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 August 22, 1877.

HOMER; MASONIC FEMALE INSTITUTE.
 Eighteenth Annual Session begins Sept. 5th, 1877

EFFICIENT TEACHERS will fill every Department. Especial attention given to MUSIC.

Board per month of four weeks, including washing, lights, &c., \$15.
 Tuition, \$3, \$4 and \$5. No extravagances allowed.

The Institution is strictly non-sectarian. See for Catalogue.

T. S. SLIGH, Pres.,
 Homer, Claiborne parish, La.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.
 The Grand Council U. F. of T. North La., WILL hold its next annual meeting at W. HOMER, commencing on Thursday, July 14th, 1878.

OFFICERS:
 G. L. Gaskins, Gr W P; Miss Mattie Mays, Gr W A; Adam H Davidson, Gr C; Miss Theodora McFarland, Gr A C; Max Fearle, Gr S; Allen Barksdale, Gr A S; John W. McFarland, Gr Tr; Miss Fannie Parker, Gr A Tr; John A. Miller, Gr Chap; Ives, Gr Sec.

Post Office of Grand, Scribe, Vienna, La.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

Homer Council No. 1, U. F. of T.,
 Meets at the Court-House every Friday Night.

OFFICERS:
 T. S. Sligh, W P; Mrs. Adella Sligh, W A; A. T. Derman, R S; Miss Lida Scott, A R S; J. B. Otts, Cond; Miss Kate Simmons, A C; J. A. Parker, Chap; E. P. Harwell, Sent; R. T. Vaughn, F S; H. W. Kirkpatrick, Tr; A. C. Calhoun, C Dy.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

JOHN YOUNG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Jackson, Bienville, Lincoln and Union, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.
 Aug. 22, 1877.—1y

Judge J. S. Young. Jno. A. Richardson.
YOUNG & RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.

PARTNERSHIP limited to the parish of Claiborne. Legal business attended to by either partner in Jackson, Union, Bienville and Lincoln parishes, and before the Supreme Court at Monroe.
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

DRAYTON B. HAYES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Bienville, Jackson, Union, and Webster, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

DR. S. E. RICHARDSON,
 Having resumed the practice of Medicine offers his services to the citizens of Claiborne parish, in the various branches of his profession.
 Office at the Drug Store of Joe Shelton.
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

B. R. COLEMAN,
PARISH SURVEYOR,
 WILL attend promptly and efficiently to all business in his line. Charges moderate. Residence 8 miles southeast of Homer, on Triverton road. P. O., Homer.
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

CARRIAGE AND BUGGY PAINTING.
 I AM now prepared to re-paint and varnish Carriages, Buggies and Wagons at short notice. Satisfaction warranted. Samples of my work can be seen in Homer. I will also varnish OLD FURNITURE and REPAIR CANE SEATED CHAIRS. My terms are reasonable to suit the times.
 Call and see me at the old stand of High-tower & Ruffner, S. E. cor. public square.
 W. C. LILES.
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

Upholstery and Mattress-Making.
 THE undersigned announces to the people of Claiborne parish that he is engaged in the UPHOLSTERY business in all its branches. Furniture repaired, cleaned and varnished. MATTRESSES made to order; old ones repaired and worked over.
 Shop on North Main street, in rear of A. W. Barrow's Store.
 JULIUS LANGHELD.
 Sept. 12, 1877. 16m

THE LATTER PHASE.
 BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

We have passed the noonday summit, We have left the noonday heat, And down the hillside slowly Descend our wearied feet. Yet the evening air is balmy, And the evening shadows sweet.

Our summer's latest roses Lay withered long ago; And even the flowers of autumn Scarce keep their mellowed glow. Yet, a peaceful season woo us, Ere the time of storms and snow.

Like the tender twilight weather When the toil of day is done; And we feel the bliss of quiet Our constant hearts have won— When the vesper planet blazes, Kissed by the dying sun

So falls that tranquil season, Dew like, on soul and sight; Faith's silvery star-rise blended With memory's sunset light, Wherein life pauses softly Along the verge of light.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

A GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

About sixty years ago I was in Paris for the first time in my life. Bonaparte still lingered at St. Helena; and the adventurers, good, bad and indifferent in character, who had served in his armies, had not yet lost all hope of the return of their idol, and consequently had not yet thought it worth while to settle down into thorough peace and quietness.

Young Paul Ferrand, whom I frequently met at the cafe, and who had served as a captain at Waterloo, was sure that the Little Corporal would come back again soon. "You have not yet beaten him," he would tell me laughing. "You sent him to Elba, but he returned; you have sent him to St. Helena, and he will return again. We shall see."

Ferrand was an exceedingly nice fellow; and although he professed to cherish an unquenchable hatred for England and everything English, he had, by some means or other, become attached to Alice Rao, a young English lady of my acquaintance, and who had been living with her mother since the conclusion of peace at Paris, not far from the abode of the ex-captain. And he was always very friendly with me too. He would, it is true, abuse my countrymen most unmercifully; but he was always particularly good-natured, and whenever he found himself saying a little too much he would arrest himself and apologize so heartily that I never could be angry with him. I was alone in the French capital, and but few friends there except Mrs. Rao, her daughter Alice, and Paul; and so it happened that I passed a good deal of my time in the society of these three. The mother, a woman still in the prime of life, and the widow of a king's messenger, was a connection of mine by marriage, and that fact gave me a good excuse for offering my services as escort whenever she and her pretty daughter thought fit to go to the theatre or the opera. At such times Paul always had a seat in the stalls; and between the acts he would come up to my box, to the delight of Alice, who was in love with him, and to the no small satisfaction of Mrs. Rao, who herself had quite a maternal affection for the young Frenchman, and did not in the least discourage his attentions to her daughter. If there were no formal engagement between the two, it was at least perfectly understood by all parties that as soon as Paul should get an appointment, for which at the time he was a candidate, he was to marry Alice; and I, though only a few years her senior, was to give her away.

One night the opera-house was crowded more than usual. A great singer was to appear, and a new work by a renowned composer was to be performed. But Paul Ferrand, sitting in the stalls, seemed scarcely to listen to the music or to notice the acting; and much more often were his eyes turned in the direction of my box than in that of the stage. Alice and her mother were with me, and as the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first act Paul came up to us. He was in high spirits, for he had heard that the Minister had decided to give him the coveted post, and he expected to hear in a few days that his appointment had been signed by the King. We congratulated him, and as he left us to return to his seat I whispered to him: "You'll be a happy man in a month or two now, Paul." He smiled and shut the door.

We watched him as he threaded his way to his place. It was in the centre of the second row from the orchestra, and he had left his opera glasses on the chair in order to preserve his right to it; but during his absence a tall, military-looking man had appropriated it, and had coolly put the glasses on one side. Paul

approached the stranger with the utmost politeness, and, I suppose, for naturally I could not hear, requested him to move. The interloper did not deign to answer, but sneeringly looked up at Ferrand, as though to ask him what he meant by his intrusion. Paul pointed to the opera glasses, but the stranger neither replied nor moved, but continued to appear as though he did not hear. I saw that matters were assuming a dangerous complexion, for in the newcomer I recognized Victor Laroquiere, an ex-Bonapartist officer like Paul, a notorious bully, and one of the most celebrated duellists in France. But what could I do? I could only sit still, much against my will, and witness the inevitable consequences. I thought Alice would faint when Laroquiere in the calmest way rose before the crowded assemblage and struck Paul in the face with his glove; but she recovered herself, and like a statue watched her lover pick up his opera glasses, bow to his insulter, and, without a word, leave the building. There were some exclamations from the audience; but the duellist again rose, and with a theatrical air gazed round, mockingly imitating Paul's parting bow, and resumed his seat. This was too much for poor Alice. She could not remain any longer; she must go home; and so, with some difficulty, I got her and her mother to my carriage, told the coachman to drive them home, and myself walked quickly to Paul's lodgings.

He had arrived before, and was already writing when I entered his room. "Of course," he said, as he saw me and came towards me with both hands outstretched, "you, my dear friend, will assist me. It is impossible to do anything but fight. Even Alice could not make me alter my conviction upon that point, the insult was so public."

"Suppose you leave the country?" I suggested.

"Then I should have to give up the appointment and Alice too. No, my dear fellow, I am a Frenchman, and I must fight; and you must arrange matters for me. If he shoots me, it cannot be helped; if I shoot him, I shall have shot the biggest scoundrel in Paris. I beg you to call upon Laroquiere to-night. I have already discovered his address. Here it is."

"But must you really fight? It is suicide to fight with a professional duellist."

"Ah," he said, shaking his head. "I am afraid it is suicide; but I must fight; so please don't try and persuade me that I need not. And I will fight, too, as soon as possible. You can arrange everything for to-morrow morning. I must leave the matter over. In a day or two I might be a coward."

By his looks he implored me to go to Laroquiere, and constituted as French society was at that time, I had no other course open to me than to do as he wished.

"If Monsieur come from M. Paul Ferrand," said a man-servant when I inquired whether I could see his master, "M. Laroquiere has sent to say that he has not yet left the opera. He has, however, sent this penciled note, which I am to give to the gentleman who comes from M. Ferrand."

I tore open the missive. It contained two cards, one bearing the name of the duellist, and the second that of M. Ferrand Delarais, Rue Vivienne 18. Certainly it was an off-hand way of acquainting me with the name and whereabouts of Laroquiere's second, but as I wished to pick no quarrel I walked on to the Rue Vivienne, and in a few minutes was ushered into the presence of M. Delarais himself. This worthy was a young man, aged about three-and-twenty, and dressed in the very extreme of fashion. His ruffles were immaculate and most symmetrically arranged; his lace handkerchief was steeped in essences; his gloves, which lay on the table—for he had only just returned, at Laroquiere's request, from the opera—were small and delicate; his fingers were covered with valuable rings, and the bunch of gold seals depending from his fob was unusually heavy and brilliant. He did not strike me as appearing particularly warlike, but, nevertheless, after formally saluting me, he at once touched upon the object of my visit, and before I had been ten minutes in his company had arranged to meet Ferrand and myself at a certain spot, dear to duellists of the time, at an early hour next morning and to bring Laroquiere with him.

"I don't think we shall need a surgeon," he said to me quite affably at parting; "but if you please you can bring one. In his last affair my principal shot his man through the temple, and he died immediately. I sincerely hope, Monsieur, that your friend is as clever."

"Confound the fellow!" I said to myself as I left the house and sought the residence of my own medical man. "I am afraid poor Ferrand is not such a consummate murderer as Laroquiere."

After seeing the surgeon, to whom I briefly explained matters, I called upon Mrs. Rao. She was doing her best to comfort her daughter, who was in the greatest possible distress. "Are they going to fight?" she asked me.

"My dear Alice," I said, "they are. I have done my best to dissuade Paul, but he says, and I am obliged to agree, that he must fight. Let us hope for the best. He has a sure eye and a steady hand, and he has right on his side. The other man is a scoundrel. And you must remember that poor Paul is not an Englishman. If I were he, I would not fight; but as it is, the matter cannot be overlooked, and indeed everything is arranged."

"You are to be with him?" said Mrs. Rao, looking as white as a sheet.

"Yes; they are to meet to-morrow morning, and by breakfast time Alice's suspense will be over. She must bear up."

"You must prevent the duel," sobbed the half heart-broken girl. "Cannot Paul let the insult pass? But no, it was so public."

"You can only hope," I said. "I will see you in the morning; but now I must go back to him and see that he gets some sleep."

"Tell him," cried Alice, "that if he is killed I shall die. Come here directly it is over. Come even if he falls; you must tell me about it. I must hear everything." She buried her face in her hands; and I, escaping from the unhappy girl, hurried to Paul.

He was still writing, and his hair was in disorder, and his face pale when he turned towards me. "I am no coward," he said, "but I am saying good-bye to her, for I shall die to-morrow."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you will shoot Laroquiere, and be married next month. You must finish your writing at once and go to bed. I will sleep here to-night, for I must see that you turn out in time to-morrow morning; so be as quick as possible."

He wrote for another half hour, addressed the document to Alice Rao, placed a lock of his hair within it, and after sealing it up, gave it to me.

"Give that to her," he said, "if Laroquiere kills me outright—and I know he will. If it were not for Alice I declare that I should be quite glad to meet him. Now for bed."

He undressed, whilst I lay down on the sofa in the next room and lit a cigar, for I could not afford to sleep myself. Soon all was quiet, and I stole in to see Paul, lying as quiet as a child, with a smile on his face. Probably, nay, assuredly, I passed a more uncomfortable night than he did. Only with the greatest possible difficulty could I keep awake, and the hours seemed to linger forever. At last, however, daylight dawned, and I called Ferrand, who awoke refreshed and in comparatively good spirits. After a hurried breakfast we muffled ourselves up; I placed a flask of brandy, some powder and bullets in a brace of pistols in my pockets, and we sailed forth in the cold morning air. Scarcely any one was abroad, except a few sleepy watchmen, who seemed to make very shrewd guesses at the object of our expedition; and through the silent streets we went for a mile or so, until we reached the meeting-place.

Laroquiere and Delarais were there before us, and my friend, the surgeon, arrived immediately afterwards in his carriage, which waited near at hand. The pistols were produced and loaded. Laroquiere chose one, and I gave the other to Paul; and then the two men took up positions at a distance of twenty paces from each other, and waited for Delarais to give the signal to fire.

"Stay!" cried the bully, as his second stepped back; "let the young hound listen to this. I am not trifling with him; I shall shoot him only where he wishes, for I am generous, parbleu!"

"If I do not kill you," said Paul quietly, "I prefer to die."

"Then I shoot him through the heart," coolly observed Laroquiere. "It will teach others not to challenge me."

There was something to me unspeakably horrid in the way in which these last words were pronounced. I shuddered, and looked at Paul. He smiled at me, and at the same instant Delarais gave the signal.

There was, but one report, for Ferrand's pistol flashed in the pan. The poor fellow turned round towards me with fixed eye and pale face, and with the name of Alice on

his lips fell dead. Laroquiere turned on his heel and departed quickly, in company with Delarais, while I aided the surgeon in his brief examination of Paul's body. Surely enough, the bullet had passed through his heart. He must have died almost instantaneously, for he did not move after he fell, and the last smile with which he had looked at me was still upon his face. It was a melancholy business in every respect. I had to brook the sad news to Alice and her mother, and the two ladies were so terribly overcome that I feared the shock would have some permanent effect upon their health. For my part I was obliged to hurry to England as soon as possible; and Laroquiere, I heard, also got away, and remained out of France until the affair had blown over.

I kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Rao, and was glad after a time to hear from her that Alice, though still terribly upset, had learned to look with a certain amount of philosophy upon her misfortune, and had to some extent recovered her usual health, if not her usual spirits. Meantime I settled down in London, and unable to forget my Parisian habits usually dined at one of the then much-frequented taverns in Fleet street. The Cheiro Cheese, which was then in much the same state as it is now, was my favorite haunt; and there, as months passed by, I gradually picked up a few pleasant acquaintances, chief among whom was an extremely well-mannered young gentleman named Barton, a man of independent means, good family and first-rate education.

One day after he had been dining with me the conversation turned upon Continental manners and particularly upon duelling. As an illustration of my abhorrence of the system I told my companion about poor Paul's death, a matter in which Barton appeared much interested. He asked me a good many questions about the parties concerned, and after expressing a remarkably strong opinion to the effect that Laroquiere was a blackguard, bid me good-night. I went home to my rooms in the Temple; and next day, on visiting the Cheiro Cheese, found no Barton. He had left word with one of the waiters that urgent business had called him away, but that he hoped to see me on his return. Weeks passed, and then months, and still Barton did not come back; and I confess that I had begun to forget him altogether, when one evening he dropped into dinner as though he had not been absent for more than a day or two.

"Where have you been?" I asked, after I had heartily shaken hands with him.

"I have been to Paris," he said. "On arriving there I found out a little more than you told me about Laroquiere, and when I had thoroughly convinced myself that he was the blackguard you painted him, I arranged for a series of lessons at a pistol gallery. Every day for a month I went and shot for an hour or two, until I was so perfect as to be able to hit a small coin every time at a distance of twenty paces. After satisfying myself as to my proficiency I took a box at the opera. It may have been the same box that you used to have. Laroquiere was pointed out to me. He sat in the stalls, and between the acts he left his seat in order to speak to a lady in another part of the house. I descended as quickly as possible and took his place. He returned, and asked me in an overbearing tone to move. I refused. He persisted. I struck him. He sent me a challenge, and we met upon the same spot, curiously enough, where he had killed your friend Ferrand. Before the signal was given, I said: 'M. Laroquiere, listen to me. I am not here to trifle with you; but I am as generous as you were with Paul Ferrand. I will shoot you only where you wish.' He turned deadly pale. 'We will see,' he said, 'whether I shall not make you a second Ferrand?' 'Then I will shoot you,' I returned, 'as you shot him—through the heart. It will teach other bullies not to challenge me.' Whether he was so stout as to be incapable of aiming or not, I cannot say; but my dear fellow, I shot him as dead as a dog, right through the heart, and avenged your friend, at the same time ridding Paris of its biggest villain. It was a case of diamond cut diamond."

"Well done, Barton!" I exclaimed.

"Wait," he said, "and let me finish the drama. We managed to keep the matter very quiet, and before leaving France I was able to call on Mrs. Rao, who is now at Boulogne, for I had a letter of introduction to her from a Parisian acquaintance. When I saw her first she knew nothing of the affair, but at last I broke the intelligence to her and to her daughter. I found Alice to be a pretty girl, somewhat spoiled by

her long mourning and not very much inclined to listen to me; but, my dear fellow, after three weeks of hard persuasion she gave in, and now she and her mother are coming over next week. I believe you were to give Alice away. When she arrives you shall have a capital opportunity."

"And," I added, shaking my friend's hand warmly, "I shall be delighted to do so."

Distinguished Drunkards.

The Hartford Times publishes a suggestive letter, headed "Distinguished Drunkards," from its Washington correspondent "Man," who obtained the material for it during a ramble through the Washington poor-house. One of the first men he met there had been at one time Attorney-General of Virginia. In his office a number of now distinguished lawyers were students, and they owe much to his advice. His father had been Attorney-General of the United States, and left his son wealthy. But he drank and sacrificed distinction, fortune and everything to his love for drink.

Another distinguished paper was an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of California, and had been esteemed one of the most eloquent men of his time. He came to Washington, expecting to get an office; was disappointed, took to drink and drank himself out of pocket, mind and friends, and into the poor-house. In his company the correspondent found a once wealthy newspaper editor and proprietor of New York—a man of great ability and political influence. This man also sank all he possessed in whisky, and has been for three years in the almshouse. Sometimes his friends take him out, but, says the correspondent, "he drinks so much that he lies about the streets and is returned by the police." A fourth paper had been only a few years ago a political power, special agent of the Post Office Department, and owner of much property in Washington and Arkansas. At one time he was a United States detective, but, while drunk, he "gave away" the details of a case that would have resulted in the capture of two or three hundred thousand dollars in counterfeit money, passes, plates, etc. For this he was retired. When sober he was capable of doing remarkable work. In fact, fortune and fame were his, if he had not allowed the taste for liquor to grow on him. In another branch of the institution the correspondent found an ex-Attorney General of North Carolina. He made many friends, drank much whisky, neglected his business and everything else, and drifted to the poor-house. Says the correspondent: "The principal reason for his being put where he now is, is that he stole a friend's vest and sold it for whisky." To such depths of degradation will whisky bring the strongest and ablest of us. A man who was Stephen A. Douglas's intimate friend, and who used to speak from the same platform with him, is also a Washington pauper. When fortune smiled on him, he used liquor as a relish; and when her smiles turned to frowns, he took it as an antidote for sorrow. It brought him temporary relief and permanent ruin. Coming into the almshouse in the "Black Maria," as the correspondent left it, was an old white-haired man, "who was at one time one of the leading men at the Michigan bar. He is the man who backed Zach Chandler, and made him, politically speaking, what he is to-day." And this man of great legal ability, political influence sufficient to make and unmake men, and much wealth, is now a pauper. Why? Because he allowed whisky to obtain the mastery over him, as did all the others herein referred to. Do not you, young man, find this record very suggestive?—Christian Scientist.

Julia Ward Howe says that women are too often misunderstood, because, unlike men, they have their greatest trials in silence. On a head, Julia. If a man has a boat that pinches his feet he'll keep the record angul as heavy as a boy in the pressure class, while a woman suffering from the same cause will never say a word about it, and if she is caught unwarily jumping two to one she'll turn around with a sweet smile of innocence breathing her countenance, and ask if she is not the one who wouldn't prevent her shoe from slipping at the heel and wounding her stocking.

A rich man's old man says that he is not a rich man, but he is a rich man. "I don't give you any money, you know I am in hopes to feel that I inherit brother Bill's property."

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