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

JNO. S. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 SHREVEPORT, LA.

OFFICE up-stairs over Looney's saddlery store. Front entrance on Texas street. February 2, 1881.

JOHN E. HULSE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
 HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of the 3rd Judicial District and the Supreme Court at Monroe. Office next door to the Post-office. January 1, 1881.

JOHN YOUNG, JOEL W. HOLBERT
YOUNG & HOLBERT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Lincoln, Union, and the Supreme Court at Monroe. December 24, 1880.

JNO. A. RICHARDSON, J. E. MOORE
RICHARDSON & MOORE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.

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

WILL practice in all the Courts in 3rd Judicial District, and the Supreme Court at Monroe. January 8, 1879.

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.

J. E. TRIMBLE,
Attorney and Counselor 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.

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.

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.

F. M. FREEMAN,
 (South-west corner of Public Square.)
 HOMER, LA.

DEALER in Fancy and Family Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, Provisions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, and a full supply of everything kept in a general store. The custom of the public is respectfully solicited. Terms and prices liberal. April 14, 1880.

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.

E. J. HART & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale DRUGGISTS,
Grocers and Commission Merchants.

Stores 73, 75, 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st. Warehouses 33, 35, 37 and 39 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans. Aug. 20, 1879.

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.

JOHN HENRY & CO.,
 Wholesale Dealers in
Boots, Shoes, Brogans and HATS,
 Nos. 121, 123 and 125.....Common Street, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

S. W. RAWLINS,
 (Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.)
Notion Fact and Commission Merchant,
No. 38 Union Street,
 NEW ORLEANS.
 Nov. 28, 1877.

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.

ARDIS & PARKER,
 (Successors to Hamilton & Co.)
 DEALERS IN
GROCERIES, WESTERN PRODUCE,
BAGGING AND TIES,
 5 and 7 Texas Street, Shreveport, La.
 July 14, 1880.

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 hacks for hire. Charges to correspond with the hard times.
 W. C. MURRELL, Proprietor,
 R. P. RAGLAND, Manager.
 Jan. 1, 1879.

A. KAHN,
 SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED
CHARTER OAK STOVE,
 ALSO, DEALER IN
 QUEENSWARE,
 CROCKERYWARE,
 TINWARE,
 WOODENWARE,
 WILLOWWARE,
 TOYS.

COAL OIL LAMPS,
STOVES,
CHINA and GLASSWARE,
23 Texas street, Shreveport, La.
 October 20, 1880.

GREGG & FORD,
COTTON FACTORS,
 AND
General Commission Merchants,
 Dealers in

Groceries and Western Produce,
 Agents for
Pratt's Improved Revolving Head Gun,
20, 21 and 22 Levee,
 SHREVEPORT, LA.
 Oct. 15, 1880.

UTZ & SMITH,
 Dealers in
Heavy & Shelf Hardware,
Machinery,
Iron Pipe and Fittings,
Agricultural Implements,
Mitchell Wagons,
Engineers' Supplies, Belting, &c.,
 Nos. 8, 10 and 12 Spring Street,
 SHREVEPORT, LA.
 Sept. 24, 1880.

[For the GUARDIAN.
"LIGHT IN THE EVENTIDE!"

The signal lights are swinging
 In the distance far ahead,
 The chimes of hope are ringing
 Their glee songs 'round my head;
 My heart is now throbbing,
 My soul, too, is sobbing
 With blissful pulsations of joy;
 The flowers that were dead,
 And the hopes that had fled,
 Now live without stain or alloy.

The night has been dark,
 No ushering dawn
 Or roseate flush of the sun,
 But now there is born
 A mantling morn,
 And the night's black course is run.
 The hope that now lives
 To my own future gives
 A promise that's dear unto me,
 That this love of my heart
 Shall be the best part
 Of my life's destiny.

"There will be light in the Eventide."
 Though the storm-cloud hangs so dreary,
 Though our pathway now to the other side
 Seems long, so long and weary,
 The gloom will break and fate will take
 Our part in this maddening strife;
 Our boat will go, like the transient snow,
 And leave no memorial life.

CUTBERT CARY.

Washington Correspondence.
 WASHINGTON, D. C. }
 Jan. 26th, 1881. }

Brother Hayes:
 Thinking that you would only like matters of special interest to your District, and that you can read the dispatches down there about as well as I can, I will send you only a few items.

Last Friday night there was another ruction in the House. The House was in the Committee of the Whole, considering the private calendar, upon which were relief bills amounting to near a half million dollars. Finally, Gen. J. Floyd King, of Louisiana, moved a call of the House, thinking that in such an important matter there should be a full attendance. The call showed that of the 293 members 121 were present, and 172 were at home, around the bar rooms, in bed, or eating swell suppers with the lobbyists.

Mr. KING. I offer the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk. Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms take into custody and bring to the bar of this House such of the members as are now absent without leave.

Gen. King then stated to the House:

As I have heard some discontent expressed on the part of some gentlemen present, I deem it my duty to state that this determination to have a call of the House and to summon members here is not capricious. It is known that heretofore sessions have been held night after night when there was no quorum present; and at those sessions important legislation has been enacted, bills involving very large amounts of money have been passed.

Mr. VAN VOORHIS. I rise to a question of order. I submit that debate is not in order.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The point of order is well taken. There is no question before the House.

Mr. KING. I have the floor, I believe. [Laughter, and cries of "Regular order!"] I think it is time this mockery should be put an end to.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from New York makes the point of order that debate is not in order, and the Chair sustains it. Mr. KING. That it should be decided—

The General's idea was whether the House really had any power to compel the attendance of the people's representatives who so notoriously neglect their duties. The rule required that the door of the House be closed, that the absentees be brought in under arrest, and that those present be compelled to remain within. But as soon as some was brought in others went out, and the call was merely the farcical ending of a low comedy. As a sample of the General's hilarity that prevailed, I annex a few specimens from the Congressional Record, that official nuisance:
 Mr. Steele. I would like to know

as matter of parliamentary inquiry whether it would be in order for the gentleman from Davenport, Iowa, to make personal explanation now upon the subject of veracity connected with the funding bill. [Laughter.] The Speaker pro tempore. The gentleman from Iowa has not asked it.

Mr. Steele. It is a wonder he has not.

Mr. Sapp. He has gone to the restaurant.

Mr. Steele. He will be so thoroughly inspired when he returns that he will be perfectly acintillate. [Laughter.] That is a big word for my friend, his colleague.

The deputy sergeant-at-arms appeared before the bar of the House having in custody, under the order of the House, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Forsythe.

The Speaker pro tempore. Mr. Anderson, you have been absent from the sitting of the House without leave. What excuse have you to offer?

Mr. Anderson. The reason is simple. [Cries of "Louder!" "Louder!"]

Mr. Anderson. How much time have I?

Mr. Hazleton. Let him have as much time as he wants.

A Member. Give him leave to print.

Mr. Anderson. The reason of my absence is because I have been sick and at home to day. Another reason is that it is a physical impossibility for the same man to be in two different places at the same time. I wanted good company, and I found it at home.

Mr. Covert. I move the gentleman be excused.

The motion was agreed to.

The Speaker pro tempore. Mr. Forsythe, you have been absent from the House during its sittings without leave. What excuse have you to offer?

Mr. Forsythe. Mr. Speaker, I have been absent. I will admit. [Cries of "Louder!"] One of the first lessons that I was taught in early life—

Mr. Uplegraf, of Ohio. That is going back a long way.

Mr. Forsythe. Was that it was not wise to be out late at nights; that people who are accustomed to that sort of thing would probably come to no good. [Laughter.] In pursuance of that—

Mr. Van Voorhis. You came here—

Mr. Forsythe. I was in my room and had prepared myself—

Mr. Van Voorhis. What for?

Mr. Forsythe. To retire to my couch and sleep, perhaps to dream, when the sanctity and privacy of my room was invaded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, who informed me that the light of my countenance, together with my counsel and advice, was greatly desired by this august assembly here to night. [Laughter.] I immediately invested myself in that of which I had divested myself. [Laughter.]

Mr. Van Voorhis. What was that?

Mr. Forsythe. And repaired to the House in obedience to the command and flattering invitation of the Sergeant-at-Arms for my presence here. That is the only reason I have in the world for being here at all.

Mr. Frost. I desire to make a motion which I am confident will meet with success. I move that the gentleman from Georgia, [Mr. Speer,] who has displayed such a kindly interest in the proceedings of this House and in my individual welfare, be allowed to address the House upon the Tugaloo and the necessity of improving that stream, which I believe flows through his district. I hope the gentleman will not be limited as to time.

Several Members. "No objections."

After a short interval Mr. Speer said: I have been reflecting upon the aggressive remarks made before this House a moment ago by the gentleman from Missouri, [Mr. Frost,] in relation to the Tugaloo River. I think there is a covert sarcasm in that gentleman's remarks which it is, perhaps, impossible for this House to discover. I have reflected upon what he has said, and I find it is impossible to see the sarcasm myself. But I cannot permit anything that can possibly be construed as a reflection on the Tugaloo River to pass the House unnoticed.

A Member. What river is that? Mr. Speer. The Tugaloo River, which is famed not only for the character of the people who inhabit its classic banks, but for its pellucid waters, and for the further fact that it is one of the headwaters of our great Savannah. I desire to

say the gentleman from Missouri has no river within the limits of his own State that compares in any sense with the Tugaloo; and if he would devote some of the extreme energy which he has devoted to the development of the muddy streams of his own territory to the development of such a stream as the Tugaloo and the waters of which it is one of the tributaries, it might perhaps be better for the country.

Mr. Talbott. Will the gentleman allow me to ask him one question.

Mr. Speer. Certainly.

Mr. Talbott. What is the width of that stream?

Mr. Speer. That stream is a great deal broader, I believe, than the comprehension of the gentleman from Maryland. [Laughter and applause.]

And this was kept up until 6 o'clock in the morning. The speeches, and miserable attempts at wit and sarcasm, a few of which I annex above, occupied 20 pages of the Congressional Record, printed at the people's expense. After being in session all night the consequence was that the House met next day without transacting any business, adjourned over until Monday.

There is no particular interest in all this, but it goes to show one phase of National legislation, and about how much the average Congressman cares for his constituency, or their pockets, when he gets to Washington. Like many young beaux, he is all smiles and promises before marriage; but, afterward, he does just as he pleases and doesn't care a—darn. J. M. S.

A Drunkard's Soliloquy.

Let's see where am I! This is coal I'm lying on. How'd I get here? Yes, I mind now; was coming up street; met a wheelbarrow wat was drunk coming 'tother way. That wheelbarrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into the cellar, dont mind now which, guess it must have been me. I'm a nice young man, yes I am tight, stone drunk, shot. 'Well I cant help it, 'tain't my fault, wonder whose fault it is, is it Jones fault? No, is it my wife's fault? Well it aint. Is it the wheelbarrow's fault no, it's whisky's fault. Whisky, who's whisky! Has he got a large family? Got many relations, all poor I reckon. I wont own him any more—cut his acquaintance. I've had a notion of doing that for the last ten years; always hated to, though, for fear of hurting his feelings. I'll do it now, for I believe liquor is injuring me, its spoilin' my temper. Sometimes I get mad and abuse Bets and the brats. I used to call them Lizzie and the children—that's a good while ago though. Then when I come home she used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me and call me dear William. When I come home now she takes her pipe out of her month, puts the hair out of her eyes, and looks at me and says: "Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you. We're cold enough, havin' no fire, 'bout lettin' the snow blow in that way." Yes, she's Bets and I'm Bill now. I aint a good Bill, neither; I'm counterfeit; wont pass a tavern without goin' in and getting a drink. Dont know what bank I'm on. Last Sunday was on the river bank, at the corn exchange drunk. I stay out pretty late, sometimes I'm out all night, when Bets bars the door with a bed post. Fact is, I'm pretty much out all over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at elbows and knees, and outrageously dirty, so Bets says, but she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder she don't wear good clothes. Maybe she aint got any. Whose fault is that? 'Taint mine. It may be whisky's. Sometimes I'm in; I'm in-toxicated now, and in some body's coal cellar. I've got one good principle—I never runs in debt because nobody won't trust me. One of my coat tails is gone, got tore off, I expect, when I fell down here—I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me 'tother day I'd make a good sign for a pa-

per milk. If he hadn't been so big I'd a licked him. I've had this shirt on nine days. I'd take it off but I'm afraid I'd tear it. Guess I tore the window shutter on my pants when I sot on the wax in Ben Sniff's shoe shop. I'll have to get it mended up or I'll catch cold. I aint very stout, neither, though I'm full in the face. As the boy says, "I am fat as a match and healthy as the small pox." My hat is standin' guard for a window pane that went out at the invitation of a brick bat. It's getting cold down here. Wonder how I'll get out. I aint able to climb. If I had a drink think I could do it. Let's see, I aint got three cents. Wish I was in a tavern. I could sponge it then. When anybody treats and says "come fellows," I always think my name is fellows, and I're got too good manners to refuse. I must leave this place or I'll be arrested for burglary, and I aint come to that yet. Anyhow it was the wheelbarrow did the harm, not me.—*Elocutionists Journal.*

The Strong Man.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, to its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake. We mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale and quietly reply? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste; he who keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

Mark Twain on Babies.

Mark Twain having been asked to contribute to the newspaper issued at the fair in aid of abused children in Boston, wrote: "Why should I want a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to prosper, when I have a baby down stairs that kept me awake several hours last night, with no pretext for it but a desire to make trouble? This occurs every night and it em bitters me, because I see now how needless it was to put in the other burglar alarm, a costly and complicated contrivance, which can not be depended upon, because its always getting out of order and won't 'go';—whereas although the baby is always getting out of order, too, it can nevertheless be depended on, for the reason that the more it gets out of order the more it does go. Yes, I am bitter against your society, for I think the idea of it is all wrong; but if you will start a Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Fathers, I will write you a whole book."

Editorial Thankgiving.

A tradesman in a provincial town, invited home one of the deacons of the Chapel he attended. The guest offered a blessing at the table, which proceeding, greatly excited the curiosity of the gentleman's five year old son, who sat beside the deacon and interrogated him on the subject. "What was that you said?" he began. "It was a blessing on the food we are about to eat," replied the deacon. "A what?" "Why, a blessing! Doesn't your father ask a blessing at the table?" "Oh, yes; but he does not say it in that way." "How does he say it?" "Why he sits down and looks at the table, and says: 'Oh, the devil! Is this all you have got for dinner?' and goes to eating."