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August 22, 1877.

**HOMER MASONIC FEMALE INSTITUTE.**  
 Nineteenth Annual Session begins Sept. 4th, 1877

**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. See for Catalogue.

T. S. SLIGH, A. M. Pres.,  
 Homer, Claiborne parish, La.,  
 July 17, 1878.

**TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.**  
 Home 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. F. Dorman, R. S.; Miss Lida Scott, A. R. S.;  
 J. B. Orr, 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.

**Dr. J. L. AVENYTT, Dentist,**  
 HOMER, LA.

PERFORMS all Dental Operations at reasonable prices. Makes Artificial Teeth a specialty. Persons wishing my services in the country will please leave orders at Gill's store. Persons whom I have put my teeth for all over the country during the past fifteen years.

May 22, 1878.

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—30y.

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.

**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 2 miles southeast of Homer, on Trenton road. P. O., Homer.

Aug. 22, 1877.

**LUMBER AND GRIST MILL.**

THE undersigned will continue to run the MORELAND MILL and GIN, and ask a continuance 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,  
 Dec. 29, 1877.

Wm. S. Reed, D. G. Tutt  
**D. G. TUTT & CO.,**  
 FLOUR, Provision and Grain Dealers,  
 and Wholesale Grocers,

Manufacturers' Agents for Virginia Tobacco, and Agents for the STANBURY COTTON MILLS, of Carrollton, Miss.,  
 504 North Main Street, ST. LOUIS,  
 July 10, 1878.

**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.

**LOEB, GUMBEL & SIMON,**  
 IMPORTERS OF  
 FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS,  
 No. 7 Magazine Street,  
 NEW ORLEANS.

July 10, 1878.

H. KEEN, S. O. S. STERNE, S. Y.  
**H. KERN & CO.,**  
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
 Fancy & Staple Dry Goods,  
 104, 106 and 108 Baronne Street,  
 Between Poydras and Perdido Ste.,  
 NEW ORLEANS.

New York Office, 44 Hudson Street.  
 Feb. 27, 1878.

**S. W. RAWLINS,**  
 (Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.)  
 Cotton Factors 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 93, 95, 97 and 99 Tchoupitoulas  
 street, New Orleans.  
 Aug. 22, 1877.

L. C. Jurey, M. Gillis,  
**JUREY & GILLIS,**  
 COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL  
 COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
 Office..... 194 Gravier 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 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.

**McSTEAD & VALUE,**  
 Wholesale Dealers in  
 FOREIGN and DOMESTIC  
 DRY GOODS,

98 Canal Street, and 125 Common Street,  
 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.

**THE STORY A SHELL TOLD.**

I held the pink-lipped shell to my ear,  
 And it murmured soft and low,  
 A melody in a sweeter strain  
 Than human voice could know,  
 And sad as the moaning of an autumn  
 wind,  
 On the sigh of a river's flow:

"My soul is full of a story told  
 By a river that journeyed down  
 Through valley and quiet meadow land,  
 And many a stately town,  
 And sang of the flowers and vines and  
 trees  
 And the great rocks mossed and brown.

"But she stopped her singing, and sobbed,  
 one night,  
 While the rain went down from the sky,  
 As if it pitted her sorrow so,  
 It would give her sympathy;  
 While she told of a quiet forest nook,  
 She ever went softly by;

"For the trees bent over with long green  
 arms,  
 To give her a blessing of love,  
 And up through shadows cool she saw,  
 Where the sky arched far above,  
 And the fleecy cloudlets moved across  
 Like a sail or a snowy dove—

"A youthful face, with a golden frame  
 Of waving, shiny hair,  
 And bright grey eyes, in a fringe of black,  
 And a forehead broad and fair,  
 Leaned over the river's edge one day,  
 And laughed at its image there.

"The river carried the picture fair,  
 For many and many a year,  
 Till it came again—a man's face then—  
 With the bright eyes dull and bleak,  
 And all wild-fleeced, and all accursed,  
 With a slavish look of fear.

"Then a few months after, it came once  
 more,  
 All haggard with guilt and shame;  
 Then a curse and a shot and a prayer were  
 heard,  
 And the curse and the prayer were the  
 same:

"And the light burned out of the sin-sick  
 eyes,  
 Like a quivering, smoldering flame?"

So the river carried the memory  
 Of the faces, one in three,  
 And told the tale as a secret  
 To the restless heart of the sea;  
 And the tinted shell of the mantel  
 Brought back the story to me.

**Sleepy David; or, the Yankee Racer.**

The following story, extracted from a "Yankee among the Nullifiers," purports to be told to the author by a South Carolinian:

The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too cute for us in every thing except horse-flesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse Southron for a purse of two thousand dollars. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short, he was the best horse at that time in all Carolina. There were, to be sure, two other horses, and very fine ones, too, entered against him; but they were no touch to Southron and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment, when who should come along but a Yankee with a tin-cart. He had the shabbiest, worst-looking horse you ever set your eyes on. He was as lean, slab-sided, crooked-legged, rough-haired, milk and molasses colored son of a gun as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact, his owner called him Sleepy David. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the peddler, whose exterior corresponded marvellously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zaddock Barker, to the astonishment of all intimidated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

"Your horse!" exclaimed I; "what! that sleepy-looking chap there? You'd better enter him for the turkey-buzzards."

"Not's you know on, mister," returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit. "To be sure, the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him Sleepy David; but he's an all-jotted smart horse for all that. He's like a singed cat, a darned sight better than he looks. I should like tar-nation well to try him against some of your Carolina horses. To be sure, I didn't come all the way from home on purpose, but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it so as to kill two birds with one stone; for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a plucky good spec. But I had to hurry on like the nation to git here in season, and that's one reason my boss looks so kind of shabby and out of kilter this morning. But for all that he'll perform like day's work, I tell you."

Supposing that he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him be gone, and not trouble me with his Yankee palaver.

"Why, mister," said he, "this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk or let it alone, just as he can afford. Now, I've taken a

good deal of pains to git here this morning in order to run Sleepy David against some of your Southern bosses. I ain't a joking, sir; I'm in earnest. I understand there's a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazingly to pick it up."

"You talk of picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of a carrion of yours! Away with you, and don't trouble us any further."

"Well, if I can't run, then I s'pose I can't; but it's darned hard, anyhow, for a man to take so much pains as I have to come to the races, and then can't be allowed to run, arter all."

"It's too late now; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you plunk the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet."

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea he could command a fourth of the sum required.

"How much might the entrance-money be?" said he, drawing out a purse containing a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper. "If it ain't more'n a quarter of a dollar or so, I'll plunk it on the nail."

"It is two-hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed the Yankee. "By gaully, what a price! Why, they axed me only a quarter of a dollar to see the elephant and the whole caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! Why, you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load of tin-ware, hoss, wagon and all, wouldn't fetch that. But, mister, don't you think I could get in for ten dollars?"

"Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes."

We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge, and asked if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy-five, then a hundred; and, finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it, provided he could find any one to loan him the money, for which he offered to pawn his wagon-load of notions and Sleepy David to boot.

He asked one, then another, to accommodate him with the loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse the money should be returned, and he would give a dozen tin whistles in the bargain. He, however, got more curses than coppers, until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and likid to see the sport go on, loaned him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice, though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him, and was merely playing the 'possum all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle; here, also, he was accommodated; and, taking Sleepy David from the tin-cart, he scrambled upon his back and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit so awkwardly in all your life. Everybody said he would fall before he had gone a hundred yards; and some, out of compassion, urged him to withdraw.

"Not by a darned sight," exclaimed he; "why, do you think I'm such a darned fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then not run arter all?"

Others, who wanted to see the sport, though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed, saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt but he would carry off the purse.

"That's what I mean to do," said he. "I hain't come here for nothing, I can tell you.—Wake up here, Sleepy David, and look about you; you must have your eyes open to-day; it's no time to be snoozin' when there is money at stake."

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, opened his eyes and pricked up his ears, actually showing a little more sign of life.

The signal was now given to start. Away sprang Southron, with the speed of lightning, and away sprang the other Southern horses, leaving Sleepy David far in the rear, and the peddler surging from side to side as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along with his tail clinging close to his haunches and his nose stuck out straight before him; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

But they improved as they proceeded; the peddler sat more jockey-like, and the horse evidently gained upon the others. But it would not do. He came in at least half a mile behind Southron, and a little less behind the others.

It was now thought the Yankee had got enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next

heat. Contrary to all expectations, however, he persevered, and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool," said one. "He don't know which side his bread is buttered," said another, "or else he would not risk any more money at so desperate a stake."

"He's safe enough there," said a third, "for he has no more to risk."

Here, however, everybody was mistaken again, for the peddler hauled out an old greasy pocket-book, and plunked the one thousand dollars. It was covered, of course. But I confess I now began to feel staggered, and to suspect the Yankee was, after all, more knave than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. Southron was not a horse to be distanced in one day, especially by such a miserable-looking thing as Sleepy David.

The second heat was now commenced; and if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse, Southron, that superiority was strengthened as I again saw him coming in ahead of all the rest. I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket—when, lo and behold! the peddler's horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward as if he had been kicked on end, and stretching his neck like a crane, won the heat by barely a head.

Everybody was astonished. "That horse must be the devil himself," said one. "I was sure he would play you some Yankee trick before he had got through," said another. Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee in the meantime, offered to plunk another thousand dollars; but nobody would take the bet. And it was well they didn't; for at the third heat Sleepy David not only distanced every horse, but even came in a full quarter of a mile the lead of Southron himself.

"There, by gaully," said the Yankee, as he dismounted; "I'll take that little purse, if you please, and the other cool thousand dollars. I knew well enough that your Southern horses couldn't hold a candle to Sleepy David."

Gen. L. Pope Walker, who was first Confederate Secretary of War, delivered an address in Madison, Ala., the other day, in the course of which he said: "Our duty is to change the current of our thoughts and the pursuits of our industry. Do not cease to raise cotton, which, though not king, is yet a great power in the commerce of the world, but do other things besides. Cultivate the faculties of invention. Give to mechanic arts their due place in the roll of honorable pursuits. Make all labor respectable by honoring the true worker in every vocation."

No people yet were ever truly great who had but one industry, for it is the cultivation of but a single faculty. Agriculture is the most primitive of all the occupations of man, and, although one of the noblest vocations, with capacity for the highest mental power, and the basis of individual and national wealth, our plodding pursuit of it has reduced it to an established system of never-corrected blunders. The ways of our fathers are the ways of their children. Change may be written on all things else, but progress finds no favor here. We delve and dig, and plow and hoe in this age of prodigious activities, when all the inventive forces lie obedient to our command, much as our forefathers delved and dug, and plowed and hoed a century ago. Of all the States of the Union, Alabama is richest in manufacturing capabilities. She has illimitable water-power, measureless fields of coal and iron lying in conjugal proximity, as if so placed by the hand of nature to work together for the enrichment, the civilization, and the glory of man. But they are dead agencies until human hands shall put them in motion. Let us, then, not altogether forgetting the past—for sacred memories are often the incentives to noble deeds—turn our faces resolutely to the future, with a determination to develop and utilize these vast possessions by diversifying our labor, making it uniform, and yet homogeneous. Diversity is not antagonism. The man who manufactures cotton is the friend and not the foe of the man who raises it. The man who perforates the earth and disembowels its minerals works in harmony with the man who cultivates its surface and makes green pastures for lowing herds or browsing sheep. It is in this way, and not otherwise, that our people can recover their lost prosperity."

An apprentice to a Danbury undertaker was at a party the other evening. He had the enthusiasm peculiar to one new in a business. The young lady who sat beside him took occasion to observe that we were having very warm weather. "Dreadfully hot," he promptly rejoined, with the air of a man who knew perfectly well what he was talking about. "It's almost impossible to keep a body over night without a plenty of ice. You'd be surprised," he added, with animation, "to see how quick they turn."—Danbury News.

Perhaps the most soul-harrowing scene that ever took place at a gaming table, transpired at a public house in Port au Prince some years ago. Several parties were waiting about the room for the game to commence. Among the crowd of loiterers was a Captain St. Every, a noted gamester, deadly duelist and well-known man of pluck.

Some one spoke up, "Who'll play?"

"I will," said the captain of a French frigate which had arrived in the harbor, and seizing a dice-box, threw to win or lose the amount of a small sum of money which lay on the table. He was ignorant of the stake to be played for.

"Monsieur Commandant, you have won," said Captain St. Every, pushing towards him several piles of gold.

Astounded at the sight of so much wealth, the captain drew back, saying: "Gentlemen, I should be wanting not only in common honesty, but even in good manners, were I to appropriate the sum, the winning of which I never expected in the least degree, for I thought I was playing for the trifling stake lying on the table. I cannot, therefore, take the enormous sum as my own by right."

"Sir," said Captain St. Every, "you must take it, for if you had lost, you would have been obliged to pay the same sum."

"You are mistaken, sir, if you think so. I do not conceive my honor endangered in reference to paying a debt of honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept so large a sum which I never expected to win."

"Monsieur le Commandant!" shrieked Captain St. Every, raising his voice to the highest pitch, "if you had lost you should have paid; I would have made you do so!"

This was fire to the gunpowder, intended to provoke a challenge, and it accomplished its purpose.

"Sir," said Captain St. Every, "I do not wish to take any advantage of you which my acknowledged ability in the use of the sword and pistol gives me, so I offer you terms of equality. Bring here a pistol at once, load it, and the chances of the dice shall determine which shall blow the other's brains out."

"Agreed," said the nothing daunted frigate commandant.

A shock of horror ran through the veins of the assembled crowd at the barbarity of the blood-curdling af-

fair. Some shrank from the room, others more hardened in the sights of horror, crowded near the gaming table, perfectly cognizant of the desperate character of St. Every, and inwardly lauding the bravery of the unknown.

Each party examined the pistols. The naval captain first threw the fatal dice.

He threw eleven.

"A good throw," said St. Every, holding for a moment his own; "the chances are now in your favor, but listen: if it turns out as it appears to me it will, that fortune favors you and not me, I wish neither mercy nor pity, as I should think either a coward who would spare the other."

"Sir, I need not your impertinent remonstrances to back me neither now nor at any time," replied the commandant.

St. Every took the box and threw fifteen.

The company were paralyzed with horror.

M. le Commandant arose. "Your life belongs to me, sir," said Captain St. Every, throwing down the dice on the table.

"Fire, sir!" said the commandant, placing his hand on his heart; "an honest man is never afraid to—"

St. Every's ball scattered the brains and blood of the unlucky commandant over the clothes and person of the bystanders, as his lifeless body fell to the