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J. E. TRIMBLE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
FARMERVILLE, LA.,
38y

ENOS H. McLENDON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
HOMER, LA.,
21y

WILL practice in all the Courts in 11th Judicial District, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.

YOUNG & VAUGHN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.,
21y

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Jackson, Bienville, Lincoln and Union, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.

JOHN S. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.,
31y

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

DRAYTON B. HAYES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.,
1y

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Bienville, Jackson, Union, and Webster, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.

DR. SILAS TURNER,
HAVING permanently located in Homer tenders his professional services to its citizens and the surrounding country.

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.

B. R. COLEMAN,
PARISH SURVEYOR,
WILL attend promptly and efficiently to all business in his line.

C. H. ROGERS,
House and Sign Painter,
Paper-Hanger and Glazier,
HOMER, LA.,
33y

I SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF THE people of Homer and vicinity.

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.

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.

W. M. BOAZMAN, Proprietor,
Dec. 25, 1878. 19:6m

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. 28y

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,
And Nos. 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21 & 23 Dorsey St.,
NEW ORLEANS.
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.)
Gallon Factor 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 93, 95, 97 and 99 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans.
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

L. C. JUREY, M. Gillis.
JUREY & GILLIS,
COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Office.....194 Gravier Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

JOHN CHAFFE & SONS,
COTTON 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

W. M. 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.

JUST SO.

BY A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

When times are hard and cash is low, And trade comes in most awful slow, What is it that I would advise?—
Advertise!

When folks go streaming past the door, And never step inside the store, My best advice do not despise:—
Advertise!

When drawer and pocket both seem thin, And much goes out and naught comes in, If you would be exceeding wise, Advertise!

For thus it is with men of brain, Finding their fortunes on the wane, And hoping they may take a rise—
Advertise!

Your Hembolds, Stewarts, Barnums, too— Dry goods, menageric and buchu— Exalt this method to the skies:—
Advertise!

Banner with Dexter, Flatbush Maid— Tom Scott upon the rail he's laid— Had but one way to win the prize:—
Advertise!

The greatest men who live to-day Have found in this the only way To dwell beyond the common size:—
Advertise!

It never yet was known to fail To brighten times and make a sale; To bind your luck with golden ties, Advertise!

And so, whatever you have to sell; Do this at once, and do it well; Keep it before the public eye:—
Advertise!

So, let your name be Jones, Smith, Grimes, Try this one way to cheat hard times; You'll find herein the secret lies:—
Advertise!

TRIX.

"Do you know where Miss Beatrix is?"

There was something sharp in Mr. St. John's glance as he questioned little Rosetta, his cousin's maid.

"Yes, sir; she's in the garden with Mr. Le Blond and the young gentlemen."

At this answer the sharpness of Mr. St. John's glance increased, and turning from the door of Redwood he passed quickly along the terrace.

At the end he stopped before descending the steps, and looked down the broad garden path. He saw plainly the group there under the locusts—a regally beautiful young lady in purple silk, two dark-eyed boys leaning upon her lap, a young, fair complexioned man standing so as to overlook the brook upon which the eyes of all were fixed. It was certainly a peaceful scene, yet the eyes of Forrest St. John grew bloodshot and sullen as he stood surveying the group.

Descending the steps he advanced slowly, never removing the baleful gaze until he came face to face with the young lady. She looked up. First surprise, then observation, the offense showed themselves in her mobile countenance. She turned silently again to her book.

"I wish to speak with you, Trix."

"Certainly, as soon as I am at leisure. Go on, Reginald."

"It is Max's turn now," responded the elder of Miss St. John's young brothers.

She turned the book in her lap so that Max could continue his reading of German. A lurid flush of anger overspread her cousin's florid face. He waited with what grace he could until it was Miss St. John's pleasure to give him a hearing.

Unconscious as she appeared, her face had grown clouded, and the expression of pleasure had fled, too, from the features of Paul Le Blond. The boys only appeared indifferent to the presence of the new arrival, who stood whipping his bootleg with his slender riding-whip. As soon as the last word of the lesson was pronounced, Le Blond extended his hand to the younger boy.

"Come, Max, we have detained your sister longer than was necessary."

"It has not been irksome; I have enjoyed it," answered Miss St. John, rising and shaking out the folds of purple silk crushed by her brother's resting arm.

"They do so well!"

The boys turned gratefully at her praise, kissed and embraced her.

When they had turned aside with tutor she had joined her cousin, who had advanced impatiently a few steps up the main path.

"I wish to know," he began at once, "what need there is of your mixing yourself up with the boys' lesson? Isn't Le Blond capable?"

"He does not teach German, and I gained quite a good knowledge of it while abroad," answered his companion, indifferently arranging the lace around her wrist, though it was evident Mr. Forrest St. John was in a foaming passion.

"Then let him go without learning German! They have lessons enough and it only encourages him."

"Encourages whom, if you please?"

"Le Blond. He watches for a chance to speak to you, day or night, and you know it."

A color like the glint of an opal came into Trix St. John's oval cheeks. She did not speak. Her cousin's watching eyes saw. He foamed over.

"A white-faced adventurer, who would like to master her! And it's a burning shame to you, Trix, that you are flattered by it! Any lady would resent it as an insult."

"Stop, if you please!"

"I beg your pardon," muttered the other sullenly. "I did not quite mean that. Come, Trix, give up these German lessons, or give that Le Blond his walking paper. To please me," he added.

A faint smile curled Beatrix's beautiful lips at the last words.

"I cannot please you in this matter, Forrest."

He choked an angry answer.

"It is desirable that the boys have early lessons in German. And I know of no reason why Mr. Paul Le Blond should have his walking papers, as you term it."

"If you don't dismiss him, I shall, Trix."

"By what authority?" coolly.

"By the authority of my relationship and right to prevent you from throwing yourself away on a poverty-stricken fellow who is nobody knows who!"

"I do not think that I shall wed Mr. Le Blond until he asks me," with a curious smile.

"He'll soon have the impudence to do that with the encouragement you give him."

Miss St. John's fine black brows had contracted, and her nutty curls touched a burning color in her cheeks; and when her cousin added, "you mean to marry him, but, by heaven you shall not!" she stopped in the path.

"Forrest," she said, "I hate reproaches and recriminations, but there is no other way with you. You, who are not fit to govern your own life, shall not be allowed the government of mine. You have squandered the fortune my father left you; you are my cousin, and by courtesy my guest. You are nothing more. You shall be permitted no authority over me. The law gives you none, and I will not submit to your interference in my affairs."

The florid face was quite white now. The sullen black eyes were fixed on the ground. But Forrest St. John controlled his rage.

"I beg your pardon, Trix; but you do have a way that puts me in a cursed passion. I don't mean to interfere in your affairs, of course. You can marry whom you like."

He turned away with a downcast countenance and boiling heart, leaving her to go alone to the house.

Trix entered the great hall of Fairfield alone. The cedar door clanged after her. She went up to her chamber. There the beautiful hot cheeks cooled slowly. Her face grew calm, introspective.

"Sweet with the bitter," she murmured. "Does Paul Le Blond watch for my coming? Does he love me? He is a loyal, true-hearted gentleman, and—"

The confession she made under breath brightened again the dreaming eyes, crested the beautiful head.

Down the avenue walked Forrest St. John, gnawing a white lip.

"I'll conquer her yet. I mean to be master here. She shall marry me!"

Paul Le Blond sat alone in the school room. The boys, permitted a half holiday, had gone to town with their ponies. Beatrix had gone with them on her graceful filly.

Paul Le Blond held a book in his hand. It was open where a knot of rose-colored ribbon was laid between the pages. He closed it quickly at the sound of a step at the door. Mr. St. John entered.

"Miss St. John wishes you to go to the Corners and get the German books for the boys she was speaking of last evening," he said in the ungracious way in which he spoke habitually to the tutor of his young cousins.

"Certainly," replied Paul, rising with alacrity. He was live, active, graceful, his fair, spiritual face in strong contrast with St. John's over-indulged and sensuous shape. The other hated him for his clear, dark eyes which always loomed into his without flinching.

rocks. The beach-birds twittering sweetly. He enjoyed it all, as only pure, fine souls can.

But when he came back the tide was thundering in, loud and strong. The yellow frothing surges swept up to the feet of the cliffs, which they had so far abandoned two hours before. Suddenly he found the way impassible. He turned back in surprise and bewilderment.

The water had washed out his path. He was hemmed in.

Forrest St. John received the riders cordially. Even the careless boys observed and wondered at his graciousness. But it was certainly pleasant than his usual surliness. They were about to dine.

"Where is Mr. Le Blond?" asked Beatrix.

"Gone to the woods for botanical specimens, I believe," replied her cousin.

She saw a little, quick smile of his a moment after, but could not read it.

"Come, Reginald, to your dinner," said Miss St. John.

"Come here a moment, Trix."

The boy stood at the drawing-room window with his toy telescope.

"There is a man under the cliffs," said, looking up into her face as he handed her the glass.

"What?"

Trix lifted the glass quickly.

She put it down the next moment, white as a rose, every nerve strung tight.

"The tide is coming in! He is prisoned there! He will be drowned!" she said.

"If you please, mam'selle," trembled little Rosetta, at her elbow, "its Mr. Le Blond. Mr. St. John sent him to the Corners this morning."

Trix turned and went bareheaded out of the house. He young brother pressed at her side. She threw her long skirt over her arm and ran over the sharp rocks in her velvet slippers, swift as a deer, and Reginald followed close beside her. They reached a boat, cut the rope, and were afloat.

"Pull now, if you love me, Reggie!"

The boy did not need to be urged. He loved Paul.

Paul Le Blond braced against the cliff, the water above his knees, say the little boat come dancing over the high, sparkling water. The dory soon reached his side. A white, ringed hand was extended.

"You would have died if we had been five minutes later," said Miss St. John in a shaking voice.

"That would not have mattered. It would have been in your service," he replied.

But he laid down in the boat much exhausted.

"It was not in my service," Beatrix had replied. She looked with a hard glance at the school books which he had laid at her feet, as she took up the oar again. And then she fixed her dark eyes firmly on Fairfields; but her heart bled.

The prostrate man in the boat turned over and kissed the little velvet shoe so near his face.

"Pardon," he said, for Reggie saw; "but the lowliest may kiss the foot of a queen."

But he held his hand up to Trix's sight, and she saw that blood had dripped upon it from her foot.

"The rocks—I needed to hurry," she stammered, blushing and confused; but in all her life she never forgot his gaze of adoration. "It is nothing."

They came to Fairfields.

and wears a fierce black moustache, under which the tooth shines like a grain of corn. Two needle guns, four revolvers and two dirks make up his armament.

A Hunt After Bats.

One of the funniest stories I have heard for a very long time, says a writer in the Loud Sporting and Dramatic News, is my friend Mr. Eccles' description of how he caught innumerable bats one night. It was many years ago when he was young in his profession, and while on a tour with a Provincial company. He had taken lodgings in a clean but rather dilapidated little house. Soon after going to bed he fell asleep, and soon after falling asleep he was awakened by a strange, fluttering noise as of a frightened bird, in the curtains of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a dark-colored little creature with wings blundering about the room. Not being well acquainted with natural history, Mr. Eccles did not recognize it as a bat, but determined to catch it if possible, and examine it carefully in the morning. Taking up a soft felt hat, he began the hunt, and tried to capture the intruder for a long time in vain; but at last he pounced upon it, carefully took it from under the hat, shut it in a drawer, listened to its ineffectual attempts to escape—wanting to be sure he had really caught it—and went to bed to dream of flying dragons. But he was not destined to sleep for long.

Hardly had he dosed off when another fluttering awakened him, and, lighting another match, he found another bat. After this one he had another hunt, caught it, put it in the drawer with its brother and again went to bed. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies—but in battalions.

Mr. Eccles hunted diligently and enthusiastically, making quite a collection of specimens, and putting them all with great care in the drawer. Heated with the chase, he then opened the window, and, tired out, at last enjoyed a few minutes sleep.

Waking with the morning light, he jumped out of the bed and opened the drawer very cautiously, a fraction of an inch at a time, to look for his bats; but, lo! and behold, there were no bats there. He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered it had no back to it. He had, in fact, been passing all the night in catching the same bat, which had flown out of the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped.

To Young Men.

Some old genius the following elegant advice to young men who "depend on father" for their support, and take no interest in business, but are regular drones in the hive, subsisting on that which is earned by others:

"Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plow-handles, the ax, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood. Fly around and tear your jacket rather than be the recipient of the old gentleman's bounty. Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potato patch, let yourself out to stop holes, or watch the bars, and, when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. Get up in the morning, turn around at least twice before breakfast, help the old gentleman, give him now and then a lift in business, learn how to take the lead, and not depend upon forever being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and, our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, trade a new destiny, and you may begin to aspire to manhood."

The Order of Sacrifices.

Some one gives the following table of order in which men give up their luxuries under the pressure of hard times. "Books go first—the book trade flattens under a paucity; illustrated papers next, and then daily papers. If the pressure continues, the trade in pianos and furniture falls off; but the laboring class begin to contract on the furniture from the start. Next to begin to cut off fine clothes and jewelry, and then it's getting pretty tight. Put on another screw, and tea and coffee suffer; then all fine groceries, and then the nicest kind of produce. If the screw still tightens, when the worst comes to worst, and there is no help from God or man, the whiskey and tobacco have to be cut off. But the dog's about dead when it comes to that."