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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, Provt., 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 Wednesday, July 17th, 1878.

OFFICERS: G. L. Gaskins, Gr W P; Miss Mattie Mays, Gr W A; Adlan H Davidson, Gr C; Miss Theodora McFarland, Gr A G; Max Feazle, Gr S; Allen Parksdale, Gr A S; John W. McFarland, Gr Tr; Miss Fannie Parker, Gr A Tr; John A. Miller, Gr Chap; Edm. 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. 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.

LUMBER AND GRIST MILL.

The undersigned will continue to run the MORELAND MILL and GIN, and as a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore given. They intend, by strict attention to business, to merit favor and to give satisfaction.

Lumber at mill, rough, per 100 feet, \$1 00
" dressed, " " " 1 30
Delivered in Homer, " " " 25
When bills are not paid on presentation, 25 cents per hundred will be added.

T. H. MORELAND, J. W. McFARLAND, 291ly
Doc. 29, 1877.

John Young, R. T. Vaughn.

YOUNG & VAUGHN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Jackson, Bienville, Lincoln and Union, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe. March 13, 1878—30ly

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

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

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. 1y

ISAACSON & SIMS, Wholesale Dealers in Family and Plantation Supplies, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 48 Canal and 67 Common sts., New Orleans, La. March 6, 1878. 293m

H. KERN, S. O. S. STERN, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy & Staple Dry Goods, 101, 106 and 108 Baronne Street, Between Poydras and Perdido Sts., NEW ORLEANS. New York Office, 41 Hudson Street. Feb. 27, 1878. 29y

S. W. RAWLINS, (Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.) Cotton Factors and Commission Merchant, No. 38 Union Street, NEW ORLEANS. Nov. 28, 1877. 151y

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 Chaffie, Wm. H. Chaffie, Christopher Chaffie, Jr. JOHN CHAFFIE & SONS, COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Office.....No. 52 Union Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

E. Page, P. Moran, PAGE & MORAN, Wholesale Dealers BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS, Hats, Caps and Trunks. No. 19.....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 91, 93 and 95 Common Sts. 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

GET YOUR JOB WORK DONE AT THIS OFFICE

POOR BUT PROUD. BY WILL S. HAYS.

"Mamma, I'm going out to-day."
"That's right, don't think of me—While I do all the kitchen work. You're at the matinee. My aged limbs now ache with pain. I can't stand on my feet. But that's no matter—while I work, You gallop on the street."

Yes! Go it while you're young, my dear, And run from store to store. As if your pocket book was full, Nobody knows we're poor. You 'skip out' in your walking dress And jaunty hat to roam, Don't matter if we're nearly starved And have to stay at home.

I know you cannot work, my dear, It is not fashion's rule. We made a lady out of you By sending you to school. You learned 'too much' of 'vanished life'—Of fashion's fickle race—They've taught you that you might believe That poverty's disgrace.

Yes! you go out, my pretty pet, Ripped up in fashion's gears. You needn't care how poor we are, Nor for your mother's tears; We'll try to live from hand to mouth, 'Till wrapped up in a shroud, To leave behind in this vain world, A girl that's poor but proud.

If you, perchance, should have a bean, And he should call on you, You needn't tell him 'how we're fixed'—Oh, no! that wouldn't do. If he's got money—wears good clothes—He'll buy you for his wife; Then pa and ma will have you both. To take care of for life.

Your path will then be one of thorns; No flowers bloom to wave, Beneath your feet as you go down The dark road to the grave—The road your mother never went; Your father never crossed—While shame will write the epitaph Upon your tombstone, 'Lest!'

RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING.

Jud. Brownin's Glowing Description of the Great Musician's Performance on the "Planner."

"Jud, they say you heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York."
"I did, in the cool."
"Well, tell us about it."
"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."
"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, cattycorndest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was heisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd tore the intire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"
"You bet he did; but don't inter-rupt me. When he first set down he 'peard to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wight he hadn't came. He tweedle-lee'd a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle'd some on the base—just feelin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s'l, 'what sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a caudy eye."

"Now, I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other I'd—"
"But my neighbor says, 'Heish!' very impatient."

"I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep of day. The light come faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell on the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day light; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was good breakfast in every house in the land, and a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'."

"And I says to my neighbor, 'That's music, that is.'"
"But he glard at me like he'd like to cut my throat."
"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of grey mist come over things. I got lowspirited d'rectly. Then a silver

rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the vally. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not-cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music book, and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shown on the grave-yards, and some few ghosts lifted up their hands and went over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees a splendid marble house rose up, with fine ladies in the lift-up windows, and men that loved em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who better than the men with the guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing left in the world to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without bein' miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a snivilin', and its no body's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me as mad as Tucker. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped and rard, he tipped and tar'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hit up my head, ready to look any man, in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He hit into them keys like a thousand of brick, he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a goin', and able to stand it no longer, I jumped onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, my Rubie!"
"Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me, and shouted 'Put him out! put him out!'"
"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. 'Teach me it you dare! I paid my munny, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

"With that, several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die."

"He had changed his tune agin'. He hopt-light ladies and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the keyboard. He played soft, low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from world's end to world's end, and all the angels went to prayer. * * * Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drip, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetn'd with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't inter-rupt me!"

He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stompt on her shamefully. She belowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the

low grounds of the base, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the troble into the clouds; whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambrie needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but shadows of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crossed over first gentleman' he crossed over first lady, he balanced to parts, he chassaded right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double and twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-seven thousand bow notes.

"By jings! it was a mixety. And then he wouldn't let the pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, sieg guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle sized guns, round shot, shell, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, livin' battery and bombs a'goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceilin' came down, the sky split, the ground rockt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Mary Ann, hallelujah, Samson, in a simmon tree, Jerussal'm, Tump Thompson in a tumble cart, ruddle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—roetle-ettle-ettle—p-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang! p-er lang! p-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang!

"With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'."

"When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin'. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, 'Hot music on the half-shell for two!' I pintedly did."

The "Big Muddy."

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

The dust blows out of the Missouri river. It is the only river in the world where the dust blows in great columns out of the river bed. The cat-fish come up to the surface to sneeze. From the great wide-stretching sandbars on the Kansas shore great columns of dust and sand, about 2001 feet high, come whirling and sweeping across the river and hide the town, and sweep through the train and make everything so dry and gritty that a man can light a match on the roof of his mouth. The Missouri river is composed of six parts of sand and mud and four parts of water. When the wind blows very hard it dries the surface of the river and blows it away in clouds of dust. It is just dreadful. The natural color of the river is seal brown, but when it rains for two or three days at a time and gets the river pretty wet, it changes to a heavy iron gray. A long rain will make the river so thin it can easily be poured from one vessel into another, like a cocktail. When it is ordinarily dry, however, it has to be stirred with a stick before you can pour it out of anything. It has a current of about twenty-nine miles an hour, and perhaps the largest acreage of sand-bars to the square inch that was ever planted. Steamboats run down the Missouri river. So do newspaper correspondents. But if the river is not fair to look upon, there is some of the grandest country on either side of it, the sun ever shone upon. How such a river came to run through such a paradise is more than I can undersand.

The sermon of the best preacher in the world will not make as much impression upon a congregation as the sudden pattering of rain on the window-panes of a church containing 200 new spring bonnets.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir, you generally expanded them."

The Texas Governorship.

Hubbard and Throckmorton have been running "nip and tuck" in the race for the majority of the delegates to the Texas Democratic State Convention. Sometimes one is ahead and sometimes the other. The last county gives Throckmorton 300, Hubbard 283, Lang 51, uninstructed 477, with a number of counties still to hold their primary conventions. We believe that either Hubbard or Throckmorton will be nominated on the first or second ballot.

We do not see any chance for a third man to come in. Lang having developed so little strength it is easy for the Hubbard and Throckmorton men to combine and cause the lowest candidate on each ballot to be dropped on the next. The two thirds rule might let in some one else, but both Hubbard and Throckmorton, being interested in keeping out all such, they have the power, by combining, to declare that the candidate having the majority of the convention shall be nominated.

We, of course, are not supposed to take sides in this friendly contest between two leading men of our sister State for the highest office in the gift of her people. We are pleased to hear, however, that whichever of these two shall receive the coveted prize, he will be well worthy of it. Gov. Hubbard has made an able chief magistrate. Gov. Throckmorton also filled the office ably, until he was removed by a Federal popinjay in a blue uniform for being an "impediment to reconstruction."

If Texas continues to grow in wealth and population in the same ratio as now—and we are sure she will—in twenty years her chief magistracy will be almost as difficult to fill, and will be an office of almost as much dignity, as the Presidency of the United States was twenty years ago. It is a laudable ambition, therefore, in her able men to be numbered among her Governors.—Shreveport Standard.

He was Trespassing.

She was a young lady from Duck-water and had enjoyed her visit to the Base Range metropolis immensely. She was pretty, piquant, and one of our well known gallants had done his level best to make it pleasant for her during her stay. The exciting cause of the following was an attempt on his part to snatch a kiss from her pouting lips. Then she rose in all the dignity of offended maidenhood and said: "See here, mister, jest don't set 'em too fresh. You've done the handsome thing in circles, ice cream, candy and sich, but you can't take no liberties. My Jake, out to the creek, he's got a quit-claim deed to the premises, and don't you forget it. You can't squat on his location, and you had better hunt for a quarter section in some other direction, where you can get a better title and gather your own crop." The young man recognized the force of her argument and hunted.—Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.

No intelligent man who has, even in the most casual manner, read the evidence before the Potter committee, can for a moment doubt but the Louisiana and Florida returns were manipulated by a set of knaves, in the pay of Sherman, Matthews, Chandler and the leading members of the party of high moral ideas. Nor do such men doubt but the electoral vote of both states should, by right, have been cast for Mr. Tilden. The proposition is too plain to require argument.

That Sherman gave a letter to Weber and Anderson, promising them food from the public crib if they would continue to be faithful servants of the Republican party, is a fact so clearly established that no man with the brains of a pea-fowl doubts Anderson's story. Of course the unscrupulous members of the party keep up a show of denial and profess to believe that no such letter was ever written, but in their hearts they are positive the letter was as they could be of any other well-established fact.—Shreveport Times.

"A pain forgotten is a pain cured," is a proverb we have never heard, but we think it would be a good one. We know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them make a never failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting after a time. If the purpose of such conversation is to obtain sympathy it certainly fails of its object. When one is really suffering, a regard for the feelings of friends would cause one to be very careful not to talk about it unnecessarily; for what is more distressing than to witness pain which one has no power to alleviate, and to be continually reminded of sorrows which can not be assuaged?