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Offers to the public his professional experience of thirty years in the above specialty for the treatment of all diseases peculiar to the mouth and preservation of its natural organs, the teeth. Charges for all dental services graded by quality and character desired. To suit the times. For dental substitutes, from \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$40, up to Buatt's celebrated improved gold plate, \$350 for full sets, recommended as healthy, and to perform the functions of mastication satisfactorily as to kind selected. Without previous arrangements, cash is invariably expected. Moved to new office, near the Baptist Church.

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COME AND SEE.

Mr. A. CURTIS is offering his best brick for TEN DOLLARS PER THOUSAND. Now is the best time to repair your side-walks and under-pin your houses. Call and examine the brick. A. CURTIS.

A SUMMER SONG.

Roly-poly honey-bee
Humming in the clover,
With the green leaves under you,
And the blue sky over,
Why are you so busy, pray?
Never still a minute,
Hovering now above a flower,
Now half-bured in it!

Jaunty robin red-breast,
Singing loud and cheerily,
From the pink-white apple tree.
In the morning early,
Tell me, is your merry song
Just for your own pleasure,
Poured from such a tiny throat,
Without stint or measure?

Little yellow buttercup,
By the wayside smiling,
Lifting up your happy face,
With such sweet beguiling,
Why are you so gayly clad—
Cloth of gold your raiment?
Do the sunshines and the dew
Look to you for payment?

Roses in the garden beds,
Lillies, cool and saintly,
Daring blue-eyed violets,
Pansies hooded quaintly,
Sweet-peas that, like, butterflies,
Dance the bright skies under
Blossoms for your own delight,
Or for ours, I wonder!

The Life of a Far-Western Editor.

We have collected \$55.50 cash during the past six months, and lived on that sum. We have given from fourteen to sixteen hours' labor every day, including Sunday, each week we have printed the Bentonian. The Semi-Weekly contained, when printed full, about twenty thousand ems, making forty thousand for the week, which is the average printer's week's work, without performing any other labor. In addition to the week's work at the case we have looked after the chores of the office, made up the paper, cut and wet down the paper, washed the rollers, worked the press, put up the mails, and carried the papers. We have bought, begged or stolen the firewood, and chopped it with a borrowed ax. We have done our own cooking and lived on one meal and a cold lunch a day, never getting a good square one except when a chance half-dollar fell in our way, and we would feel so rich that we would rush up to the California Hotel. We have lived on boiled beef with an occasional turnip, and not infrequently a boiled frozen potato and salt for dessert. We would then change our diet to soda crackers and sweetened water for a few days. There is nothing so conducive to health as frequent changes of diet. For the last week or two we have been gourmandizing on bacon and beans straight, with crackers steeped in weak tea. What tobacco we can not beg we buy on credit. We have not been in bed or lain on a mattress since last May. [Benton Bentonian.]

A young mother, in despair of ever teaching her idle little girl, aged 4, her letters, and thinking that perhaps the child knew more than she would admit, said: "Now, Katie, I won't try to teach you today; you shall be mother, and shall teach me my letters." "May I really and truly be mother?" said Katie. "Yes, my darling." "Let's begin, then," was the response. "You have been a very good child to-day and you may have a whole holiday!" and Katie shut up the book and ran off laughing.

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout' pad neighbors; I have had to vorst neighbors as never vas. Mine bigs and mine hens come home mit dere ears split, and totter day two of them come home missing."

How long does a widower mourn for his wife? A second.

When Hancock was nominated the Republican press began to attack him because he was nothing but a soldier and without a civil record. These attacks have done Hancock good service, for they have drawn out his record and made it quite plain that he has had a great deal to do with civil affairs and has always been on the right side of every great issue. His order No. 40, and his letter to the reconstruction governor of Texas, were no more creditable and striking evidences of his ability to handle civil affairs than his letter to Gen. Sherman, which the constant barking of the Republican press brought into print. The latest draft on his record is the paper he read as presiding officer of the court of inquiry, which Grant ordered when Babcock was indicted as a member of the St. Louis whisky ring. The plan was to get the evidence out of the courts here in St. Louis and into the hands of sympathetic military comrades where it would do Babcock no harm. Hancock refused to be a party to this transparent trick and the court of inquiry did not serve Babcock's purposes. It did put Hancock on record once more, however, as a soldier who knew just when to bow his head obediently to the civil authority. Hancock, as a candidate for president, represents the very antithesis of the soldier in politics, for his whole record shows that he is the one soldier who knows how to keep the army out of politics.—[St. Louis Republican.]

Here is what a sensible old man thinks of little boys who smoke cigarettes in the presence of ladies. We know some boys in this town guilty of that very impolite and ungallant practice, and, to let them see and know what old people think of it, we publish the old man's opinion:

"I can stand being shut up in a close room with a yellow dog full of fleas or a ripe polecat in a hot house in July, but I have no earthly use for the chuckle-headed young rooster who sucks smoke through a paper cigar stuffed with green walnut saw dust, and stands like a cast-iron monkey upon a street corner and squirts that smoke out through both flues in his nose into the faces of ladies passing by. If I had an old toothless dog and he didn't have sense enough to snap at a turtle, and didn't have but forty-eight hours to live, I'd kill him if I caught him barking at one of these double-flued-nosed smoke-squirters."

Dr. Foote's Health Monthly tells how people get sick: "Eating too much and too fast; swallowing imperfectly masticated food; using too much fluid at meals; drinking poisonous whisky and other intoxicating drinks; repeatedly using poison as medicines; keeping late hours at night, and sleeping late in the morning; wearing clothing too tight; neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores open; exchanging the warm clothes worn in a warm room during the day for costumes and exposure incident to evening parties; compressing the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress; keeping up constant excitement; fretting the mind with borrowed troubles; swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill; taking meals at irregular intervals, etc."

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

Information from Tyro, the scene of the recent somnabulistic murder, is that over 100 persons assembled at the corner's inquest and preliminary trial. The body of Mr. Phelps found lying nearly across the foot of the bed, on the right side, his head on his right arm, with three cuts of an ax, two of which, if not the third, were sufficient to cause instant death—one high enough on the head to reach the brain. The story of Mr. Click was that he dreamed the negroes had entered the store, as anticipated by himself and Mr. Phelps. Then followed, according to his recollection, a bloody and terrible fight. When he awoke he was fleeing down the stairs, and, gradually recovering consciousness, he returned to the room where he and Phelps had been sleeping, and realized at a glance the full horror of his deed. He at once fled screaming to the house of Mr. Grub, near by, and was met by that gentleman, who was aroused by his cries. Mr. Grub said his lamentations were heart-rending, and that he told him at once that he had killed his best friend in his sleep. The alarm soon became general, and the neighbors collected from all quarters. They all testified that Click exhibited his regret in a most violent manner, and finally became so exhausted that he had to be carried home. It was proved by both State and defendant's witnesses that Click was a somnabulist and had frequently injured his own person by jumping from the house window, sometimes through the glass from the second story, cutting himself considerably. He has also been known to get up and choke some of the family, saying that the bears in Texas were after him, and then run a quarter or a half mile down near the river, and wake to find himself alone. When he went visiting he requested his neighbors to tie him, which they did. Last week he went to sleep in the room where his dead uncle lay a corpse. He suddenly arose with terrible expressions of fear, and started to seize his dead uncle. His sister and a gentleman caught him, got him awake, and he went back to bed. Many other instances were given. The court being satisfied from the evidence that the prisoner was not accountable for his actions while asleep, pronounced the evidence insufficient, whereupon Mr. Click returned to his home.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

The grape, apple and plum crop along the Hudson valley is abundant this season, and the probabilities are that wine will be made of the grape crop this Fall. Apples are a drug on the farmers' hands, and they are drying hundreds of bushels daily instead of shipping them to market. Cider is being made in large quantities.

A good woman, after the death of her husband, had married the brother of the departed. She preserved, nevertheless, in her dining-room, a picture of her first spouse. One day a guest at the table, noticing the portrait, asked her if it was a member of her family. "Yes," replied the lady, frankly, "it is the portrait of my poor brother-in-law."

On the slopes of the volcano of San Salvador, in Central America, exists a curious intermittent spring. It is known to the natives of the country as the Rio Huido, or fugitive river. During seven consecutive years sufficient water flows from it to form a veritable river, when, at a fixed time, the water suddenly disappears, and the bed of the river becomes dry and dusty. At the end of another period of seven years the water again commences to flow from the spring. A period of flow covered the years from 1866 to 1873, and was succeeded by a period of dryness from 1873 to 1880. In January of this year the water promptly reappeared. The phenomenon is not new, but the length of the period of intermittence and its regularity are remarkable in the present instance.

At a recent trial in a Justice court a prominent saloonist was called as a witness. Upon being sworn, one of the attorneys in the case said: "Mr. S. where is your place of business?" "What for you ask me such foolish dings? You drinks at my place more as a hundred dimes!" "That has nothing to do with the case, Mr. S; state to the jury where your place of business is." "De shury! de shury? oh, by jiminy! Efery shentleman on dis shury has a string of marks on my cellar door, shust like a rail fence!" His Honor here interceded in behalf of counsel, and in a calm and dignified manner requested the witness to state the place of his bizziness. "Oh excuse me, your Honor, you drinks at my place so many dimes and pays me notings. I dinks you very well knows where I keeps mine place."

DON CAMERON'S SUPPORT OF GARFIELD.—Judge Shoonmaker related to me an incident that occurred at the United States Hotel an evening or two ago. It was told him by a gentleman who was present and heard it, a person in whose reliability the Judge says he places the utmost confidence. A little group was gathered about Don Cameron engaged in conversation with him. Some one asked him how long he would remain in Saratoga. But a short time, was his reply, for he must go back to Pennsylvania and look after the Legislature which he desired to see Republican. "And do some good work for Garfield," put in a bystander. "What," cried the son of Simon, "for that—Cambellite son of a sea-cock? No, sir not much.—Saratoga Correspondence Brooklyn Eagle.

A gardener recommends that to keep bugs off melon and squash vines a tomato plant be set in each hill, saying that when he followed this plan his young plants were not molested.

Never be afraid of a man who challenges you to fight a duel. He will feel all that you can feel, and more too. The man who rushes at you with a spade is the chap to look out for.

Paint the inside walls of a corn house with coal tar, and it will drive weevils from the corn. It costs but a few dollars a barrel, and a barrel will last several years in hen houses and corn houses.

The Literary Tramp—A Kentucky Romance.

A young lady from Texas was spending a summer in Kentucky, when she had a queer experience with a tramp. She was sitting out in the shade of the yard reading George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," when a regular, ragged tramp, red-nosed, asked if he could get a drink of water. He could. Must he go around the gate or could he climb the fence? Both, if he choose to. He said "that's the way I like to hear people talk." She went and brought him the water and after drinking it he paused and asked what she was reading. On hearing its name he said: "Over-rated. I never liked it. All depth or no depth, I don't know which. The novelist has tried to write a story without a well-defined plot and has failed. Goldsmith's success as a plotless and charming writer was a bad example." "You shouldn't tear my favorite book to pieces. I like George Eliot and all her works." "You don't like 'Mill on the Floss.' You have been nodding over it for the last half-hour. You only pretend to read it because you imagine that in doing so you develop literary taste." "I think, sir, you are impudent." "But truthful. Here's a book you should read," and the tramp took from his ragged coat a tattered copy of Button's Anatomy of Melancholy. "Dr. Johnson said that this book was the only work that could induce him to get out of bed mornings sooner than his regular time of rising." "And that's why you like it," remarked the girl, taking the book. "If Dr. Johnson hadn't made that remark you would not find the work so charming." He said: "That's all right give me some more water?" She asked him why he tramped. He said, "whisky." She said: "Why don't you quit?" He answered: "I will now, on one condition. That you will consent to be my wife. Meet me under this tree four years from to-day." "I will," said she and she treasured up his handsome, reckless face in her memory. That was four years ago and two or three weeks since she was in the same yard under the same tree, when up came her tramp acquaintance, well dressed this time. They are now married.—[Unknown, but Reliable Exchange.]

A Harsh Retort.

During the last political campaign in Michigan, a well-known lawyer of that State was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers, in Gratiot County. In order to win the confidence of his hearers, he said: "My friends, my sympathies have been always with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him! I was myself reared on a farm, and was, so to speak, born between two stalks of corn."

Here the speaker was rudely interrupted by some one in the audience, who exclaimed, "A pumpkin, by Jingo!"—[Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.]

Sunflowers are recommended in the Duchess Farmer for bean poles, planting them at a suitable distance in the garden, and planting the beans around them when three or four inches high.