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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 up-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,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.
 Will practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Lincoln, Union, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.
 December 24, 1879. 20-y

JNO. A. RICHARDSON, J. E. MOORE, RICHARDSON & MOORE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.
 August 25, 1880. 2-

ENOS H. McLENDON, 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. 21-y

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 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

G. E. BLACKBURN, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

Special attention given to diseases of the EYE and EAR.
 Office on Milan street, opposite Pacific Hotel, Shreveport, La. February 2, 1881. 25-

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 street, Warehouses 93, 95, 97 and 99 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans.
 Aug. 29, 1879. 1-y

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), Gotton Factor and Commission Merchant,

No. 38 Union Street, NEW ORLEANS.
 Nov. 28, 1877. 15-y

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. 13-y

ARDIS & PARKER, (Successors to HAMILTON & Co.) DEALERS IN PRODUCE, BAKING AND FEEDING AND FEEDS,

5 and 7 Texas Street, Shreveport, La. July 14, 1880. 45-

A. KAHN, SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED CHARTER OAK STOVE,

ALSO, DEALER IN QUEENSWARE, CROCKERYWARE, TINWARE, WOODENWARE, CHINA and GLASSWARE,
 23 Texas street, Shreveport, La. October 29, 1880. 10-y

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

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

J. C. BAKER, WITH E. & B. JACOBS, Cotton Factors,

AND Importers and wholesale dealers in A BRY GOODS, Notions, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Lignors, Tobacco and Segars, TEXAS street, Shreveport, La.
 Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to us, and liberal advances made on consignments of Cotton. 52-ly

MY JOSIAR.

Things have come to a pretty pass
 The whole wide country over,
 When every married woman has
 To have a friend or lover.
 It ain't the way that I was raised,
 An' I hain't no desire
 To have some feller pokin' round
 Instead of my Josiar.

I never kin forget the day
 That we went out a walkin',
 An' 'sot down on the river bank
 An' 'kep' on hours a talkin';
 He twisted up my apron string
 An' fiddled it together,
 An' said he thought for harvest time
 'Twas our'n kind of weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
 Josiar seemed uneasy,
 An' mother she began to call:
 "Loowoozy! oh, Loowoozy!"
 An' then Josiar spoke right up,
 As I was just a startin',
 An' said, "Loowoozy, what's the use
 Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind of took me by surprise,
 An' yet I knew 'twas comin'—
 I'd heard it all the summer long,
 In every wild bee hummin';
 I'd studied out the way I'd act,
 But law! I couldn't do it,
 I meant to hide my love from him,
 But it seems as if he knew it.
 An' lookin' down into my eyes
 He must have seen the fire,
 And ever since that hour I've loved
 An' worshipped my Josiar.

I can't tell what the women mean
 Who let men fool around 'em,
 Believin' all the nonsense that
 They only say to sound 'em;
 I know, for one, I've never seen
 The man that I'd admire,
 To have a hagin' after me,
 Instead of my Josiar.

Bill Arp's Coon Hunt, and Some Reflections Thereon.

The boys said it was too wet to plow, and they were going down on the creek to hunt rabbits, so I concluded to go along and tote the game. Mrs. Arp said she knew we wouldn't kill anything, and we asked her if she would cook all we brought home, and she said, "Yes, and dress it, too." About the time we got started the two little chaps came up and begged me so sweetly to let them go I couldn't refuse, and so there were six of us in all, and two guns and two dogs, and in about an hour we had jumped six rabbits and killed five of them, and they were getting awful heavy when suddenly one of the boys looked up an elm tree that was in the middle of a cove and said, "I thought them things up there were squirrels' nests, but I do believe I saw one of 'em move." We all stopped and looked, and sure enough it did move, and the other one moved, and we knew they were coons. I never saw boys get excited so quick. They called the dogs and made for the cove. The creek was to cross and many log in sight, so they just waded through and surrounded the tree and held the dogs fast while one of the boys got ready to fire. By this time I was getting ready to be a boy again myself, and I hollered to 'em to wait, and I pulled the little chaps through the cane till I found a log and got them across and was soon on the battle-ground. Bang went a gun and down came a wounded coon, the biggest old fellow I ever saw, and I never saw such a fight in my life. He wasn't hurt much with the small shot, and he did fight and growl and screech mes amazin. First one dog and then the other backed out with a howl and then set in on him again, until finally old Zip surrendered and gave up the ghost. Bang went another gun and the other coon let go and fell into a fork, and there he lay dead for about fifteen minutes, when one of the boys said he was going to have him anyhow. So he climbed the tree, and when he had got about fifty feet up the coon straightened up in the fork and looked savagely at him and gave a growl. I wish you could have seen that boy slide. He came down that tree like a fireman comes down a scaling ladder. He left his hat and right smart of his breeches on the bark and grape vines. Well, of course they shot him again, and that tumbled him, and then we had another fight, and the boys say they never had as much fun, and they feel sorry for your town boys who don't have any sport and are penned up within brick walls, and the best they can do is to waste a few dollars on a French actress, and not know a word she said, and then go home and say bully for Sara. Well, I shouldered the biggest coon, and I think he weighed about twenty pounds when we started and about forty when I got home, and I laid him down suddenly in Mrs. Arp's lap and said, "Skin him and cook him, if you please." I ought to have done that. It was premature, and not altogether calculated to promote our conjugal felicity. Mrs. Arp is a stately, delicate woman, but I think she got up a little quicker than I had ever observed her. She thought it was a bear, or a hyena, or a catamount, and she screamed accordingly. All that was last

Monday, and I think she has about recovered from it now, but if I were to kill a thousand coons I wouldn't try that little joke again. It didn't pay. I wonder what makes men and boys so cruel. My little girl was the only friend those poor coons had, and I can not tell what made me take pleasure in their death. Boys begin early to show their love of cruelty and destruction. They rock the birds and the cats and the chickens, and rob the birds' nests, and then they hunt the rabbits and squirrels, and shoot all sorts of wild animals just for sport. There is an original sin about them that don't belong to girls. Girls are tender and kind and sympathetic. I reckon on that is one reason why we love 'em, but why they love us I don't know. I knew a boy once who caught a wild cat in the barn and tied a plow line round his neck and tied the other end to a ring behind the saddle that was on the old mare hitched to the fence, and then turned the old mare loose and pitched the cat on her back, and she ran herself to death in fifteen minutes, and the boys all laughed and hollered and enjoyed it splendid. That was mighty bad, but that boy married one of the sweetest girls in the country and made a good husband and a kind father. I reckon it's the devil that is in us for a while, and then he quits us and goes into somebody else or into some hogs or mad dogs or something. They say that every boy must sow his wild oats, though I have noticed that it takes some a heap longer than others to do it. They love a noise and a racket. They begin early to shoot fire-crackers and little pistols, and beat drums and tin pans and tie things to the dogs' tails and make 'em run and make 'em fight and set 'em on the cats, and a negro can't go along the road but what they whisper, "Sic him, Cesar!" When they get bigger and have a few bumps on their chin they want to do something more heroic. They want some girl to fall in the creek so they can jump in and save her live, or they want some wild horses to run away with a carriage so they can jump to the rescue of the ladies and seize the furious animals and jerk 'em down just in the nick of time, or he wants to whip another boy because he bucked up to his girl, and what is curious about these boys the girls seem to like that sort the best. If I hadn't fought a feller who insulted me I don't believe Mrs. Arp would have surrendered. I don't. Maybe she would have took the other feller, and then what would have become of me and my children! It's melancholy to think of. I'm sorry we killed them coons, for they don't any harm to speak of, and they are lively varmints and enjoy. The boys have got four coon skins now, and the girls have promised to make a rug out of them, with a striped tail sticking out at every corner, and I'm going to put it down in Mrs. Arp's corner for her dainty little number twos to rest upon as an atonement for my rudeness. She always comes around right when I show my repentance, and I'm sure to show it sooner or later.—Atlanta Constitution.

Off-Hand Talks.

BY SLIM JIM.

It may be wrong but I have decided never to throw my number nines inside of a church portal again.
 Never!
 And I mean business.
 If I can't hear a preacher expound the gospel once every six months without having a saucer shoved under my nose, then I will stay at home and cuss the cat.
 That's a pastime of mine, cussin' the cat.

You don't often see such cats as mine. She knows more devilment than a sixteen-year old girl.
 My cat is a black cat.
 Black cats are meanest when they try. Mine tries.
 She has a way of watching for me to sit down. Then she humps her old spine, tucks up her paws, which is a cross between a coffee mill with the influenza and a buzz saw, and then begins to rub up against my legs.
 Which produces in me a big disgust.

My legs were never make for the itching-post of black cats.
 And I get fighting mad and cuss.
 I always cuss when I get mad, it's a weakness of mine.
 The madder I get the harder I cuss.

But I'm not going to church any more. You can put that down.
 I put down a carpet the other night.
 At least I got the skin rubbed off my knuckles, mashed all my fingers, turned over the bureau, sat down on the tacks and otherwise put it down, but my wife got all the credit for it.

It's a way she has.
 But she's a good wife.
 She looks after my interest so well.
 She can go to town with one dollar of my hard-earned money and bring back ten dollars worth of dry goods.

She has the other nine dollars worth charged to me.
 If I didn't expostulate somewhat sternly she'd buy out the whole State and have it charged up.
 I owe now, on her account, something less than eight thousand dollars.

But I am abundantly able to owe it.
 And more too.
 Yet I'm never going to church again; that is, if I can survive the jimjams and mumps.
 I had the mumps once.
 I shall never banker-after them again.

I had them on both sides at the same time—which was economy upon the part of the mumps.
 I sincerely deprecate any such economy.
 You can get tired of mumps in shorter time than anything I know of, except abject poverty.
 I always yield the palm to abject poverty. It takes the cake.
 Though I will never go to church again.

The church is degenerating. Long time ago you could go to church and listen to a sermon without being woke up every five minutes by a fellow who pokes a hat under your nose and begs you for a contribution.
 Now it's different.
 It's like riding on a train with a conductor coming around at every station yelling "tickets."
 I don't like it.
 And I won't submit to it.
 There is also a baby in the house.
 It's a female baby.
 Let me advise you as a friend to always have a female baby in the house.
 For a good, healthy, squalling baby, I've got the boss.
 I don't say this because it's my baby. I'm not vain if I am rich.
 Some people are vain yet not rich. I have known people who were exceedingly vain who were absolutely poor.
 But it never helped them any.
 It never helped me. With all my poverty I'm never ashamed to go out into the back yard and split up enough wood for a cold night.
 But that's no reason why I should like to do these things.
 Yet I'm never going to church again—unless they reform very much beforehand.
 My baby has the whooping cough.
 And a rising in her head.
 And a new tooth.
 And symptoms of croup.
 And an elegant pair of lungs.
 If anybody doubts these assertions I'm willing to swear to them.
 Or they can curse the baby for a spell.
 Which will satisfy them in a very short while.
 In the meanwhile I will keep a way from church.

The Placid Grocer.

A Detroit grocer the other day displayed a dozen cakes of the clearest and nicest new maple sugar possible to make, and as he stood at his door a citizen halted and looked at the sugar and queried:
 "New?"
 "No; it's old."
 "Make it yourself?"
 "Yes."
 "Adulterated?"
 "Yes."
 "Shouldn't think it would be healthy."
 "It isn't."
 "Then why do you want to sell it?"
 "I don't want to. I set it out here so that a dray could cart it off and dump it on some vacant lot."
 The citizen looked up and down the street, across the way and finally said:
 "I guess I'll take two pounds of your warmed-up, adulterated old sugar. If it was new I wouldn't touch the stuff at any price. Please weigh this cake."
 He paid for the sugar and carried it away; but he looked like a man who wanted to say something mean to somebody.

An exchange tells of a young lady who, six months after a happy marriage, on being asked if she was much troubled with cold feet, simpered hesitatingly and with ingenious simplicity replied: "Ye-yes; but—but they're not my own."

A pious soul was asked yesterday, about his health. He replied that he felt very bad, so bad, indeed, he "could not sleep, even in church."

I shall read Talmage's dime sermons and become a Christian without being bled to death by church sharks.

I hear the baby.

It's my right to nurse, and the cardinal duty in my almshouse is a prompt discharge of duty.
 By-a-baby, by a—

A Novel Point Of Law.

The New York Sun relates the following:
 A curious point of law has arisen in the case of James Walsh, convicted in Brooklyn of murder in the first degree for the killing of Barbara Groenenthal. Miss Groenenthal was a beautiful girl of seventeen. The district attorney, in opening a vehement argument to the jurors, suddenly thrust before them a photograph of the murdered girl. This likeness had not been introduced in evidence, and the court promptly ordered it to be withdrawn from the view of the jury. But the mischief, if any, had already been done. Considering the powerful influence of beauty upon the heart of man, it is impossible to say that this irregular introduction of a photograph which displayed the loveliness of the fair victim may not have influenced the verdict, and caused the jury to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree instead of murder in the second degree.

This incident suggests a somewhat similar one that occurred some years ago in Mansfield, on the trial of John Arnold for the killing in this city of Rophus Sewall, one of the noblest young men, by the way, we ever knew. The killing was without justification, indeed a murder. Arnold got a change of venue to De Sota parish, where, through skillful manipulation on the part of his attorneys, he was acquitted. One of his attorneys was S. L. Taylor, now Judge of the District Court. One of the counsel for the prosecution was our friend J. C. Moncreur, now Circuit Judge, who, while a very fine advocate, is very emphatic. A short time before his trial M. S. Jones, an admirable caricaturist, had sketched the then "Major" in the act of "coming down to his work" in addressing a jury. Taylor happened to have the caricature in his possession and whilst addressing the jury rolled it up and flung it into the jury box.

It is said that when the jury retired that caricature entirely counteracted the effect of the eloquence of the learned counsel for the prosecution and probably influenced the verdict.—Shreveport Times.

The Newest Temperance Project.

"The most original," says the New York Herald, "of the many proposed laws for the suppression of intemperance is the bill now under consideration in Indiana requiring that any man desiring to drink shall take out a yearly license, price ten dollars, the money to go to the support of inebriate asylums and the license to be cancelled the first time its holder is found drunk. Such a law would be effective in many ways. In the first place it would distinctly draw the line between the drinkers and the non-drinking class. The church committee that might want to know of the habits of candidates for admission, and the father of marriageable daughters who are much sought after by young men, would not have to depend upon hearsay instead of evidence; they could satisfy themselves fully by referring to the official list of license holders. The licensed would be compelled, in order to continue in indulgence, to devise some way of learning when they have drunk enough, which is something that, up to the present time, no drinking man has ever been able to discover. Last, but not least, such a law would compel a drinking man to be ten dollars ahead to start with—a financial condition to which few consumers of liquor ever attain. Perhaps if the inebriate were to find himself with ten dollars in his pocket he would be tempted to make additions to it instead of throwing away his money in order to lose his brains."

A New Orleans man lately cabled to a friend in Cuba: "Send me one or two monkeys." The reply came back: "Shipped you 75; will send rest as soon as can be found. The telegram had gone: 'Send me 100 monkeys.' The balance of 27 have been countermanded.

When you meet a man with a fancy pair of scissors in his vest pocket, you may set him down as a dry-goods clerk or an editor. If his clothes are fine and fashionable, you may know he is not an editor.

Red's Gilt Edge Tonic cures dyspepsia.