CLAIBORNE GUARDIAN.

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

JNO. A. RICHARDSON,
ATTONEY AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in all the Courts of this and the adjoining parishes. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him. (Office above Gill's store.)
April 7, 1880. 34-

J. F. TAYLOR,
(Late of George & Taylor.)
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MINDEN, WEBSTER PA., LA.

WILL practice in all the Courts of the State, and will give attention to appeals in Shreveport or Monroe. Quick collections and prompt remittances. Land matters given careful attention.
March 31, 1880. 33-

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. 38:y

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

WILL practice in all the Courts in 11th Judicial District, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.
January 8, 1879. 21:y

JOHN 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 13, 1878—30: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. Y. WEBB,
DENTIST.
LOCAL OFFICE.....MINDEN, LA.

WILL visit HOMER the first week of every month. Orders to the care of Mr. Barney McHenry will receive prompt attention.
Mr. B. McHenry has the drug accounts of Dr. Webb, and is his authorized agent. Those indebted will please call and settle.
February 25, 1880. 28:y

B. B. 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

C. H. ROGERS,
House, Sign, Carriage and Buggy 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. C. H. ROGERS.
April 2, 1879. 33:y

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, cribs, &c., at all times and all hours. Good horses, buggies and hacks for hire. Charges to correspond with the hard times.
W. C. MURRELL, Proprietor,
R. P. RAGLAND, Manager.
Jan. 1, 1879. 20:y

YALE & BOWLING,
Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, and Millinery,
17, 19 and 21 Magazine Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
February 4, 1880. 25:6m

CHAS. N. EDWARDS & CO.,
(Successors to Holloway & Edwards,)
Wholesale Dealers in
HARDWARE,
No. 12 Magazine Street...New Orleans, La.
February 4, 1880. 25:6m

HORTER & FENNER,
MANUFACTURERS of SADDLERY and HARNESS, Agents for New York Belting and Packing Co., Leather Belting, Lace Leather—6 Magazine and 54 Canal streets, New Orleans, La. Collar Factory 138 and 140 Poydras street—Saddle Factory 54 Canal street. feb4-25:6m

DO NOT FAIL TO SEND YOUR ORders for
Millinery and Berlin Zephyr
to **MME. ROSA REYNOIR,** No. 9 Chartres street, New Orleans.
Her Spring Stock, selected by her while North, is the largest and most fashionable in the city, and prices lower than those of any other first-class house.
☞ Goods cheerfully exchanged when not entirely satisfactory.
☞ Berlin Zephyr at 10c. 27-6mlm

J. D. Hammonds, J. M. Gaddis, J. Pinckney Smith.
HAMMONDS, GADDIS & CO.,
Cotton Factors
AND
General Commission Merchants,
65 and 67 Carondelet Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
N. B.—Will make liberal advances and sell on consignment, Cotton, Sugar, Molasses, Rice, Tobacco, Wool, Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce of all kinds. Having favorable connections here and in the West for the purchase of supplies, all orders will receive strict attention, and the interest of patrons will be closely guarded in Price, Packing and Freight Contract.
Sept. 17, 1879. 5:y

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. 20, 1879. 1:y

S. W. RAWLINS,
(Successor to Rawlins & Murrell,)
Cotton Factor and Commission Merchant,
No. 38 Union Street,
NEW ORLEANS.
Nov. 28, 1877. 15:1y

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. 52 Union 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

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.

M. ROOS,
Wholesale Dealer in
Havana & Domestic Cigars,
Tobacco, Pipes, Snuff,
Whiskies, Wines
and Brandies,
No. 21 Texas Street,
Shreveport, - - - - Louisiana.
Nov. 19, 1879. 14:y

MILO B. PARKER,
WITH
R. D. McKELLAR,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
Cor. Laves and Texas sts., Shreveport, La.
PROMPT personal attention given to all business entrusted to me. 52:1y

THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door,
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

—Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's for April.

PRACTICAL—OR UTOPIAN?

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Published by permission.]

PART I.

"I am going to think this matter out to a practical issue, if it takes me all night!" said Mrs. Hiller, positively. "It may be that I am rowing against wind and tide, as you say, but I will hold to the oars until I am hopelessly swamped, or reach land!"

Her husband laughed. Not sneeringly; but as good-natured men always do laugh when women talk of finding their way out of a labyrinth by means of the clue of argument.

"You will accomplish no more than your conventions and women's rights books"—

"Don't call them *mine!*" protested the wife.

"I speak of the sex at large, my love. No more, then than women's rights books and conventions have achieved. All their battle for the equality of the sexes; the liberation of women from the necessity of marriage as a means of livelihood; for more avenues of remunerative labor, and the acknowledgement of the dignity of the same—now that the smoke has cleared away, and combatants and spectators can look about them—is seen to have resulted in nothing, or next to nothing. You have encouraged a few more women to paint poor pictures, and spoil blocks and plates in attempts to practice engraving; put some at bookkeepers' desks where they are half paid; crowded the board-rooms of our public schools with applicants at the rate of a hundred for each vacancy; induced a similar rush on telegraph offices, and every other place where 'light, lady-like labor' can be procured; brought down, rather than raised the salaries in each of these departments of industry—and made marriage more than ever the *summum bonum* of every thinking workwoman—the shining gate that is to give her liberation from ill requited toil."

"Philip, how you exaggerate!"

"Not in the least, my dear, sanguine wife! Who puts on her rose-colored spectacles whenever the subject of 'woman's emancipation' is brought forward. I have studied this matter as closely as you have; hopefully, for awhile, but, of late, with the fast-growing conviction that Nature and Society yoked are too strong a team for you to pull against. Combat the assertion as you will,—it is natural for a woman to look forward to matrimony as her happiest destiny; to desire, and to bring it about by every means which seems to her consistent with modesty and self-respect. And to this conclusion Society holds her by the refusal to receive into the 'best circles' her who earns her living by her own labor. Mrs. Million treads the charmed arena by virtue of her husband's wealth. But, when Mrs. Sangpur is envious of her dear friend's latest turn-out in equipage, dress, or furniture, she recurs, tauntingly, to the time when Mrs. Million was a workgirl in Miss Fitwell's establishment, and shrugs her patrician shoulders over 'new people.' As Miss Fitwell's assistant, forewoman, and successor, Miss Bias—now Mrs. Million—were she rich, refined, beautiful, could yet never hope for a card even to one of Mrs. Sangpur's mass parties."

"But there are distinctions of social degree, Philip, which must be maintained. You don't bring your bootmaker home to dine with Judge Wright, or Honorable Senator Rider."

"I am not a reformer, my love. When my bootmaker fits himself for the society you name, he will be welcomed by them, and his early history referred to as an honor, not a disgrace. The annals of Court and Congress will tell you this. To return to the original question; I insist there is a want of practicalness—I won't say of common sense—in your reform, as heretofore conducted; that no one woman in five thousand, especially in what are called the higher walks of life, is able to support herself, or would be allowed by popular sentiment to do so, were she able. There is a screw loose somewhere, and very loose at that. I, for one, am never rid of the rattle. Maybe, because I am the father of three daughters. If I had sons, I should be condemned by the entire community; stand convicted at the bar of my own conscience, if I had not trained each of them to some trade or profession. As it is, the case stands thus: I may live long enough to accumulate a fair competency for each of my girls, a sum, the interest of which will support her comfortably; for she, being a woman, will never increase the bulk of the principal. My more reasonable hope is to see her married to an energetic business man, or one who has inherited a fortune and knows how to take care of it. This accomplished, parental responsibility is supposed to end, so far as provision for the life that now is, goes. If her husband should fail, or die a poor man—the Lord help her and her children—if I cannot!"

He was not talking flippantly now. As he knocked the ashes from the tip of his cigar into the grate, his face was grave to sorrowfulness.

"Our girls have been carefully educated," said Mrs. Hiller, a little hurt at the turn the the dialogue had taken. "In this country a thorough education is a fortune. They could set up a school."

"To compete with a thousand others conducted by those who have been trained expressly for this profession; whom constant practice has made *au fait* to the ever-changing modes of instruction and fashionable text-books. Why, I, whose Latin salutatory was praised as a model of classic composition, and who read Horace, Sallust, and Levy in the original almost every day, cannot understand more than half the quotations spouted in the court-house and at lawyers' dinners, by youngsters who have learned the 'continental method' of pronunciation. I cannot even parse English, for the very parts of speech are disguised under new names. A noun-substantive is something else, an article is a pronoun, and, what with adjuncts, subjects, and modifiers, I stand abashed in the presence of a ten-year-old in the primary department of a public school. Our girls might go out as daily governesses at a dollar a day, or run their chances of getting music scholars away from professionals by offering lessons at half price. They are good, intelligent, and industrious. I don't deny their ability to make a bare living, if forced to do it. I don't believe they could do more. When the rainy day comes, He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, must be their helper. Let us hope that day will never dawn. And by way of additional provision against it, I must leave you for an hour or two, to keep an engagement with a client. Don't let the memory of our talk depress you. We won't cross the bridge before we come to it. Here is 'Old Kensington' to amuse you. You know, darling, that I would work brains and fingers to nothing rather than have you and the lassies want for so much as the 'latest thing' in neck ribbons. And so would any man who is worthy of the name."

"I know you would."

The elderly love-couple gazed into each other's eyes, exchanged a good-bye kiss as fondly as at their partings twenty-three years before.

"I could ask no fairer destiny for my daughters than has been mine," murmured the mother, resettling herself in her luxurious chair before the sea-coal fire, and putting out her hand for the book the thoughtful kindness of her husband had provided for her evening's entertainment. "But to every prize, there are so many blanks! It is worse for a woman to sell herself for a home and a livelihood than for her to fight, hand-to-hand with poverty, all her life. If girls would only believe this. I mean that mine *shall!*"

She did not open the book yet. Unrest and dissatisfaction were in the face that studied the seething, glowing pile in the grate.

"There are the Payne girls, for instance" she said, presently, with increasing discomfort.

The book lay, still shut, in her lap. She folded her hands upon it; lay back in the chair, and did not move again in an hour. She was "thinking it out;" pelting hard on the oar in the teeth of hard-wind and fog.

She was haunted by the Payne girls. Their father, a popular physician, had lived handsomely; worked hard; been exemplary in his home, his profession, in church, and in city. He sent his five daughters to the best schools, and fitted them by culture and dress to make a creditable appearance in the world—the only world they cared for—a round of visits, parties and show-places for marriageable young people of both sexes. They were nice girls, said complaisant Everybody. Not beautiful, or gifted, but sprightly, well-bred and amiable—the very material out of which to make good wives and mothers. Two did marry before the sad day on which their father was brought home in an apoplectic fit, from which he never rallied. They married for love, but not imprudently. Their husbands were merchants with fair prospects, steady, enterprising, moral young men, who were yet not quite disposed to be burdened with the care of a maiden sister-in-law-and-a-half apiece in addition to the support of their families proper. That somebody would have to "look after the unmarried daughters" was soon bruited about. There were two boys—five and ten years old—to be educated; the widow to be provided for, and, when the estate was settled up, nothing except a life-insurance of eighteen thousand dollars was left with which to compass all this. Tender-hearted Everybody was sorry for the fatherless boys; sorrier for the widow, who had loved her husband very truly; sorriest for "the Payne girls." Before their mourning was rusty, appreciative Everybody began to nudge Everybody Else slyly, when in company with the Payne girls, to call attention to the fact, daily more and more palpable, that the sisters three were anxious to get married. Not more anxious, if the secrets of feminine hearts had been revealed, than were dozens of others in their set, but they had not the art to dissemble their eagerness. Nobody stayed his, or her laugh at them by considering that, since they had deliberately, conscientiously, and humanely determined to relieve their mother from the crushing weight of their dependence, and saw no other way of doing this than by selling themselves in the licensed and respectable shambles of matrimony, they should have been commended for doing with all their might whatsoever their hands found to do. They angled earnestly, but with a zeal so little according to knowledge that the most bull-headed gudgeon in the preserved waters of bachelor and widowerdom scorned to be imposed upon by the bait. They borrowed the finery of their better-off sisters; made their own and their mother's over and over again; went everywhere and tried every phase of fascination, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," until their eager, ceaseless smiles wore wrinkles about lips and eyes that ill-natured Everybody called crows-feet, and the tales of their fawnings, toadyisms, and manœuvres were stale in the ears of greedy Everbody—yet were still, at thirty-six, thirty-eight, and forty years of age, the Payne girls, "whose brothers were now able to do something for them." What more suitable than that these fine young fellows—one of whom had chosen his father's profession, while the other had gone into partnership with his brother-in-law, should bind pillions upon their backs whereon their sisters could ride in reputable indolence, behind the wives they had wedded and had a right to cherish?

"It was a pity," considerate Everybody now began to whisper, "that they should be thus hampered; but what else could be done?"

Mrs. Hiller's fresh-colored, matronly face might well be grave, as she recounted these things to herself, had the history of the Payne girls been an isolated case.

"But they are a type of so many!" she said, sadly. "Society is encrusted with such, like barnacles sticking to a ship. There is Lewis Carter, one of the ablest young lawyers at the bar, Philip says. He and Annie Morton have been in love with one another ever since he was twenty-one, and she nineteen, ten years ago. It is eight years since his father died, and left him in charge of his mother and three sisters only one of whom is younger than himself. They have not married, and, until they do, he cannot. Annie may wait for him until they are both fifty years old and upward—maybe all their lives—for the older the sisters grow, the more dependent they will become. They make a pleasant home for him, people say; manage his money judiciously, and fairly worship their benefactor. Yet he must compare them, mentally, to loadstones, when he reflects how youth and hope are ebbing out of his heart and Annie's. He doubtless believes sincerely that [illegible] feed upon. What right have they to expect a support from him, more than he from them? They are strong and well, and as much money was spent upon their education as upon his. Homœopathy, forsooth! Does it take forty women to keep one man's house?

She was rowing very hard now, and the fog was denser than ever.

(To be continued.)

A Rich Thing About Editors.

"Editors are usually smart men," the man with the sample case remarked:

"Yes," I said "they are familiar with all the slang and business phrases of the money marketing they write about millions as ordinary men talk about dollars; they organize mining and magnificent transportation companies with fabulous capital; they declare war without first consulting the Rothschilds, and if all the banks in Asbury were to fail to-morrow they wouldn't be a cent poorer than they are to-day. Yes, they are rich. They associate with the moneyed classes; they 'sit down at the table with kings, and sometimes in happier, luckier moments, with aces; if you want to borrow money, go to the editor. He will turn to his advertising columns and tell you where you can borrow it. If you have money to loan, rather than to lose you suffer he will borrow it of you himself. Rich? He knows the secrets of the moneyed rings; he divulges the plans and the schemes of the heavy operators to the people; he roars himself louder than the bulls, and growls among the bears; his voice is heard in the temples of the money changers asking for money; he warbles his little roundelay out on the curbstone, in a melancholy minor key, when he doesn't get it. Oh, yes, editors are rich. When you want to spend all the money you have in this wide, wide world go to your lawyer; when you want something done for nothing, hie to your newspaper office. Then, when you want to send some man to Congress send your lawyer, because you can't get along without him."

I paused, and a profound, impressive silence filled the air with a dream of peace. I looked around upon my audience. It was asleep.

A Last Dollar Misapplied.

The other morning a stranger might have been noticed standing in the rear of the mint, watching an old woman pick up sticks. Her old calico dress was full of holes, her face wrinkled as tripe, and as brown as leather. Every time she stooped to pick up a stick she was obliged to do so with a painful effort. She raked over the dry leaves with palsied hands, and all the worthless little pieces went into her basket. A heap of garbage and ashes occupied her attention for some 10 minutes. The man who was watching her finally walked up behind her and dropped a dollar into her basket and then stole away unnoticed. An attache of the mint, who was near, hailed him as he passed. "I say, did you give a dollar to the old lady?" "Yes, I did, although it was almost the last I had. I can't bear to see poverty and old age combined. I had a mother once almost as old as she, and as weak and palsied. I feel for an old woman like that, and she can have a dollar from me if it is the last I've got." "Do you see that block over there?" "Yes." "With houses on it?" "Yes." "The houses and lot belong to her." An expletive was all the stranger had to offer as he turned away and walked rapidly up Carson Street. It was his last dollar.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures dyspepsia.

A New York man was accosted on Broadway by a beautiful, the other night, who wanted a quarter to secure a night's lodging. "If you'll give it to me I'll give you a point on stocks," added the bright youth. Much amused, the man gave him the money. "Now," says the boy, "when you go down to Wall street in the morning you buy Iron Mountain; buy lots of it, it's going up." "Why, how do you know anything about Iron Mountain?" asked the astonished man. The boy mentioned the name of a prominent operator, and said he thought he knew his business. I was a dead 'b' to [illegible] as was with him, when [illegible] going to [illegible] how I knew [illegible] point to [illegible] and made the [illegible] ment for the [illegible] enough took place.