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

N. J. SCOTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HOMER, LA.,

WILL practice in the Courts of the 3d Judicial District, and the Supreme Court at Monroe. Office first door East of Brown's Hotel. February 9, 1881. 26-

JNO. S. YOUNG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SHREVEPORT, LA.

OFFICE on stairs over Looney's saddlery store. Front entrance on Texas street. February 2, 1881. 25-

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. 21-

JOHN YOUNG, JOEL W. HOLBERT

YOUNG & HOLBERT,

HOMER, LA.,

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Lincoln, Union, and the Supreme Court at Monroe. December 24, 1880. 20-y

JNO. A. RICHARDSON, J. E. MOORE

RICHARDSON & MOORE,

HOMER, LA.,

WILL practice in all the Courts in 3rd Judicial District, and the Supreme Court at Monroe. January 8, 1879. 21-y

J. F. 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 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. 38-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

B. R. COLEMAN,

PARISH SURVEYOR,

WILL attend promptly and efficiently to all business in his line. Charges moderate. Residence 2 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

GET YOUR JOB WORK DONE AT THIS OFFICE

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

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

S. W. RAWLINS,
 (Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.)
*Gallon Factot and
 Commission Merchant,*
No. 88 Union Street,
 NEW ORLEANS.
 Nov. 24, 1877. 15-ly

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 Stage
 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

ARDIS & PARKER,
 (Successors to Hamilton & Co.)
 DEALERS IN
**GROCERIES, WESTERN PRODUCE,
 BAGGING AND TIES,**
 5 and 7 Texas Street, Shreveport, La.
 July 14, 1880. 45-

Ragland Sale and Feed Stable.
 THE public are hereby notified that the
 old stand at 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, ostlers, &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

A. KAHN,
 SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED
CHARTER OAK STOVE,
 ALSO, DEALER IN
 QUEENSWARE,
 CROCKERYWARE,
 TIN WARE,
 WOODENWARE,
 WILLOW-WARE,
 TOYS.

**COAL OIL LAMPS,
 STOVES,
 CHINA and GLASSWARE,**
 23 Texas street, Shreveport, La.
 October 20, 1880. 10-y

N. Gregg, R. W. Ford
GREGG & FORD,
**COTTON FACTORS,
 AND
 General Commission Merchants,**
 Dealers in
**Groceries and
 Western Produce,**
 Agents for
 Pratt's Improved Revolving Head Gin,
 20, 21 and 22 Levee,
 SHREVEPORT, LA.
 Oct. 15, 1880. 9-ly

James F. Utz, Joseph B. Smith
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. 6-ly

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Though troubles perplex you,
 Diehearten and vex you,
 Retarding your progress in sombre array;
 To shrink with terror,
 Is surely an error,
 For where there's a will there's a way.

The task may be taxing,
 The duty unpleasing,
 Bathe who confronts it will soon win the day;
 Half the battle is over
 When once we discover
 That where there's a will there's a way.

Misfortunes uncounted
 Are often surmounted,
 If only we quit not the field in dismay;
 Then one more endeavor,
 Remembering ever
 That where there's a will there's a way.
 —N. Y. Observer.

A Long-Lost Mother Found.

For five years "Grandma" Hamilton had lived at the Home for the Friendless—blind and feeble and wanting to die. She was too good to go to the poor-house and had no money to go to the Old Ladies' Home; so the management gave her a room and the fairies or the other good angels brought the old lady a comfortable rocking-chair and other articles of furniture, and there she sat rocking and knitting life to its close.

One day a lady, in sealskins and jewels, rang the bell and asked: "Is Mrs. Hamilton in?"
 No, they said. There was no Mrs. Hamilton there. The lady could not mean "Grandma" Hamilton? In all the five years gone nobody had called for her! But, yes, the richly-dressed lady would like to see "Grandma," and while they went for her, sat and sobbed on the sofa.

When they led the old lady in, the lady in sealskins and jewels burst into tears, and throwing her arms around her neck, sobbed out: "Mother, mother, don't you know Louisa!"
 "Oh, no," said the old lady, peering with her blind eyes and abating her head, "my daughters Louisa and Lizzie are both dead, and you cannot be Louisa."

"But, indeed, I am; and Lizzie is living, too, and for a year I've been looking for you everywhere, and now I've found you"—and while they wept on each other's necks, Mrs. Grant, the Superintendent, and Miss Bowman, the matron, withdrew and left them to talk it over.

This was only a short time ago, and next day the lady came in a carriage again, and "Grandma," having taken the night to "get her things together," bade good-by to the Home and went away all wrapped in fur-lined robes, to wait in ease and happiness till Death comes and bids her cease her rocking and her knitting.

And the explanation of it all is that fifteen years ago Louisa married and went to California; Lizzie stayed in Ohio, and "Grandma," with a little competence, came to Chicago. After a while, by one of those inexplicable combinations of mistakes that sometimes obtain in this mysterious world they all came to believe each other dead, and "Grandma" having lived out her competence, drifted to the Home of the Friendless. Louisa's husband grew rich in California, and last summer there came to her the faintest whisper that "Mother" was not dead. She started to search for her, and after going all through Michigan and Ohio where they had lived—and where, by the way, she found Lizzie still living—she at length found a family in Englewood (a suburb of this city) who had seen "Grandma" Hamilton at the Home for the Friendless—and thus she found her mother.—Chicago Journal, February 2.

The Biggest Fool.

A letter was received in New Orleans directed "to the Biggest Fool in New Orleans." The Postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the youngest clerks in the office informed him of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so I opened the letter myself!" "And what did you find in it?" inquired the Postmaster. "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man!'"

From the Indian Territory is announced the death of an Indian woman at the early age of 114 years, "from the effects of a severe cold contracted in 1830 and the excessive use of tobacco during 106 years of her life."

The lady who buys her complexion and her hair can not complain if she is sometimes mistaken for somebody else.

A Hard Thrust.

The following, though pretty hard on some of our cospheres, is good enough to be kept standing. It is from the pen of the editor of that staunch Democratic paper, the Thibodaux Sentinel, and in a spirit of friendliness we invite all hands to read it—the one to smile at the grim humor of the old veteran and the other to "acknowledge the corn."

"The country press, that broke out so badly some time ago, in abuse of the new Constitution, seem to have called a halt, in order to catch their breath. The latest effusion that has come to our table is found in the Plaquemine Observer, published below New Orleans. That paper has made the discovery that promises were made to have the taxes collected by the last of December, and away here in January there are thousands of dollars uncollected, consequently the Constitution must be put down. Did it never occur to the editor of that paper that the tax collector, and not the constitution, should collect the taxes? The law to enable the tax collector to collect the taxes is ample, and if he puts the law in force, taxes will be paid. And so these grumblers continue; if it rains too much the constitution must be changed, if the Mississippi gets too high the constitution must be changed, and so on from June to January these foolish objections are heard. The fact is we have a constitution that is a good one, and any faults that may exist within that instrument can easily be remedied. If newspapers would use as much energy in assisting the people to rebuild the waste places; to carry out the requirements of the constitution and to bring out its good points, as some of them do in abusing that instrument, and rendering it distasteful to those who do not comprehend it, they would do the State some service, and increase its prosperity and tranquility."

The great trouble is, we fail to think. One moment's thought will often save us the mortification of foolish expressions. No one would attempt to deny that there are objectionable features in the constitution. Still there is a way to correct these evils without falling into the greater error of wholesale denunciation, a standpoint that seldom embraces reason or argument.

Now let all of our State papers open their batteries on these objectionable features, and aided by local residents, whose legal knowledge enable them to suggest remedies, bring to bear the wished for correction, by constitutional amendment. This is the most practicable and decidedly the cheapest method.

A Balking Horse.
 A Canada paper gives room to the following curious mode of dealing with a balking horse: I would prepare myself with a good strap—I want no whip; perhaps he has got a good taste of that already, and still he is master. But some day, when I was at peace with myself and all around, I would hitch him to the buggy, turning his head to the village. He goes half the way very well indeed; then he begins to think he has gone far enough in that direction, and stops. I step down; he expects me to use the whip; he is mistaken. As a criminal, I treat him on the silent system. I push him back a little out of the way. I show him the strap, patting it up to his nose. I go to the off side and buckle it to his fore leg, close up to his breast, throwing the other end over his shoulder; I then raise his foot and fix it with the hoof almost touching the belly. This done, I say, "Now, old chap, you just stand there." I don't smoke, so I take a paper from my pocket, and finding a place where I can sit down, and he see me, I begin to read. This is something he did not bargain for, and the novelty of standing on three legs somewhat diverts his mind from the cause that stopped him. I think that is the chief point gained, and the most humane. When the strap is taken off I show it to him, caress him a little, and we move on without irritation. The strap will now become a part of the harness for a month or two, till at last the sight of it will act as a talisman.

The Decivity of Rivers.
 A very slight decivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel gives a velocity of three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 100 miles from its mouth, only 300 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall the 300 feet

in its long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ranges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1,000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Sio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that in Paraguay, 1,000 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than our loftiest spires.

New Woman Identified.

(Detroit Free Press.)
 A few days ago a man called at a house on Front street east and asked for a bite to eat. He was refused, and shortly after he left a cloak was missing from the hall-tree. The police were notified, and the other day, when they arrested a man on suspicion, they sent for the woman to come down to the City Hall and identify him. When she was asked if she was certain that she could identify the man who had called at her somewhat indignantly replied: "Identify him! Why I could pick him out from among ten thousand."

She was then confronted by the prisoner. She gave him a good looking over and called out: "Oh! you can't fool me. You've had your hair dyed from black to red, since you asked for cold pan-cakes, but I'd know you if I saw you in Texas."

The captain here observed that he never heard of black hair being dyed red, and after a brief examination he asserted that the prisoner's hair had not been dyed at all.

"Well, I may possibly be mistaken about his hair," said the woman, "but I'll swear to that overcoat. I took a good look at it as he went off the steps, and I know it's the coat and the man. I particularly noticed that the third button from the top was missing."

The captain quietly informed her that it was an overcoat he had borrowed within the hour and asked the prisoner to slip it on. The woman wouldn't give in for some time, but finally said:

"Well, I might have been mistaken, but I looked square into his eyes, and I know this is the man."
 "What color did you say his eyes were?"
 "Blue, sir, light blue."
 "But this man's eyes are black—coal black!"
 So they are. The woman was dumb with astonishment for a time, but finally rallied and said:

"Didn't this man wear a slouch hat when arrested?"
 "No, ma'am—he wore a cap."
 "And don't you think he is the man?"
 "I don't think anything about it, as I never saw him until an hour ago."

"Is it positively necessary that I identify him as the man?"
 "No, ma'am."
 "Then I guess I won't. Fact is, I was a little hurried that morning, and I don't think I got a fair sight of the fellow. Besides that, I think the cloak was stolen the day before I missed it by an old woman who was selling notions."

Boys.

Some people imagine that the world was made for men. All a mistake; it was simply intended for boys to amuse themselves in. Who enjoys life except the boy, if we except an occasional girl or two? Nobody. Grown-up folks try to think they do, and some really imagine they do, but they are mistaken. Men work themselves up into a fever of excitement over an election. They hold mass-meetings and get up torchlight processions of great length and noisy roar, but do they get any fun out of it? Not a bit. It is the boys on the outside who do that. They are the ones who build the bonfires on street corners, and they do a large share of the harrasing. Men in a procession move along as solemnly as though they were going to their own funeral, if such a thing were possible, but the boy who observes them from the curb-stone, or who trots along close to the Drum Major, is all animation and joy. He takes it all in, and is the freshest one in the party when the tramp is completed, no matter how long he is in passing a multitude of given points. No one gets such keen enjoyment out of a play as the gallery god. And all across the country are gotten up with an eye single to his special amusement. If we could be a girl again we would prefer to be a boy.—Buffalo Express.

A Mexican Market.

The market furnishes an abundance of eggs, chickens, cheese and milk. Fish can most always be had, being brought from the Santiago River, twenty miles distant. A nice chicken can be bought for a real and a medio (18 1/4 cents), and a dozen of eggs for the same. The cheese mostly used is called panda, and comes in the form of small cakes, is white and soft, and eaten when freshly made. Milk is brought into town on the backs of animals, and is plenty and cheap. There is a belief that it is dangerous to drink it in any quantity and clear; that if a glass of it be drunk, and the person becomes excited or angry, the chemical affinities of the milk and blood are such that poison is produced that creates immediate death. Flour sells for 12 cents per pound. The amount used is considerable, notwithstanding that tortillas, or corn-cakes, are a necessity in every family. The bread and cakes are all furnished by the baker. The bread is made in the form of rolls, which are sold at four cents each. Of the sweet bread, there is a great variety, and each family, in purchasing, procures the assortment. It is made into small cakes of different shapes, and sold at from one to three cents each.

The entire ignorance of the value and use of stoves of course necessitates a simplicity in the art of cooking, and the excellence of the production of the cocinera is very remarkable, when this is considered. There is not a stove in use in Tepec. The original antique furnace, that has been in use from the time of the Spaniards, is still cherished as superior to any modern innovation. It is simply of brick, of convenient height, with an opening on top to contain charcoal, which is the only fuel used, and on top of which the cooking utensil is placed. An opening underneath furnishes draft. All the cooking utensils are made by the Indians from clay. They are well glazed, some ornamented with colors, and are cheap but frail. They are of all sizes, from a spoonful up to ten gallons. They are brought into the towns on the backs of Indians and donkeys, packed in crates, and are offered for sale about the Plaza on Sunday. This is an important industry, as all families must use more or less, and the constant breakage creating a continual demand.—Cor. Alta-California.

Modern Martyrdom.

How easy to fret; how hard to keep silent. Every individual member of the household feels as though he was either gunpowder or a burning match. It is no easier if we, with the same feelings, go to the kitchen followed by two or three little restless children and endeavor, without help, to get the breakfast on the table. The wood is either in "chunks," or else there is nothing to burn but corn-cobs, and they are burnt to ashes about as soon as the flames touch them. The ice has all melted, the cream is sour, and the meat spoiled. The bread has run over the pan and the table, and is on the floor; the ants are in the sugar-bucket, and only half coffee enough browned for breakfast. The children pull at the skirts and ask for a "drink of water," a "piece of bread," or cry from sheer weariness, and his royal highness rushes through the hot kitchen to the cool parlor, wondering audibly as he goes why it takes a woman so long to get breakfast. Then there is need of the charmed water of the fairy tale, to hold in the mouth until the nerves cease quivering.

We have a great deal of sympathy for a nervous, fretful, over-worked woman, and when such a woman does preserve that golden silence we feel like comparing her to the martyrs of old. But, after all, that comparison is feasible. The martyrs are not to be compared to a modern, nervous, overworked woman! What is one stroke of the ax, or the standing upon a pile of burning fagots whose hot flames in an instant take away the breath so ready to be given? The being dropped into a caldron of burning oil, pain for an instant then glory forever! We admit that one great blow requires fortitude and courage, but you rally all your forces to meet it, it comes and passes and that is the end of it. But a trouble that worries and baffles, and stings, and at which you strike or endeavor to parry, but it still remains, and fills you with contempt and disgust.—yes, no my child, and I've taken the cooling oil of the martyrdom of the ax.—

A new device for a bride's present is a silver arrow with the feathers of the bride and groom.