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Job-work executed in the neatest style, and at reasonable prices. August 22, 1877.

### HOMER MASONIC FEMALE INSTITUTE.

Eighteenth Annual Session begins Sept. 5th, 1877

EFFICIENT TEACHERS will fill every Department. Special 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. Send for Catalogue.

T. S. SLIGH, Pres.,  
 Homer, Claiborne parish, La.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1s

### TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

The Grand Council U. F. of T. North La. WILL hold its next annual meeting at HOMER, commencing on Thursday, July 15th, 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. Sent.

Post-Office of Grand, Scribe, Vienna, La. Aug. 22, 1877. 1s

### 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. Dorman, R. S. Miss Lida Scott, A. R. S. J. B. Otts, Cond. Miss Kate Simmons, A. C. J. A. Parker, Chap. R. P. Harwell, Sent. R. T. Vaughn, F. S. H. W. Kirkpatrick, Tr. A. C. Calhoun, C. Dy. Aug. 22, 1877. 1s

### 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. R. 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 Trenton 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 CASE SEATED CHAIRS. My terms are reasonable to suit the times.

Call and see me at the old stand of Hightower & 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. 4-6m

### DANIEL T. HEAD,

TRENTON, LA.,  
 RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND  
 COMMISSION MERCHANT.

DEALER IN  
 DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS,  
 SHOES, HATS, HARDWARE, IRON,  
 CASTINGS, BAGGING, TIES,  
 WAGONS, CARTS, BUGGIES,  
 ROCKAWAYS, COOKING  
 STOVES, FURNI-  
 TURE AND

Plantation Supplies of all Kinds.

Liberal advances made on Cotton, in cash and supplies. Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### E. J. HART & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale  
 DRUGGISTS,  
 Grocers and Commission  
 Merchants.

Stores 73, 75, 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.  
 Warehouses 93, 95, 97 and 99 Tchoupitoulas  
 street, New Orleans. Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### L. C. JUREY, M. GILLIS,

COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL  
 COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
 Office..... 194 Gravier Street,  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.,  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### JOHN CHAFFE & SONS,

COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL  
 COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
 Office..... No. 52 Union Street,  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### McSTEAD & VALUE,

Wholesale Dealers in  
 FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC  
 DRY GOODS,  
 98 Canal Street, and 125 Common Street,  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### PAGE & MORAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
 Dealers in  
 BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS  
 and Trunks,  
 No. 10..... Magazine Street,  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### JOHN HENRY & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in  
 Boots, Shoes, Brogans and  
 HATS,  
 Nos. 121, 123 and 125..... Common Street,  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### STAUFFER, McREADY & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in  
 Hardware and Agricultural  
 Implements,  
 No. 71..... Canal Street,  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### A. BALDWIN & CO.,

(Successors to Slocumb, Baldwin & Co.)  
 Dealers in  
 Hardware, Steel, Iron and Railroad  
 Supplies,  
 CUTLERY, GUNS,  
 AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.  
 No. 74 Canal, and 91, 93 and 95 Common Sts.  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.,

Importers and Jobbers, in  
 Hardware, Cutlery, Guns  
 and Pistols,  
 Nos. 601, 603 and 605..... North Main Street,  
 ST. LOUIS, MO.  
 Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

### BEEF! BEEF!! BEEF!!!

ON Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week, I will furnish the people of Homer and surrounding country with FINE FAT BEEF, nicely slaughtered. Prices range from 4 to 9 cents per pound. Persons living in the country who wish to buy beef, and those buying only once a week, would do better to buy on Saturday, as on that day I usually kill two beefs. Parties wishing to sell beefs on foot will do well to cash me a call. I pay from 3 to 4 cents in cash for good beefs. For endorsement I refer to my present customers. THOMAS D. KINDER. Aug. 22, 1877. 1-6m

### W. J. TAYLOR,

Confectioneries and  
 Family Groceries.  
 FRESH FAMILY SUPPLIES.  
 Flour, Meat, Lard, Molasses, etc.,  
 fresh and pure, always on hand. Give me a call. Prices as low as any other house. Cash only. Aug. 22, 1877.—1-2m

### THE REAPERS.

The reapers lend their lusty backs,  
 Their sounding sickles sway;  
 At every stroke the golden sea  
 Recedes to give them way.  
 The heavy ears fall blowing down  
 And nestle at their feet;  
 Such will, such work as theirs, perform,  
 Must win—must homage meet.

So careless of fatigue they go  
 So true, so steadily,  
 The admiring traveler on the road  
 Leans o'er the gate to see;  
 With marvel of the soon-fallen breadth,  
 The longing gossip tell;  
 But the reapers labor for us all;  
 'Tis need they should work well.

Ere the great sun that burns above  
 Shall crimson in the west,  
 And the children's poppy nosegays fade,  
 And they lie down to rest,  
 Each golden spear that upward points  
 Shall fall upon the field,  
 And the farmer drains a sparkling glass,  
 Rejoicing o'er the yield.

Ply, bonny men, your sickles bright,  
 And give the people bread!  
 At every conquering stride you take,  
 On want and woe you tread.  
 Drop, heavy ears, and give the strength  
 You gathered from this plain,  
 That man may rise refreshed and firm,  
 And do great things again.

God bless the hands, all hard and brown,  
 That guide the cleaving plow,  
 That cast abroad the shining seed,  
 And build the wealthy now;  
 They rear the bread our children eat;  
 'Tis by their toil we live;  
 Horrah! give them the loudest cheer  
 That grateful hearts can give!  
 [Chambers' Journal.]

### OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence of the GUARDIAN.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 26, 1877.

The Capitol grounds are increasing steadily in cultivation and beauty, and though many Washingtonians to whom the old trees beneath whose shade our earlier legislators walked and talked had become so familiar from so long association, still mourn their loss and refuse to be comforted by the lawns and fountains, statues and drives, graceful terraces and imposing gateways which take their place. However, no one can fail to be pleased with the decorations that are being added to the large and ample grounds surrounding that pride of Americans—the Capitol building. On the west side an ornamental wall of buff Ohio sandstone, granite gneiss will alternate, with balustrades of the same material. The water from a little spring on the hill, from which statesmen have drunk for many years, is to be coaxed from its humble, unnoticed home to bubble and sparkle and fall in a diamond shower into a beautiful drinking fountain, to be located at the foot of the hill, just opposite the entrance to the botanical gardens. The fountain will be 12 feet high, of buff, green and red stone, carved in appropriate designs. The gardens are already graced with Barthold's fountain. It is surrounded by a basin seventy feet in diameter. The whole when finished will add a great attraction to the grounds, already beautiful.

The powers that be, blessings upon them! have made a ruling whereby the honest pencil drivers are no longer to be cheated out of their places in the reporters gallery by the petty dabblers in correspondence, who strut here and there, choosing the high places at all the feasts, as though they were the enlighteners of the nation. "No admittance" hereafter to such in the reporters gallery.

The hero of the House to-day is Alex. H. Stephens, speaking from the curiosity point of view. More opera glasses are leveled at this statesman in one day than an average Congressman can boast of during a session. He is in health, and boasts that he weighs 87 lbs., which is 27 lbs. ahead of his last winter weight. The most he ever weighed was 97 lbs. His servant "Aleck" is always at his side, and the pages take great pleasure in waiting upon him. Being quite a joker, he once said to a bevy of these boys, who had just handed him a glass of water, "I wonder how'll bring me water when all you boys are dead and gone."

The rage to be English in all out-doings, even to dress, has infested Congress. They determined that to-day should be at Pimlico what the Derby is in England, and that

they would adjourn to enjoy it and see Ten Broeck run against Ochiltree and Parole. But "there's many a slip," even in English customs. The race is off, and the passes given Congressmen are doomed to grace the scrap basket.

Gen. W. T. Sherman is in town again, and is receiving a great amount of attention, as usual. Mrs. Sherman is not with him. This lady, one of the most popular in Washington society, has made herself quite famous of late, owing to her decided opposition to round dances. She will not allow her beautiful daughters to indulge in them, and discourages the custom wherever she can.

Senator Blaine is sick, so much so that he is unable to proceed to Maine, where his daughter is lying ill under the effects of an accidental discharge of a pistol. If Senator B. goes he will "pair off" with Senator Kernan, so his vote will not be missed.

There is a new deficiency brought to light in the Post Office Department. It amounts to \$284,283.36, being overdue compensation to postmasters. Congress will be asked to make an appropriation to meet it, as all salaries of postmasters are fixed by law. This deficit is not the result of embezzlement or neglect of duty.

"Castle Stewart," that elegant mausoleum on Connecticut avenue, which the wealthy Senator from Nevada built when in the Senate, has at last been rented. It brought but \$6,000 per year. Quite a reduction from the \$18,000 per annum that was originally asked. It has been standing vacant for two years, save now and then, when occupied for a few nights by the ex-Senator, a ghostly monument of the fallen fortunes and hopes of a man who for awhile was accounted the possessor of untold wealth. During its vacancy the moths have held high carnival in the tapestries and furniture, all of which were bought at the Paris Exposition. Some of the finest pieces of furniture are literally shredded and unfit for any use whatever. The old residence of Chief Justice Chase, which so often has resounded to the merry-making of fetes and entertainments of the most regal style has been converted into a club house. Thus they go, as time moves on.

FAY.

### Something Wrong Yet.

Within the last three months brutal murders have been committed in several parishes of the State, and in no instance has the perpetrator of the foul deed been brought to justice, although in each instance the crime was committed openly and in defiance of law.

Our State government is now in the hands of her people; our chief executive officer has done every thing in his power to have the laws rigidly enforced; but something is wrong yet. What is it? It must be that either the people or the subordinate officers whose duty it is to see the laws executed in the several parishes of the State, have not done their duty. Perhaps both have failed to come up to the demands which their country has made upon them. One thing is certain, and that is that public sentiment has not yet been properly educated, or such flagrant violations of both moral and civil law would not go unpunished. Whenever every man learns, recognizes and acts upon the principle that it is his duty to do every thing in his power to bring to justice any man, friend or foe, who violates a criminal statute of his country, then will such crimes cease to be committed; and in proportion as they act upon this principle will crime diminish.

Another great defection in our social system is that with a certain class of our population it is considered no dishonor to swear, play cards, get drunk, fail to pay honest debts, or violate almost any of the moral code, but an eternal disgrace to receive the slightest insult without resisting it, and that too by taking life if it can not be safely done otherwise. This is a false idea of honor, and has done a great deal to mislead the young people of our country. The rising generation

should be taught that there is no code of morals better than that contained in the Bible, and that no man is excusable for taking human life except his country, his family or his own life. Our officers also should be held to a strict accountability, and whenever they fail to execute the law promptly and faithfully should be retired as soon as possible to the shades of private life.—Franklin Sun.

### Respectable Robberies.

While the hue and cry is raised against the sneak-thief who, under the protection of darkness, robs your pockets of small change—while the country is under arms to arrest the lawless characters, and mobs hang persons for no other reason than cattle stealing, what punishment should be meted out to the sleek, respectable forger, or a defaulter in a savings bank or insurance company? The hard earnings of the poor are remorselessly taken by these cool, calm, genteel rogues. It is a severe commentary on religion that a large number of the most noted speculators on a large scale were consistent and prominent members of some church. We will not dwell upon that view of the case, but return to a comparison of the criminality of the outlaws and desperadoes with these wholesale, systematic, cold-blooded robbers of widows and orphans.

Can crime be made respectable? Will the juries of the country be restrained or overawed by the influence of friends and relatives and the power of money, when called upon to give a verdict? Will the past high character and reputation for piety excuse these great criminals against society? All these things should aggravate, not extenuate, their punishment.

In nine cases out of ten the desperado is led to shed blood through the effects of whisky. After killing his man, he becomes an outcast and a reckless character. Even then he is in most cases the friend of the orphan and widow and the enemy of the oppressor of the poor. As bad and as desperate as he is, there is always a spark of true manhood in him. So far as respects the professional thief, he is a poor, miserable, insignificant specimen of humanity, incapable of great crimes as well as small virtues. As an enemy to mankind he is not far removed from the animals that depredate upon your store-room or hen-coop.—Fort Worth Standard.

### Sitting Bull.

The military and diplomatic embassy dispatched by the United States Government into the Northwest Territory to treat with that distinguished potentate, Sitting Bull, and to persuade him to enter into amicable relations with this Republic, reached Fort Walsh, after a long and painful journey, and found the Sioux chieftain ready for them. The details of this momentous interview will be valuable to some historian in the next century. Sitting Bull awaited the embassy squat on the dirty floor of a wigwam, wrapped as to his nether person in blankets, and decorated as to his head with a red pocket-handkerchief. In this attitude, mute and meditative, he sat all the night before the conference, while a squaw amused him with occasional howls and groans. He listened to the address of Gen. Terry "with a quiet ironical smile." He smoked industriously during the presentation of the case of the United States, his attendant braves meanwhile fondling their knives and playing with their Winchester rifles. And when the speech was finished, he told the embassy—not in so many words, but we trust, with becoming diplomatic circumlocution—to "go to the devil." There is nothing for Gen. Terry to do but to march home again and get ready for another Indian war whenever it may suit the convenience of Sitting Bull to recross the border. We have no doubt that the distinguished soldier performed his task with all possible tact and dignity; but it does seem as if the United States Government had been in a rather ridiculous position. To treat a handful of wandering savages as an independent nation, and send high officers of the army into the remote wilderness to make treaties with them which we know they will not keep, and they know we will not keep either, is an absurdity which we ought to have outgrown before this time. The Interior Department might have been better occupied in replacing this diplomatic commission to treat on British territory with a runaway outlaw.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Austin Statesman puts the present cotton crop of Texas at 500,000 bales, against 700,000 last year.

### What Winking Caused.

Sanders is a great winker. He can't talk to you two minutes without enforcing his point with a drop of one of his upper eyelids; he never takes a letter out of his office without winking at one of the clerks; he winks when he duns you, and gives you a sly one when he pays a bill. When he meets and greets you on the street it is always with a significant closing of the left eye, and when he has a stunning piece of news to tell you his wink is one of the greatest import. The world moved along smoothly enough with Sanders until last Friday. Up to that time he had gone winking and blinking along peacefully enough, and no clouds had obscured his happiness; but a pall is hanging over Sanders now, and life has no charms for him. Its all his wife's fault, he says. She had no business sending him to a millinery store. She wanted a bow to match one on her hat, and she started Sanders off to procure it. He entered the store whistling, and when one of the shop-girls approached and said "Good morning," he winked and replied "Good morning."

The girl blushed and looked nervous. Sanders displayed the bow and said: "Got anything to match that?" and winked again. The girl vanished to the back room with flaming cheeks, leaving Sanders to stare after her in open-mouthed wonder. In a minute or two the boss milliner, who had been informed of his actions, appeared. She was highly indignant, and as she slammed the door behind she said: "Sir—"

"Good morning madame," said Sanders. "Fine day, ain't it low," and a wink was unconsciously slung at the lady. She bridled up instantly.

"Sir, the conduct—"

"Of that girl?" interrupted Sanders. "Oh, that's all right; never mind her—little bashful, eh?" Another tremendous wink.

"I can not permit such conduct, sir. It is shameful and insulting." "Not at all, not at all," says Sanders, still off the track.

"Don't say another word, we understand each other."

Another portentous wink. The milliner vanishes, slamming the back door behind her, and Sanders sinks into a seat, ejaculating: "Well, I'll be doggoned!"

But he bounced up quick when a gentleman entered, and calling him "an old hippopotamus," proceeded to divest himself of his coat, and squaring off at Sanders, cried out: "Now, then, come on!"

"Why, why, bless me, what does this mean?" said Sanders.

"Oh, yes, you're a nice one, you are. What kind of a place do you take this for, coming around and insulting women and girls with your winks. Come on!" and he danced around Sanders. He got one in on Sanders over the eye; his left duke felt of Sanders' ribs, while his right rattled around all over Sanders' mug, and when he got through with Sanders that individual was as badly demoralized as a pig in a whirlwind, and he never found out what it was all about until the milliner's husband, who had ascertained his habit, called on Sunday and apologized. Sanders shook hands, and it was all right, and was just about to wink again, when he checked himself and said:

"Blame it, I'll swear off from that habit!" and then he turned and winked at the wall to enforce his oath.

### The Memory of Stonewall Jackson.

The tender memory he left behind him in the army, and the stern duty he bequeathed his soldiers, will be told by this little incident. The army of Lee was on its march to Gettysburg, and the commanding General had given strict orders for its discipline in Pennsylvania. An officer riding to camp from Chambersburg, late at night, was halted by the outposts. Having neither pass nor countersign, in his dilemma he bethought him of an old pass in his pocketbook, signed by General Jackson, whose recent death hung like a cloud over the army. He found it, and handed it with confidence to the sentinel. The trusty fellow managed to read it by the light of a match, and as he did so he seemed to linger and hesitate over the signature. And then, as the light went out, he handed it back, and looking up towards the stars beyond, he said, sadly and firmly, "Captain, you can go to heaven on that paper, but you can't pass this pass."

Kerosene applied with a cloth to stores will keep them from rusting during the summer. It is also an excellent material to apply to all iron utensils used about a farm.