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Professional and business cards, of ten lines or less in length, \$15 per annum; for six months, \$10; for three months, \$7.

Legal advertisements will be charged at legal rates, where fixed by law; otherwise at special rates as published above.

Special notices 20 cents per line. Family notices of less than ten lines, and marriage and religious notices inserted gratis.

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 12th, 1878.

OFFICERS: G. L. Gaskins, Gr. W. P. Miss Mattie Mays, Gr. W. A. W. Lam H. Davidson, Gr. C. Miss Theodora McFarland, Gr. A. C. Max Peardle, Gr. S. A. J. Barksdale, Gr. A. S. John W. McFarland, Gr. E. Miss Fannie Parker, Gr. A. Tr. John A. Miller, Gr. Chap. Edm. Ives, Gr. Smit.

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. J. T. Dorman, R. S. Miss Lida Scott, A. R. S. J. B. Orr, Comd. Miss Kate Simmons, A. C. J. A. Parker, Chap. R. P. Harwell, Sent; E. T. Vaughn, F. S. H. W. Kirkpatrick, Tr.; A. C. Calloun, C. Dy.

Aug. 22, 1877.

John Young, R. T. Vaughn. YOUNG & VAUGHN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Bienville, Jackson, Union, and Iberville, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe. March 15, 1878-1895.

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 Iberville parishes, and before the Supreme Court at Monroe. Aug. 22, 1877.

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.

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.

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.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS. The success of the leading literary paper of the West, THE CHICAGO LEDGER, is truly remarkable. Since its introduction to the reading public, six years ago, THE LEDGER has steadily advanced in favor, and is now acknowledged second to no paper of the kind in the country. Its circulation is national, and has been obtained through the efforts of its publishers to produce a paper of high moral character, and at the same time sell it at a price consistent with the present hard times. That they have succeeded, and well, too, the thousands of readers of THE LEDGER scattered from Maine to Texas and from Oregon to Florida will bear testimony. THE CHICAGO LEDGER is a large forty-eight column weekly paper, which contains stories, both complete and continued, in each number, written by the best authors of the day, and a great variety of information interesting to every one. The subscription price of THE LEDGER is only \$1.50 per year, postage paid, and it is equal in every particular to other papers of the same character which sell for \$1 a year. Three copies of this valuable paper will be sent to any one who sends 10 cents and their address to THE LEDGER, Chicago.

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, FURNITURE AND Plantation Supplies of all kinds.

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

ISAACSON & SIMS, Wholesale Dealers in Family and Plantation Supplies, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 48 Canal and 67 Common sts., New Orleans, La. March 6, 1878.

H. KERN, S. O. S. STIERNE, N. Y. H. KERN & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy & Staple Dry Goods, 104, 106 and 108 Baronne Street, Between Poydras and Perdido Sts., NEW ORLEANS. New York Office, 44 Hudson Street. Feb. 27, 1878.

S. W. RAWLINS, (Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.) Cotton Factor and Commission Merchant, No. 38 Union Street, NEW ORLEANS. Nov. 28, 1877.

E. J. HART & CO., Importers and Wholesale DRUGGISTS, Grocers and Commission Merchants. Stores 73, 75, 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas St. Warehouses 33, 35, 37 and 39 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans. Aug. 22, 1877.

L. C. Jurey, M. Gillis. JUREY & GILLIS, COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Office, No. 194 Gravier Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Aug. 22, 1877.

John Chaffo, Wm. H. Chaffo, Christopher Chaffo, Jr. JOHN CHAFFE & SONS, COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Office, No. 52 Union Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Aug. 22, 1877.

E. Page, P. Moran. PAGE & MORAN, Wholesale Dealers in BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS, Hats, Caps and Trunks, No. 10 Magazine Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Aug. 22, 1877.

JOHN HENRY & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Brogans and HATS, Nos. 121, 123 and 125 Common Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Aug. 22, 1877.

STAUFFER, McREADY & CO., Importers and Dealers in Hardware and Agricultural Implements, No. 71 Canal Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Aug. 22, 1877.

A. BALDWIN & CO., (Successors to Stocomb, 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.

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.

GET YOUR JOB WORK DONE AT THIS OFFICE

DELIRIUM TREMENS. BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come, listen awhile to me, my lad, Come, listen to me for a spell!

Let that terrible drum For a moment be dumb, For your uncle is going to tell

What befell A youth that loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad, And with beauty uncommonly blessed,

He began to decline, And behaved like a person possessed;

I protest The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad, He went to a tavern, one night,

And drinking too much Rum, brandy and such,

The chap got exceedingly "tight;" And was quite

What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snore, my lad; This a horrible slumber he takes—

He trembles with fear, And acts very queer;

My eyes! how he shivers and shakes When he wakes,

And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad, A particular caution to all—

Though no one can see The viper but he— To hear the poor lunatic bawl,

"How they crawl! All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad, Next morning he took to his bed;

And he never got up, To-day or to-morrow,

Though properly physicked and bled; And I read

Next day the poor fellow was dead.

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad,

Of the viper concealed in the grass; But now you must know,

Man's deadliest foe Is a snake of a different class;

Alas! 'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass."

WASHINGTON, CORRESPONDENCE. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1, 1878.

The scenes witnessed before the Senate and House Committees on Patents last Friday recalled to mind the early days when Morse, under great difficulties, was seeking to interest Congress in the construction of the first telegraph—a line between this city and Baltimore.

The master genius of this later occasion was Thomas A. Edison, who sat at the table before the Phonograph, his latest invention, and one that has made his fame world wide.

This young man, just past thirty, has already taken out 158 patents, mostly in telegraphy and electrical apparatus. The committee rooms were filled with Senators, members, and men and women from among the most cultured and scientific in the land.

All eyes were upon the beardless Edison, whose shaggy brown hair stood out at every angle in spite of comb and brush. His eyes of piercing gray looked out from under a high arched forehead, while his prominent nose and nervous fingers suggested the artisan just in from his work shop.

The Phonograph is a cylinder covered with small spiral grooves. At the end is a crank by which it may be turned. The speaking disk or diaphragm rests against the cylinder, and on the outer side is a mouth piece. On the inner side of this a delicate steel point is adjusted so as to follow the grooves as the cylinder revolves. This cylinder is covered with tin foil—the crank is turned, while the inventor talks, sings, shouts and whistles into the mouth piece of the instrument, and the sound waving on the reverse side of the diaphragm or tympanum forces the needle to make impressions upon the tin foil. Reversing the instrument the needle drops into the same points in the groove as the cylinder revolves. These indentations cause sound waves to be given back from the mouth-piece in the exact tones of voice, with their original pathos and intonations, and so distinct that they were distinctly heard by every one in the room.

"Old Uncle Ned" was sung, "Yankee Doodle" whistled, poetry was recited, S. S. Cox made a speech, and when the cylinder was reversed and again set in motion, whistle, speech and poetry all sounds forth clear and distinct. One unbelieving member thought it was ventriloquism and insisted upon Edison's leaving the room, after which he tried the experiment himself, and

leaning back in his chair with a face full of astonishment exclaimed, "I'll be d—d if the thing don't talk."

We should like to tell more of this wonderful inventor and invention, but we must turn now to more practical things. This time the cry comes from the Post-office Department, who report ten thousand post-offices out of registered letter blank, and no money to print any to send them.

That this is inconveniencing the public is shown by the fact that the Department has on file orders for over three million and a half blanks.

The manifest improvement in the business outlook is greatly encouraging all classes. Many banks are paying out specie, and thousands upon thousands of gold is coming into use, thereby greatly increasing the amount of money in circulation.

It is stated that over \$100,000,000 of gold and silver, that has long been hidden out of sight, will now be added to the available capital of the country. This inflation of the currency is a good thing, and will stimulate depressed valuations and give them stability. It makes little difference now whether the "Resumption Act" is repealed or not. Practical resumption has already commenced. FAX.

Edgar A. Poe's Boyish Days in Richmond. Appleton's Journal for May.

Between the years 1822-25 Edgar Poe was a scholar in a well-known Richmond academy. The adopted son and reputed heir of a wealthy Scotchman, the lad—during this period being between thirteen and sixteen years of age, and already well grounded in general education from several years' tuition in England—was enabled to make no mean figure among his fellow students. His memory is still cherished by some of them for his classical attainments, his athletic feats, and for a certain magnetic, rather than sympathetic, influence which he exercised among them. Foremost among those, however, who fell more completely under the spell of his nobler qualities was a little maiden but a year or two younger than himself. Elmira Royster's parents lived near the Allans in Richmond, and in the usual course of events she made the acquaintance of their adopted son. Edgar, she says, "was a beautiful boy; he was not very talkative, and his general manner was sad, but when he did talk his conversation was very pleasant. He was devoted to the first Mrs. Allan, and she to him. Of his own parents he never spoke. I have seen his brother Henry, who was in the navy. He had very few associates, but he was very intimate with Ebenezer Berling, a widow's son, of about the same age as himself. Berling was an interesting, intelligent young man, but somewhat inclined to dissipation. They used to visit our house together very frequently." Berling, it may be mentioned, was to have accompanied Poe when he started for Europe to offer his services to the Greek insurgents, but died before the departure of the poet, who had to journey to Europe alone.

"Edgar," continues the lady, "was warm and zealous in any cause he was interested in, being enthusiastic and impulsive. He had strong prejudices, and hated everything coarse and unrefined. I can still remember him saying to me, when an acquaintance made an unladylike remark, 'I am surprised you should associate with any one who could make such a remark!'"

"He was very generous. He drew beautifully, and drew a pencil likeness of me in a few minutes. He was passionately fond of music."

"It distresses me greatly when I see anything scurrilous written about him. Do not believe a tenth part of what is said. It is chiefly produced by jealousy and envy. I have the greatest respect for his memory."

"Our acquaintance was kept up until he left to go to the University, and during the time he was at the University he wrote to me frequently. But my father intercepted the letters because we were too young for no other reason. I was between fifteen and sixteen when we were engaged. I was not aware that he had written to me from the University until after I was married, when I was seventeen, to Mr. Shelton."

Many years passed by; Mr. Shelton died and left his widow wealthy. Of Poe she lost sight for years. At

last, in the summer of 1849, he returned to the scenes of his childhood, and, again in Richmond, called upon his boyhood's love. Mrs. Shelton thus describes the meeting:

"I was ready to go to church, when a servant entered and told me that a gentleman in the parlor wished to see me. I went down, and was amazed at seeing him (i.e. Poe), but knew him instantly. He came up to me in the most enthusiastic manner, and said, 'Oh! Elmira, is it you?' I told him that I was going to church—that I never let anything interfere with that, and that he must call again."

"When he did call again he renewed his addresses. I laughed; he looked away serious, and said he was in earnest, and had been thinking about it for a long time. When I found out that he was very serious, I became serious also, and told him that he would not take a positive denial he must give me time to consider. He answered, 'A love that hesitated was not a love for him.'"

"But he stayed a long time, and was very pleasant and cheerful. He came to visit me frequently."

"I went with him to the 'Exchange Concert-Room,' and heard him read."

"When he was going away he begged me to marry him, and promised he would be everything I could desire. He said, when he left, that he was going to New York to wind up some business matters, and that he would return to Richmond as soon as he had accomplished that, although he said, at the same time, that he had a presentiment that he should never see me any more."

"I was not engaged to him, but there was a partial understanding."

"He was a gentleman in every sense of the word. He was one of the most fascinating and refined men I ever knew. I never saw him under the influence of wine. I admired him more than any man I ever knew."

Nothing can be added to this history of the poet's first and last love, which the gracious kindness of the lady concerned permits us to use. A week after parting with Mrs. Shelton, Edgar Poe was found unconscious and dying in the streets of Baltimore.

A Pen-Picture of Mrs. Jeff. Davis. A Memphis letter to the Chicago Times contains the following:

"That," whispered my friend, "is Mrs. Jefferson Davis."

I looked in the direction indicated by the slight toss of head and saw a very stout lady conversing in an animated manner with a gentleman at the forward end of the slowly moving street car. I very naturally scanned her closely when I learned that she was the wife of the head of the defunct Confederacy, and the woman known as quite a power behind the throne in the war reign at Richmond. Mrs. Davis is a very intelligent and very amiable-looking woman. She can not weigh less than 200 pounds, which she carries with as much grace as could be expected of such excess of avoirdupois. Her face is round and marked by no striking feature, without it is her mouth, which is large and very expressive. Her hair is worn plain, and its glossy blackness is streaked with gray. When a smile is playing around her mouth, the face is rather a sadly composed one. She wore a long cloak of thin cloth over a black merino dress made in a simple but stylish manner. As she sat there chatting with her companion she impressed me more as a kind-hearted, good-natured and exceedingly affable woman than any other apparent characteristic.

"So she is, and is very much liked, particularly by young people, for whom she has quite a penchant," replied my friend, as I gave expression to the opinion formed.

"That young man conversing with her is a struggling young lawyer who is one of her pets; a bright, generous sort of fellow. Few people fail to like Mrs. Davis, though I've heard ladies object to her free and easy sort of treatment. Large!" he continued, "yes, decidedly. Quite a contrast to Mr. Davis, who is as thin as a lath, and looks very old and broken. No, he is not in the city. He is down on the Gulf now writing his history of the war."

I sat studying pleasantly that kindly smiling face as the street-car mule trotted lazily along in the afternoon sunshines.

On Vance St. at Mrs. Davis's companion stopped the car and the pair moved out. As the car waited on the switch for another to pass I saw them go up the stone walk to a neat, new brick residence, upon the stone porch of which sat a lady and gentleman in that affectionate pose which indicates the yet young state of marriage.

"Mrs. Davis's daughter and son-in-law," said my friend. The gentleman had a remarkably regular face, fresh and rosy complexion, soft blue eyes, and a drooping mustache of gold. A handsome, gentlemanly fellow, I mused, and turned to the young lady, who arose to greet her mother. Here was a dark, olive face, wearing a shy, gentle look, with which her graceful, slender form was in keeping. I saw her extend her hand with a frank, welcoming smile to her mother's companion as the car moved on.

The son-in-law, I learned from my friend, is J. Addison Hayes, a young man generally liked in Memphis, and Cashier of the State National Bank of this city. He took to his wooing only his handsome face, good business sense, and soft, gentle manners. He is not rich, and I understand, has a mother and sister whom he also supports. The match was certainly a love match on both sides, and met with the hearty approval of both Mr. and Mrs. Davis, whose respect for the high moral character of Addison Hayes is shared by all who know him.

Their house is a pretty brick residence, the bridal present of Mrs. Davis, who in Mr. Davis's absence resides with her children. Death invaded the little household last spring and took away the first infant grand-child, Jefferson Davis Hayes. Mrs. Davis has two other children, one a miss of 16 now at school in Germany, whither Mrs. Davis took her last summer, and the other a young man now in Memphis, Jefferson Davis, Jr. He is about 22 years of age, but does not inherit his father's talent, though his mother's amiability finds its reflection in him. He has her large, not handsome face, and is an awkward, loquacious, good-natured sort of an overgrown boy. He is generally liked among the young men of Memphis, who speak of him as "a good kind of a fellow." He has been employed in a cotton house of Memphis, which, by closing out business, has thrown young Jeff out of a job just now. He prides himself on his skill with the gloves, and "is not a bit stuck up."

The Davis family is comparatively poor now, and Mrs. Davis frequently alludes to "our poverty" in a jocular way. The whole family moves modestly and unostentatiously in the society of this city. They are Episcopalians in faith, and the rector of the church which Mrs. Davis attends is a late Colonel of Federal artillery, Rev. Charles C. Parsons. In Mrs. Davis and her family he finds as warm friends as his parish contains. One does not hear much of the family here, but no member of it, I find, is ever spoken of with aught but words of regard and respect.

A Perfect Woman. A wife-seeking, methodical youth, who has occasionally escorted a young lady home on Sunday evenings and gone in for supper, after performing both services last Sunday night, suddenly said to her: "Do you talk in your sleep?" "Why, no," she answered in surprise. "Do you walk in your sleep?" he next inquired. "No, sir." He moved his chair an inch closer and with increased interest asked: "Do you snore?" "No," she hastily replied, looking uneasily at him. At this reply his eyes fairly sparkled. His lips eagerly parted and, as he gave his chair another hitch, he briskly inquired: "Do you throw the combings of your hair in the basin?" "What?" she asked, with a blank face. He repeated the question, although with increased nervousness. "No, I don't," she answered in some haste. Again his chair went forward, while his agitation grew so great that he could scarcely maintain his place upon it as he asked, "Do you clean the comb when you have done?" "Of course I do," she said, staring at him with all her might. In an instant he was on his knees before her with hands outstretched. "I love you," he passionately cried. "I give my whole heart up to you. Love me and I shall be your slave. Love me as I love you, and I will do every thing on earth for you. Oh, will you take me to be your lover, your husband, your protector, your every thing?"

It was a critical moment for a young woman of her years, but she was equal to the emergency, as a young woman generally is, and accepted him.—Louis State Register.

ENVY is the most inexhaustible of all the passions. Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for a while; the appetite may be satisfied; and anger melts; hatred lasts an end, envy never ceases.