J. T. HOWELL,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Will practice in the Courts of the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th Judicial Districts and in the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

**S. M'C. LAWASON,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
BAYOU SARA, LA.  
Will practice in the Parishes of West and East Feliciana, Pointe Coupee and adjoining parishes.

**FARRAR & MONTGOMERY,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
ROBERT MONTGOMERY,  
Notary Public,  
Postoffice, BAYOU SARA, LA.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
**A. F. BARROW, M.D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
P. O., Bayou Sara, La.  
Residence: Highland Plantation.

**J. W. LEA, M.D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
JACKSON, LA.  
Residence at Mrs. West's, Ninth Ward, West Feliciana.

**W. H. TAYLOR,**  
Physician, Surgeon and Coroner,  
ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.  
Office: At residence.

**DR. JAS. KILBOURNE,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
CLINTON, LA.  
Office: At residence.

**E. C. MCKOWEN,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
JACKSON, LA.  
Office at residence of Joe Jones. Telephone calls promptly responded to.

**DR. JAS. LEAKE,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.  
Office in Leake Building.

**DR. CHAS. F. HOWELL,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
LAUREL HILL, LA.  
Offers his professional services to all need for medical aid within the parish.

**THESE PASS NOTICES.**  
FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE ALL shooting on the Anglo-Bellevue, L'Anse and Lake Kellany plantations in this Parish will be considered trespassing, and offenders prosecuted therefor. S. L. JAMES.

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE ALL hunting of any kind, either with rod, dog or gun, on either the Louisa or Brown Core plantations in this parish, will be considered trespassing, and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. CHAS. H. REED, Agent.

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE, ALL hunting and gunning or otherwise on the plantation will be considered trespassing, and offenders will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. MRS. ELEANOR E. BARROW.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT FROM N and after this date, all trespassing upon any of several plantations in West Feliciana, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. MRS. L. L. MATTHEWS.

PARISHES CONCERNED ARE HEREBY notified that the gathering of rowers at shrubbery from the gardens on Troy plantation, in this parish, without the permission of the undersigned, will be regarded as trespassing and prosecuted accordingly. FRANK E. POWELL, Agent.

HUNTING ON THE ROSEDAWN AND considered as trespassing. JAS. P. BOWMAN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT HUNTING on the Ambrosia and Independence places is prohibited. Violator will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. W. DEDERICK.

**HOTEL WINDSOR**  
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**Special Notice.**  
ALL PARTIES HAVING WORK IN A my shop for a period exceeding NINE DAYS, are hereby informed that the same will be sold to pay cost of repair.

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