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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. 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. Send for Catalogue.
 T. S. SLIGH, Pres't.,
 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 HOMER, commencing on Thursday, July 18th, 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 Fozzle, Gr S; Allen Barthelemy, 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.

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. Duran, R S; Miss Lida Scott, A R S; J. B. Ott, 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.

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, 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 Trouton road. P. O., Homer. Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

MARRIAGE 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 Hig-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

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

JUREY & 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. 32 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

E. Page,

Wholesale Dealers in
PAGE & MORAN,
 Wholesale Dealers
 —IN—
**BOOTS, SHOES, BROGANS,
 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 Slocomb, Baldwin & Co.)
 Dealers in
**Hardware, Steel, Iron and Railroad
 Supplies.**
 CUTLERY, GUNS,
 AGRICULTURAL
 IMPLEMENTS.
 No. 74 Canal, and 94, 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 Satur-
 day mornings of each week, I will
 furnish the people of Homer and surround-
 ing 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 give 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. 16m

Lock and Gun-Smithing,

—BY—
JOSEPH MULLER,
 IN front of Witter's Cabinet Shop, next
 door to S. Y. Gladney's. All work
 executed in the best style with neatness and
 dispatch. Sewing Machines a specialty.
 All work warranted.
 Work not taken out in 30 days will
 be sold to pay charges. 10-1y
 Oct. 24, 1877.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

BY MRS. JENEVERAR M. WINTON.

If I should die to-night,
 My friends would look upon my quiet face
 Before they laid it in its final resting place;
 And deem that death had left it almost fair;
 And laying snow-white flowers against my
 hair.

Would smooth it down with careful tenderness,
 And fold my hands with lingering caress,
 Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
 My friends would call to mind with loving
 thought,
 Some kind deed the icy hand had wrought;
 Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
 Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
 The memory of my selfishness and pride,
 My hasty words, would all be put aside,
 And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
 Even hearts estranged would turn once
 more to me,
 Recalling other days remorsefully:
 The eyes that thrill me with averted glance
 Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
 And soften, in the old familiar way,
 For who could war with dumb, unconscious
 clay?
 So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh! friends, I pray to-night
 Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold
 brow—
 The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
 Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
 My faltering feet are pierced with many a
 thorn.
 Forgive, oh! hearts estranged; forgive, I
 plead!
 When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
 The tenderness for which I long to-night.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Special Correspondence of the GUARDIAN.]
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1877.

The opening of the regular session
 of Congress was a tame affair, and
 had not sufficient attraction to fill
 the galleries. There was no fight
 over a Speaker, the disappointed
 aspirants for various positions wor-
 ried out by the demands of board-
 ing-house keepers, who know just how
 and when to present their bills, had
 returned to their homes to meditate
 upon the uncertainties of life, con-
 soling themselves with the thought
 that Republics are ungrateful. At
 12:45 o'clock the reading of the
 President's message had commenced.
 His views on the silver question and
 resumption was a bombshell in the
 camp of the friends of hard money
 and the anti-resumptionists, as the
 President and the Secretary of the
 Treasury are in full accord upon
 these subjects. The Administration
 may be understood as fully com-
 mitted to a conservative financial
 policy. Civil service in annual
 messages and in party platforms reads
 well, but those who daily see its
 operations are convinced that no
 patent has yet been secured upon
 this new political theorem. The
 President discussed the subject of
 our commercial interests and the
 necessity of enlarging our shipping
 facilities for the export of domestic
 productions. This is the nation's
 open highway to future prosperity,
 and demands the early attention of
 Congress.

The Pacific Railroad Companies
 owe the Government \$64,623,512.
 The Union and Central Pacific are
 fully able to meet their portion of
 this liability. Their net earnings
 last year were \$15,649,697.31, paying
 8 per cent on capital and 6 per cent
 on bonded debt. The net earnings
 of the Northern Pacific were \$533,-
 598.03. The road is now running
 450 miles west of Duluth and 105
 miles east from Tecoma, Washing-
 ton Territory. The net earnings of
 all these roads to the present time
 has exceeded over \$90,000,000. The
 financial views of the message meet
 with general commendation.

'Tis not all gold that glitters. Col.
 J. W. Polk, Doorkeeper of the
 House, finds himself environed in a
 sea of difficulties. Anxious for the
 position, he promised everybody a
 place, and he has fulfilled these
 pledges so faithfully that in seven
 weeks he has drawn an excess of
 \$4,800 more than the total sum
 placed at his disposal. An imme-
 diate stepping down and out will be
 the result. His most formidable
 competitor in the late contest ar-
 rived in town last evening and claims
 the position.

Mr. Harrison, of Illinois, has in-
 troduced a bill to revive the odious
 income tax. Does he propose to
 have the Government give another

turn to the great wheel of mis-
 fortunes that shroud like a pall the
 whole land? Is it so vastly im-
 portant that the Secretary of the
 Treasury shall be able each month
 to report the national debt reduced
 a million or two, from monies wrung
 out of overburdened and struggling
 communities? This generation has
 fully met the demands made upon
 them. The debt should be funded
 in a fifty-year bond at low rate of
 interest, payment to be made in
 future years when our vast domain
 from ocean to ocean shall be the
 homes of other millions.

Judge Humphreys refuses to sur-
 render Senator Patterson to the
 authorities of South Carolina, and
 the Senate will institute a searching
 investigation of the charges against
 him. Meanwhile the Senator has
 an offer of \$2,000 for twenty lec-
 tures, to be delivered in the North-
 ern cities, on the various phases of
 the Southern question.

In the seven weeks of extra ses-
 sion 1,800 bills were introduced,
 printed and referred to committees.
 Two only were passed. Some en-
 thusiast in political economy may
 put the question, Did it pay?

The visitor at the Capitol notes
 the constant changes being made in
 the grounds. The lawns are now
 covered with a thick mat of Ken-
 tucky blue grass.

The death-rate among public jour-
 nals in Washington is most mar-
 vellous. Since 1790 230 newspapers
 have been started and flourished for
 a longer or shorter time. Only 17
 of the list survive, while all the
 others are hidden in the journalistic
 graveyard. In face of this mortality
 a new daily (The Post) and a new
 Sunday paper launch out on the
 unknown (?) future, the former en-
 dorsed by the Democratic members
 of the House.

Secretary Schurz, of the Interior,
 is the subject of all the talk in polit-
 ical circles to-day. He is charged
 with having sent the name of Hoyt,
 to be Indian Commissioner, to the
 Senate without either the knowledge
 or sanction of the President.

THE HEAD OF THE CLASS.

"How do you spell threshold, Aunt
 Katy?" asked Hal, as he came to my
 room just from school.

"Th-r-e-s-h-o-l-d," I answered.

"Good enough," he replied; "but I
 was sure as anything there were
 two h's in it—it sounds so, anyway.
 Poor Jo failed in it to-day, and he
 got down one. He feels awful bad
 about it—you know he's been at the
 head of the class for two weeks."

"Oh, pshaw!" I answered, "I
 wouldn't feel bad over that—I don't
 think it's quite fair to keep at the
 head all the time, and not give any
 one else a chance. Go down and
 ask Jo and the rest to come up here
 and I will tell you a story of some-
 thing that happened in my school-
 life that I remember as well as if it
 were but yesterday."

Willie Fiske was one of the very
 brightest boys in town, and although
 he loved fun as well as any of the
 rest of his mates, yet he was very
 fond of study, and was never quite
 contented until he reached the head
 of the class in which he was.

When he was eleven years old he
 entered the grammar school, and his
 father said at that time, "Willie, if
 you ever get to be the first one of
 the first class in the first division—
 that is, to be at the head of this
 great school—I will give you a gold
 watch."

It looked like a big job; but Wil-
 lie was quite ready to undertake it,
 and answered:

"All right, papa; you can just
 make up your mind to hand over the
 watch by the time I'm fourteen years
 old."

He went to work very much in
 earnest, and as he passed from time
 to time through the different classes,
 and succeeded in keeping at the
 head of them—often for weeks to-
 gether—he began to feel that the
 watch was a pretty sure thing, and
 would imagine how grand he should
 feel to take it out and "tell the fel-
 lers the time of day."

Willie was a very generous boy,
 and was never so happy as when
 sharing some good thing with oth-
 ers. He always defended the small-
 er boys, and if any one was in trou-
 ble he was on hand at once to help
 them out of it. Of course he was a

great favorite with both the boys
 and girls, and no one ever seemed
 to envy him because he had a rich
 father, or because he was so good a
 scholar.

Just as he reached his fourteenth
 birthday he entered the highest
 class in the school. It was now that
 the watch was to be won or lost!

He had not been in the class a
 week before he found that he had a
 rival—a sweet little girl, named
 Flossie Lee. She had just come into
 the school, as her parents had only
 recently moved to our village from
 a distant city, and Flossie, after an
 examination, had been placed in the
 same class with Willie.

Of course she was a stranger to
 us all, but there was something so
 pleasant in her face, and her man-
 ner was so gentle, that if she had
 chosen she could have had hosts of
 friends, but she seemed to prefer to
 keep a good deal by herself. Her
 simple dresses, with the neat ruffles
 in the neck and sleeves, with her
 fresh white aprons that never seem-
 ed to get a spot on them, looked
 very plain beside the stylish suits of
 the other girls. Perhaps she felt
 this, and so kept apart from them.
 But one thing was sure: Flossie was
 at that school to get her education,
 and she knew that she must make
 the most of her time. Her parents
 did not have a great deal of money;
 but as their little girl was a fine
 scholar, they felt that they must
 send her to school as long as they
 could; and Flossie had often told
 them that she "meant to be a teach-
 er and earn lots of money for them."

So you see that, although she did
 not have a gold watch to work for,
 she had something worth a great
 deal more.

And this Flossie Lee was the rival
 Willie had feuded; for she very soon
 skipped over all the others, and took
 her place at the head of the class;
 and it looked as though it was going
 to be a pretty hard task to get her
 out of it.

Quite in despair, one day, Willie
 said to his mamma:

"It's no use trying. I tell you, I
 shall never get higher than number
 two—never! Flossie Lee can't fail.
 But there's one thing about it; if any
 one has got to keep me from getting
 to the head this year, I'd rather it
 would be Flossie than anybody else
 in school, for I like her first rate."

And I guess he did, for many a fine
 pear or bunch of grapes or delicious
 orange did Willie take from his own
 home table, and watch his chance
 to put them into Flossie's modest
 little lunch basket that hung under
 her saccie in the hall of the school,
 "for," as he told his mamma, one
 day, "Flossie never seems to have
 anything but crackers or bread and
 butter for luncheon, and she almost
 always goes off by herself to eat it,
 when all the rest of us are having
 lots of goodies; and I tell you it's
 fun, mamma, to hide and watch her
 eyes shine when she finds the good
 things I've put in! I guess she
 thinks it's some good fairy that puts
 them there, don't you?"

One day, at recess, as a group of
 boys and girls were chatting together
 about a very hard lesson they had
 just been reciting, in which every
 one of the class had failed at least
 once, save Flossie, one of the boys,
 who was rather rough in his way,
 called out:

"Say, Will Fiske, you can bet on
 one thing pretty sure, and that is:
 you'll never get that gold watch as
 long as Flossie Lee's in the class.
 Number one she is and number one
 she will stay!"

"I know that," said Fanny Hunt-
 ley, who never had a perfect lesson
 in her life, "I should think you'd be
 as mad as fire at her, Willie, in-
 stead of doing what I saw you do
 to-day. Who was it put that orange
 into her basket, I should like to
 know, eh?"

"Fore I'd be such a tell tale, Fan
 Huntley," said a bright little girl
 in the group; "if you weren't always
 pecking 'round you wouldn't see so
 much."

"I don't care," answered Willie,
 "I am not ashamed of it. Yes, I did
 put an orange into her basket, and
 I wish I had the chance often, for
 she's good and kind, and I like her
 the best of any girl in school—so
 there, now!" and turning on his
 heel, he called out:

"Come on, fellows, let's have a
 game of hawkey before the bell
 rings;" and in two minutes he had
 forgotten all about it.

No so Flossie, who had heard
 every word. The children had stood
 directly underneath an open window,
 where behind the blinds Flossie had
 been seated eating the orange she
 had found in her basket. The tears
 were in her eyes as Willie turned
 away, but they were more happy
 tears than sad ones. "My good-
 ness!" she exclaimed herself, "then
 it's he that's been putting all these
 good things into my basket; and he
 can't get a gold watch because I

always know my lessons. Oh, I wish
 I could fail!"

She puzzled over it for a long
 time how she could manage to fail
 honestly, for she said to herself, "I
 can never say I don't know if I do,
 when the questions are asked me."

At last she thought of a way. "I
 know how I can do it," she said,
 "day after to-morrow comes our
 geography review of the whole
 United States, and I won't even look
 at it, and then I will never remember
 everything, and I'll surely fail. Then
 Willie will have my place and get
 his watch. Oh, goody, goody! and
 I'll tell mamma and papa all about
 it, so they will know I needn't have
 failed, and I'm sure they will want
 him to get the watch when I tell
 them how good he has been to me."

And so for the first time in months
 Flossie went to school the morning
 of the review lesson, hugging up the
 geography she had not opened. The
 class was called, and Flossie stepped
 quickly to her place.

"Oh dear," thought Willie, "she
 looks so happy I'm sure she knows
 every answer in the lesson; I almost
 wish she wasn't quite so smart."

For a time all went well. Flossie
 couldn't miss on giving the principal
 rivers, when asked; she knew them
 by heart. Questions on the great
 lakes, capes, bays, mountains, had
 to be answered when put to her, be-
 cause her mind would remember
 them in spite of her. At last came
 the capitals of the States.

"Well, Miss Flossie," asked the
 teacher, "will you give us the cap-
 ital of New Mexico?"

For an instant she hesitated, then
 with a look of delight that nobody
 but herself understood, she answered
 "I can't think, truly I can't."

Flossie Lee had failed, and al-