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

**Dr. J. L. AVERY, 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.

REFERENCES—Persons whom I have put up teeth for all over the country during the past fifteen years.  
May 22, 1878. 40:6m

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—30:y

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. 1:y

**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. 1:y

**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. 1:y

**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. 1:y

**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. 20:1y

**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 19, 1878. 47:6m

**RAGLAND'S**  
**Livery, Sale and Feed Stable,**  
South side Public Square,  
HOMER, LA.  
Single Feed, 25  
Horse Hire, per day, 1 50  
Horse and Buggy, " " " 3 00  
2 Horse Hack and Driver " 4 00

FIRST CLASS white hostler of long experience in constant attendance day and night. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
jy17:48:3m

**Beef, Pork and Mutton.**  
I GIVE NOTICE NOW, THAT FROM this date until further notice, I will have meat at the market house in Homer, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.  
My meat will be of the best quality, nicely dressed and as cheap as can be sold in this market. Will open regularly three times a week with the beginning of the season.  
THOMAS D. KINDER.  
May 8, 1878. 38:

**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. 1:y

**LOEB, GUMBEL & SIMON,**  
IMPORTERS OF

**FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS,**  
No. 7 Magazine Street,  
NEW ORLEANS.  
July 10, 1878. 47:y

H. KERN, S. O. S. STERN, S. Y.  
**H. KERN & CO.,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Fancy & Staple Dry Goods,**  
104, 106 and 108 Baronne Street,  
NEW ORLEANS.  
New York Office, 41 Hudson Street.  
Feb. 27, 1878. 28:y

**S. W. RAWLINS,**  
(Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.)  
**Gallon Factae and**

**Commission Merchant,**  
No. 38 Union Street,  
NEW ORLEANS.  
Nov. 28, 1877. 15:1y

**E. J. HART & CO.,**  
**Importers and Wholesale**

**DRUGGISTS,**  
**Grocers and Commission**

**Merchants.**  
Stores 73, 75, 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.  
Warehouses 23, 25, 27 and 29 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

L. C. Jurey, M. Gillis.  
**JUREY & GILLIS,**  
COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL

**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
Office, 194 Gravier Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

John Chaffe, Wm. H. Chaffe,  
Christopher Chaffe, Jr.  
**JOHN CHAFFE & SONS,**  
COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL

**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
Office, No. 92 Union Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

E. Page, P. Moran.  
**PAGE & MORAN,**  
Wholesale Dealers

**BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS,**  
**Hats, Caps and Trunks,**  
No. 10 Magazine Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

**JOHN HENRY & CO.,**  
Wholesale Dealers in

**Boots, Shoes, Brogans and**

**HATS,**  
Nos. 121, 123 and 125 Common Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

**STAUFFER, McREADY & CO.,**  
Importers and Dealers in

**Hardware and Agricultural**

**Implements,**  
No. 71 Canal Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

**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. 1:y

**McSTEAD & VALUE,**  
Wholesale Dealers in

**FOREIGN and DOMESTIC**

**DRY GOODS;**  
98 Canal Street, and 125 Common Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1:y

**SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.,**  
Importers and Jobbers, in

**Hardware, Cutlery, Guns**

**THE BURNING LAMP.**  
Say, is your lamp burning, my brother!  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Straight, straight is the road; but I falter,  
And oft I shall fall by the way.  
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,  
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you,  
Who follow wherever you go.  
If you thought that they walked in the  
shadow,  
Your lamp would burn brightly, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble,  
They fall on the rocks, and they lie  
With their white pleading faces turned up-  
ward  
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

If once all the lamps that are lighted  
Should steadily blaze out in line  
Wide over the earth and the ocean,  
What a girle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would lighten;  
How the mist would roll up and away;  
How the earth would laugh out in their  
gladness,  
And hail the millennial day.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother!  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beams would fall bright upon me.  
[A Colored Man, in the Boston Congrega-  
tionalist.]

**ONE PERFECT DAY.**  
Midway about the circle of the year  
There is a single perfect day that lies  
Supremely fair before our careless eyes.  
After the splashes of floral bloom appear,  
Before is found the first dead leaf and scree,  
It comes, precursor of the Autumn skies,  
And crown of Spring's endeavor. Till it  
dies

We do not dream the flawless day is here,  
And thus, as on the way of life we speed,  
Mindful of the joys we hope to see,  
We never think, "These present hours ex-  
ceed"

All that have been or that shall ever be;  
Yet somewhere on the journey we shall stay  
Backward to gaze on our midsummer day.  
[A. B. Sexton in Scribner.]

**"Call a Man."**

A plain, unassuming bashful young man was John Eldred, living with his mother on a good farm, left him by his father, who was dead. They were in excellent circumstances, and John was as happy as a well-to-do farmer can be. He was no fool, either, for he had a good library, and read it too, and gained a great deal of useful knowledge. John was good looking, not a handsome man, but a tall, finely-formed man. But John had one failing in my eyes—he was 26 years old and not married. Nor was there any prospect of any such event happening very soon, for of all the bashful young men that ever wore a collar John Eldred was the worst. The girls in that immediate vicinity were strangers to him. John always avoided everything that wore a dress, save his mother and sister.

John's mother was a quiet, loving woman, who ever had uppermost in her mind the happiness of her children, consequently she had for some time secretly wished that John was married.

Gertrude, John's sister, was a very pretty young lady, and also shared her mother's wish, but how to bring it about she could not imagine.

In the same neighborhood lived Judge Clark, who had a daughter named Mabel. Now John had for a long time secretly admired Mabel, and although he had never betrayed it, his sister had guessed his secret and resolved to bring about a match between the two, but just how to do it she did not know.

It happened in July, the anecdote I am now in shape to relate. Gertrude had invited a number of girls to a quilting party one afternoon, Mabel among the rest. She told John that they were coming, and added:

"Now John, for my sake do come in to tea this afternoon. You know all the girls that will be here, and—"

"But Gertrude, that patch of timothy by the wood must be cut, and as Jim has gone home to stay over Sunday, I shall have to cut it."

And so, much to Gertrude's chagrin, he took his scythe over his shoulder after dinner, and started for the patch of timothy. But he lingered around the orchard until he saw the plump figure of Mabel Clark coming, and then heaving a sigh he started for his work.

The patch of timothy referred to was a newly cleared piece of land, nearly surrounded by woods, and so full of stumps and log piles that it was impossible to use the machine. Here we will leave John mowing, and return to the party.

It was a very warm day, so the girls had moved the quilt out doors in the shade of some maples, and there they sat, chatting, joking and laughing as only a party of light headed girls can.

Meantime John had mowed several times across the patch, and it began to be terribly hot. The sun

poured its rays down with great intensity, and the thick wood on all sides kept off any breeze that might be stirring. John was more than hot, he was fully boiling, and as thirsty as a toper. So John, thinking that no one could possibly see him, sat down on a log and took off his shoes and pantaloons, and then with his long gingham shirt and wide rimmed straw hat, and his socks, resumed mowing. He had mowed twice across the piece, and was picking out the tall grass around an old log pile, when right beside him he saw a pair of blue racers.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of snakes. If he had been warm before, he was as cold as a lump of ice now. With a dash of his scythe he cut off the head of one of them and the other one raised his head and darted toward him. John dropped his scythe, turned and jumped just as the hooked teeth of the snake caught above the wide, hem of his gingham shirt.

He cast one look behind him and saw his dreaded enemy—streaming out like the penant from a steamship—and thinking only of the terrible fate that awaited him if he stopped, bounded toward the house with the speed of an express train.

On, on he ran through the north meadow and orchard, and as he neared the house the thought of the party flashed across his mind. But there was no other way, and so on he ran.

He dashed down past the west end of the house, and as he rounded the corner the whole party of girls met his view.

"Call a man!" he yelled, and then turned the corner. So great was his momentum that the snake swung around and struck him on his bare legs like the sharp sting of a rawhide whip.

The girls screamed and jumped up and the quilt went over on the ground. The vision sped around the corner, and once more came the cry:

"Call a man!"  
No quicker did he disappear around the corner of the house than he would appear at the other corner. Every time he turned the corner he would receive a terrible blow from the cold, slimy snake, which would raise him from the ground at least four feet, and at every blow he would yell:

"Call a man!"  
The frightened girls rushed for the house, and they had hardly got inside the door as John flew past it with the shout:

"Call a man!"  
Down across the road he went, leaping the gate at a bound, and as he cantered through the flock of hens scattering them in all directions, the shout rose loud and clear—

"Call a man!"  
Around the barn, back again toward the house, went the strange pair, and as the gate was again leaped, came the cry, this time of—"For God's sake, call a man!"

As he again disappeared around the house, Mabel Clark ran out of the door, and seizing a stick some four feet in length stationed herself at the corner, with the end elevated above her head. On came John, panting like an engine, and as he came around the corner, down went the club, barely grazing John's head, but striking the racer a blow that broke its hold and back at the same time.

John concluded it best not to wait, but gathering his remaining strength for a final dash, bounded into the house, up stairs and into his room.

An hour later Gertrude tapped at his door. "John, will you come down to tea, or shall I call a man?"

"I will come down Gertrude," he answered in a firm tone.

And he did. He made a careful toilet, and there was not a feature of his face that betrayed embarrassment. Mabel had extracted a promise from the girls not to speak of the episode, or betray any knowledge of it whatever.

Mabel had John's company home that night, and in the glorious October weather there was a wedding at Judge Clark's. It was not until then that the story came out; but John often says to Mabel, "I am thankful to Providence that you did not call a man!"

**The Inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave.**

In the American Naturalist there is given a long and interesting description of the various creatures found living within the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The fishes were all blind. One beetle was totally blind, and in another there were only pale spots, or rudimentary eyes. A wingless grasshopper was found jumping about with great

alacrity. A species of campodea was also discovered hiding under stones in damp places, and this too, was eyeless. A spider, white and very small, was in the same condition. The "Harvest-men" were represented by a species, also white, and equally blind. A myriapod was found having rudimentary eyes. Most interesting, however, are the blind crawfish, in which the eyes are rudimentary in the adults, but much larger in the young. The writers think that is an evidence that the inheritance of the blind condition is probably due to causes first acting on the adults and transmitted to the young, ending in the production of offspring that becomes blind through habit. The strangest of those eyeless creatures mentioned is, perhaps, an isopod, inasmuch as it is nearly allied to species in the Austrian caves which are in a similar condition.

**The Far West.**

TRINIDAD, COL., Sept. 8, 1878.

**Editor Ouachita Telegraph:**

I embrace a few of the leisure moments that I have had for correspondence, since my arrival in this part of the moral vineyard, to correct a few inaccuracies found in a communication from Mr. James E. Sligh, clipped from the Claiborne Guardian by the Bossier Banner of August 8th.

First—As to a view of "the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains." Such a thing would be impossible, even from the highest elevation in the vicinity of Mr. Sligh's camp. If he had been better posted he would have said the Spanish peaks.

Second—The altitude above sea level is about 8,000 feet, and not 10,000.

Third—In my estimation Texas is far superior to Colorado as a stock country. This, however, is a mere difference of opinion between Mr. S. and your correspondent. I fully agree with him in regard to the water and mountain air. Both are all that the most exacting could desire. But to those who have been accustomed to a warmer and dryer climate, a great deal of precaution is necessary at this season of the year if they would escape the pains of rheumatism, mountain fevers and chills, and perhaps other complaints resulting from a too sudden change of climate, or a rash exposure to the heavy dews and drenching showers peculiar to this section. Scarcely a day passes but what we have showers which, I am told by the natives, are something like the April showers in the East, but which have been more frequent and abundant this season than usual. The nights and mornings are quite cool, rendering a good supply of blankets and flannel for underwear indispensable to all new comers who have the proper regard for their health. The cool nights, so conducive to sound and sweet repose and the absence of the mosquito's familiar buzz, are blessings which those who have tossed to and fro in a sweltering bed, while blood-suckers plied their attacks on his helpless anatomy, can not fail to appreciate.

The statement by Mr. Sligh, in regard to gold and silver, coal and iron, is correct, but is calculated to mislead those who contemplate coming West. Let no laboring man abandon employment that affords him a respectable livelihood to seek his fortune among the coal and iron beds of a country that will require the thousands of the capitalist to develop its resources, and where coal is cheaper than wood. What may be done by moneyed men towards opening up these mines when the railroad places this country in communication with the marts of trade remains to be seen. I doubt, however, if they can be made to compete successfully with other mines more contiguous to market.

And now for Tom Scott vs. the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Co. How much credit the latter may claim for their enterprise in putting their road through without congressional aid, I am unable to say, but they would probably have been as ready to accept such assistance if they had stood the ghost of a show, as the Scott combination. But reasoning, like business men should, that if the Scott ring failed it would be useless for one of lesser magnitude to attempt it, they set about putting their enterprise through at the least possible cost to themselves, as thousands who have sought to better their condition in their employ can testify. A few figures will suffice to give the reader an idea of what it costs to put a railroad through when laboring men are compelled to work for wages which barely support them and afford them none of the luxuries of life. Men are paid 75c per day to do grading, with board thrown in;

quarry-men, \$1 75 per day and board themselves; tie-choppers 10c per tie, and other laborers in proportion. Living in this country is high, and goods and provisions are not sold at Eastern prices. Let those who are adepts in figures show how the working man better himself by leaving even small wages in the East, where living is cheap, to come to this country to work. The writer has failed to see the advantage gained.

From the standpoint of a man who is compelled to expend a little elbow-grease occasionally to enable him to prosecute his rambles, I am in favor of the Scott movement, and would like to see it succeed. If Scott and his party contrive to squeeze a few millions out of Congress and distribute a portion of it in remunerative wages among the suffering laborers of the country, who does it hurt? Not the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face. The A., T. & S. F. Co. pay less money to laboring men than any railroad company I ever knew anything about. To such men as Mr. Sligh, however, who, to use his own words, "is making more money than he ever did before in his life," and who bids fair to become a millionaire, a bloated bondholder, or a railroad magnate, the Scott movement might prove detrimental, especially as Mr. S. has permanently located on the line of the A., T. & S. F. Men who are growing rapidly rich are apt to forget their days of dependence. They grow selfish and unmindful of the interest of struggling humanity around them, and seek to enrich themselves at the expense of the ignorant hewers of wood and drawers of water in this vicinity. The worst features, however, of Mr. S.'s misrepresentations are such as he publishes to the world through his newspaper correspondence. Thousands have been lured from comfortable homes in the East by just such pictured bonanzas as Mr. S. would lead the reader of his article to expect to find on the frontier. To seek fickle fortune amid the hardships and dangers to be encountered in all new countries, they abandon the bird in hand to seek for two in the West; but nine out of ten find that with their approach the wily birds have disappeared, and that to the one man who strikes it rich in the great West ninety-nine meet with disappointment, and many of them with actual suffering. Hundreds of things which you may enjoy in the older States without cost, and which you are accustomed to receive as a matter of course, are high-priced luxuries on the frontier.

It is not my purpose to discourage young men who would adopt Horace Greeley's advice to "go West, young man, grow up with the country," but I would disabuse their minds of false impressions in regard to the ease with which a man may grow rich in this country. The majority who come must work and wait if they would win. To those who have the courage to accept these terms, and whose prospects are not of the best where they are, I would say come, and when you do come, settle down and go to work with a will, and success will surely crown your efforts.

Letters addressed to Rambling Jim, Animas City, Col., enclosing stamp for reply, will receive prompt attention from one who endeavors to present matters in their true light.

Very respectfully,  
RAMBLING JIM.

At the last conference of the M. E. Church South, held at Opelousas, it was decided to hold the next annual conference at New Orleans in December. Since the terrible scourge has visited that city, it has occurred to many members of the body that the people of New Orleans will be in no condition to entertain the conference. Although there would be little if any danger. The church at this place is perfectly willing to receive that body and during the past week the matter has been discussed and met with general approval, that the conference be invited to meet in Shreveport. We feel assured that our citizens will cheerfully open their doors to the members.—Shreveport Times.

An editor is pretty certain to lose a patron when his foreman puts a marriage notice under the head of "Another Swindle Come to Light." The groom, instead of accepting the blunder as a new example of American humor, gets awfully mad, and wants to murder somebody.

Did you ever notice that the raggeder and more frayed the neck-band of your shirt gets, the more starch your washerwoman would put into it, and the harder and glossier she ironed it? And the higher you carried your head the more you figeted!