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Special notices 20 cents per line.
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Job-work executed in the neatest style, and at reasonable prices.
August 22, 1877.

J. E. TRIMBLE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
FARMERVILLE, LA.

Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in the parishes of Union, Claiborne, Lincoln, Morehouse and Ouachita, and the Supreme Court at Monroe. Special attention given to successions and collections.
May 7, 1879. 35y

ENOS H. MCLENDON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
HOMER, LA.

Will practice in all the Courts in 11th Judicial District, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.
Office next door East of Post-office.
January 8, 1879. 21y

JOHN S. 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.
March 14, 1878—30y

DRAYTON B. HAYES,
Attorney at Law,
HOMER, LA.

LEGAL business attended to in Jackson, Claiborne, Union, Bienville and Lincoln parishes, and before the Supreme Court at Monroe.
March 26, 1879. 31y

DR. SILAS TURNER,
HOMER, LA.

HAVING permanently located in Homer teachers his professional services to its citizens and the surrounding country. He may be found at his office, next door west of the Post-office, during the day, and at his residence at night.
January 8, 1879. 21y

DR. S. R. RICHARDSON,
HOMER, LA.

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,
HOMER, LA.

Will attend promptly and efficiently to all business in his line. Charges moderate. Residence - miles southeast of Homer, on Trenton road. P. O., Homer.
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

C. H. ROGERS,
House and Sign Painter,
Paper-Hanger and Glazier,
HOMER, LA.

I SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF THE people of Homer and vicinity. For evidences of my proficiency, I refer to the numerous persons for whom I have worked in Claiborne parish.
Terms reasonable, and work promptly executed.
April 2, 1879. 33y

Ragland Sale and Feed Stable.
THE public are hereby notified that the Ragland Stable has been moved from the old stand to southeast corner of the public square, where R. P. RAGLAND, Manager, will be glad to accommodate his old customers and the public generally. Good stable, lots, oysters, &c., at all times and all hours. Good horses, buggies and harness for hire. Charges to correspond with the hard times.
JOHN MURRELL, Proprietor,
R. P. RAGLAND, Manager.
Jan. 1, 1879. 20y

Boarding House and Feed Stable.
IF you want good and cheap accommodations, go to BOAZMAN'S BOARDING HOUSE and FEED STABLES, corner of Spring and Travis streets, Shreveport, La.
WM. BOAZMAN, Proprietor.
Dec. 26, 1878. 196m

S. COHEN,
DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 107 St. Charles Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Boots and Shoes made to order, and neatly repaired with dispatch.
February 26, 1879. 25y

C. W. NEWTON,
Commission Merchant,
AND DEALER IN

Groceries and Western Produce,
No. 61 Magazine Street,
NEW ORLEANS.
February 26, 1879. 28y

Stauffer, Macready & Co.,
No. 71 Canal Street,
NEW ORLEANS.

And Nos. 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21 & 23 Dorsier St.,
NEW ORLEANS.
And No. 96 Chambers Street, NEW YORK,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, PISTOLS, IRON, NAILS, TIN AND LEADED PLATES, METALS, PAINTS, OILS, CORDAGE AND

Agricultural Implements.
Aug. 22, 1878. 1y

LOEB, GUMBEL & SIMON,
IMPORTERS OF

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

S. W. RAWLINS,
(Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.)

Kotton Factor and Commission Merchant,
No. 38 Union Street,
NEW ORLEANS.
Nov. 25, 1877. 154y

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. 1y

L. C. JUREY, M. GILLIS,
JUREY & GILLIS,
COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Office..... 104 Gravier Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

JOHN CHAFFE & SONS,
JOINT FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Office..... No. 52 Union Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

PAGE & MORAN,
Wholesale Dealers

BOOTS, SHOES and 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. 1

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

WM. P. SMITH,
CASH DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Plantation Supplies and Groceries.
Main Street..... Farmerville, La.
COTTON, Hides and Beeswax taken in exchange for Goods.
Nov. 6, 1878. 12y

MINDEN HOTEL.
THE traveling public and regular boarders will find this house as comfortable and well supplied as the resources and condition of the country will permit. The charges are very reasonable. The Stage Stand is kept at this Hotel.
I have also attached to my hotel a new and commodious Stable, well supplied with provender and water, and a good ostler always on hand to attend to stock.
The traveling public will do well to give me a call.
A. J. REYNOLDS.

WOMAN'S WORK.
BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND ("XARIFFA.")

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet,
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet,
Heating Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism,
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work!

Sewing on the buttons,
Overswinging rations,
Soothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy bridgists,
Coaxing sullen cooks,
Entertaining company,
Reading recent books—
Woman's work!

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts,
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded
And healing of the sick,
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work!

Leading little children,
Blessing manhood's years,
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path,
Smiling by the wayside
Content with what she hath—
Woman's work!

Letting fall her own tears
Where only God can see,
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience,
Teaching by example,
Yearning for the gateway
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work!

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of deep repose—
Her locks are smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon her marble cheek,
A look of peaceful quiet
Upon the forehead meek!

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
No smile the dead lip knoweth,
The noble heart to thrill;
Her couch no soothing needeth,
She craveth for no cure;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

Fresh grave in the valley—
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not forget.
Face forever hidden,
Race forever run—
"Dust to dust" a voice saith
And woman's work is done.

An Interesting Letter.
The Great Naval Battle of the Late War—
The Story told By a Participant.

The following letter from George Russell, written just after the fight of the Merrimack, then known as the Virginia, with U. S. men-of-war, is published at the request of those who knew the writer:

C. S. STEAMER VIRGINIA,
Petersmouth, Va., March 13th 1862.

DEAR SISTER—The 8th and 9th of this month will be remembered by me as long as I live to remember anything. Those two days have been rendered illustrious in the history of the Confederate States. But old such scenes as witnessed, such wholesale slaughter of men. I almost chills my blood to think of it. I saw men shot to pieces, their heads, arms and legs laying around on the decks of the Yankee ships. The wailings and groanings of the wounded and dying were awful. I suppose you have heard something of the fight already. The newspapers have been filled with accounts of the two fights, but I will write you a short and true account of the two days fighting. On last Saturday morning, having got everything ready, we cast loose from the Gosport Navy Yard, and proceeded down the river towards Hampton Roads. On our arrival in Chesapeake Bay we discovered two large ships of war laying off Newport News, and a number of others laying at Old Point, a little lower down the Bay. We steered directly towards the two at Newport News, they were the Cumberland and Congress, both very large ships. As soon as we got within range of them both sides opened a terrible fire. We did not check our speed at all until we ran into the Cumberland and she sunk in fifteen minutes afterwards. She had nearly six hundred men on her, but we killed a great many of them before we sunk the ship. What we didn't kill were either taken prisoners or swam ashore, which was a pretty long swim for the cold weather. The ship was about half a mile from land. I tell you it was an awful scene, men with their arms and legs shot off trying to save themselves, but they were doomed. As I said, a few of them were saved, but several hundred were killed or drowned. But we did not finish the Cumberland without losing some brave and noble men in

the attempt. Her and the Congress both poured volley after volley of shell, hot shot, and grape-shot into our port holes, killing and wounding many of us. As soon as the Cumberland went down, we started after the Congress. She ran out in shallow water to prevent our running against her. By this time several other large Yankee ships of war had come up from Old Point. Now the fight raged like fury, the enemy's ships fought desperately and they had ten guns to every one of ours. But we were behind a thick iron-clad wall and they were all in ships of war, which, though very strong, could not stand the fierce charges of iron ball that we gave them. Finally the Congress gave it up and raised a white flag. The men were most all killed, wounded or drowned. We boarded her and brought off some prisoners. It was while we were on the Congress that the Yankees did one of the most cowardly things I ever heard of. They fired on the Congress while she had up a white flag, raised by their own friends, killing some of their own friends and one or two of ours. This was not from any of their ships but from the land batteries at Newport News. We set the Congress on fire and burned her up. We then opened a terrible fire on the Newport News batteries and soon made the Yanks leave all their land batteries and scamper off in double quick time. By this time night came on and the firing ceased. We retired to Sewell's Point to await till daylight to renew the engagement. It was while we were fighting the Congress and Minnesota that our Commodore was wounded and his aid killed. I am really glad they did not kill the Commodore for he is as brave a man as lives. During the whole fight, until he was wounded, wherever the danger was greatest he was to be found. He cheered and encouraged the men and set them such noble examples of heroism that the most timid men were willing to follow him to the cannon's mouth. When Commodore Buchanan was wounded the 1st Lieut. Jones took command. He, too, is a brave man. As soon as we had cast anchor on Saturday night all hands were called up and took a drink of old rye whisky, and then you ought to have heard them talking about the fight, and how they thought it would go the next day. Some thought the Yankees would telegraph for a number of ships, floating batteries, &c., and sink us. Others said they believed we could whip the whole Yankee Navy. I said nothing myself but waited to see how it would be. Everybody was up and ready for action long before daylight on Sunday morning. As soon as it was light we saw the Minnesota and St. Lawrence and several other Yankee ships laying about four miles off. The Minnesota and St. Lawrence were aground and could not get off. Not far from the above named ships lay the great Yankee floating battery called the Monitor. It had arrived at Old Point during the fight and had been sent up for the purpose of sinking us the first thing on Sunday morning. The fight commenced early Sunday morning. During the night we had taken all our killed and wounded of the ship and sent them, together with a lot of prisoners, up to Norfolk on one of our gun-boats. Everybody expected to have a hard fight and everybody was right. We went up as close to the Minnesota and St. Lawrence as we could get and commenced bombarding them in fine style, they returning it. Pretty soon, however, the floating battery ran right along side of us and within a few yards of us. Then there was fighting. No child's play, no foolery, but real hard fighting. The largest guns in the service on both sides, and within a few yards of each other, firing into port holes and trying to smash up things generally. And they did it too. The fight between the two floating batteries lasted about three hours, when the Yankee battery had to haul off for repairs. We ran against her once and came very near sinking her. We shot the Commander's eyes out and she left.

We had now nothing to contend with but the Minnesota. She was the finest ship in the U. S. Navy. All the rest had been either burned, sunk, or had run away. We pitched into the Minnesota where she lay a ground, and fairly riddled her with shell and shot. I think all her crew that were not killed left her while we were fighting the battery. Having ruined the Minnesota so that it was no use wasting any more ammunition on her, and having nothing more to contend with for the time, and our own ship being pretty well used up, we left, and

arrived safely at the Navy Yard—pumping the water out of our ship all the way up the river. The Virginia is now in the Dry Dock undergoing repairs; a great deal of her iron was knocked off, and some of her timbers broken; we also lost the iron plough of the bow, that was the reason we could not sink the enemy's floating battery. However, we will soon have her ready to go again. There are about one hundred men working on her every day and part of the night. We did the Yankees more damage than any battle that has been fought during the war, destroying millions of their property and killing about fifteen hundred of their men.

In my last letter to Albin I told him we would soon have a fight, but I had no idea that it would be quite so desperate. As I told you in the beginning it was an awful scene. We have a large number of wounded Yankees here in the Hospital, and they say they wish we could have killed all their men at the land batteries at Newport News, for firing on a flag of truce, but they left in double quick when we commenced shelling them, and we could not do it.

I do not know exactly how many men we lost in killed and wounded. I am glad we lost no more than we did. There is one person that I am particularly glad they didn't kill, and that's myself. They came very near getting me several times, but they couldn't quite come it. I have a piece of shell now that they fired through the port hole, and it came very near my head. They injured my eyes considerably, and that is the reason I did not write you an account of the battle sooner. We had a prayer meeting on board the ship as soon as we got back, which was the first I had been to for some time.

Our ship will be ready to go out again before long, and then you may look to hear of something startling; and I think we will be able to give Old Abe another thrashing as bad as this one. This is two bombardments I have been in, but the one at Chatham was mere child's play by the side of this one. I only hope that I may come out of the next as well as I did the other two.

Several Georgians got hurt in the fight last Saturday and Sunday. One poor fellow got shot in the neck. He is at the Hospital and I think will get well. All the boys from Georgia stood to their places and fought like tigers. Not one of them would leave his place until he was shot down.

I have four months longer to serve before my time is out, and I hope to be able to assist in doing the Yankees a good deal of damage by that time, and then, as my health is not very good, I think I shall rest awhile, for a month or two at any rate.

Yours truly,
GEORGE RUSSELL.

Business Laws.
Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

An agreement without consideration is void.
Signatures made with lead pencils are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
The acts of one partner binds all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday can not be enforced.
A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.
Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.
Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of debts of a firm.

A note given by a minor is void.
A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it.
An indorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with a notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband, she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate. "Suppose I agree to be your future husband?" "Why, then, I'll kiss you," she replied eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called around the next day to fasten matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was a mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on a front gate. —Binghamton Republican.

Making Our Friends at Home.

Is it possible for our friend to "just make himself at home" in our house, as we often invite and enjoin him to do? Something depends, no doubt, on the friend, but more we think, on the home. If the guest be incapable of forgetting his own home, and given to contrasting unfavorably everything that is unlike it in others; or if he be one of the unadaptable sort—a human "old cat," who is never at ease when out of his accustomed haunts, or if he (more frequently, perhaps, this is she) only goes out among friends to be "entertained," in such a case you can't well make them at home, nor avoid wishing them there!

On the other hand, if he desert the pleasant family quarters and plant your friend amid the unused fineries of the stiff "best room," if you keep the children on dress-parade, and break up all their wonted good times; if you palpably make a decided difference in the family fare, as if your friend came to learn the qualifications of your cook or to judge of your ability to "keep a hotel;" if, in a word, your everyday domestic life is so broken up that having a guest implies a complete change in the internal arrangements and economies of the household, he cannot, if a sensible and sensitive person, feel himself "at home," for he will perceive that you are not.

Think what being "at home" means to yourself, and try and let your guests have something of that feeling. You require a certain liberty and an atmosphere of naturalness for your contentment; a knowledge that you are not making any undue work or worry, and a sort of slippers and dressing-gown freedom of deportment, for your comfort. You don't want your down-sitting and up-rising too much planned out for you. You expect to be courteous and agreeable and punctual, and to practice the rest of the household virtues as much as in you lies, but you don't want to talk at a mark all the time, nor to have everything give way to your entertainment. There isn't a better rule of politeness and hospitality in the world than the rule called the "golden." The trouble is that we keep it too much for ethical or "great moral" questions, instead of turning it to use in the everyday affairs of life. We can best enable our friends to make themselves at home by keeping it homelike for them.

Grow Beautiful.

Human being may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate daily exercise and suitable food, human beings may become strong in limb and muscle. But is there any process by which human beings may grow beautiful? Live as we may, age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the rose on beauty's cheek, while crow feet and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald heads, and tottering limbs, and limping feet, most sadly mar the human form divine. But while this is true, dim as the eye is, and pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect and symmetrical form, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as a dew drop of a summer's morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye—by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind, by cherishing forbearance toward the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding day by day on that love of God, and man which lifts us from the brute and makes us akin to angels.

The Second Place.

Ex Gov. Hendricks has reiterated to the Indianapolis Journal his declaration that it is his "positive and irrevocable" intention to decline a second place upon another presidential ticket; that he is not an aspirant for the place of Vice-President and would not accept a commission to that office if offered to him to-day; that it is, in his opinion, a less honorable and less responsible position than that of Speaker of the House of Representatives, and less remunerative than his law practice in Indiana, and that he does not desire to enter the White House from the back door.

A scientific gentleman, who has given the subject much thought, says that when a man knowingly faces death he thinks of everything that ever happened to him. The delinquent subscriber never knowingly faces death.