

THE GUARDIAN.

ENOUGH.

My windows let the sunshine in,
My firm roof keeps the tempest out,
My soul is free from stain of sin.
My hands are strong, my heart is stout,
And roses bloom at my door;
What need I more?

The days their quiet duties bring,
The hours go lightly, swiftly by,
And at my tasks I smile and sing;
When school is over by-and-by
The children's faces through the door;
What need I more?

The very cares that heaviest be
Are for more sweet than worldly joys,
And Heaven would not be Heaven to me,
Without my noisy girls and boys,
My husband true, my children four;
What need I more?

Oh, who is rich if I be poor!
I would not change with crowned queen!
My toil is sweet, my joys are pure,
And pure and sweet my life has been;
I look to God when breath is o'er;
What need I more?

—Madeline S. Bridges.

An Extraordinary Case.

A most extraordinary natural accident, and one for the discussion of physicians, came to light a short time ago at Louisville, Ky., in which a needle taken into the foot of a lady nine years ago worked out of the thigh of her third child—a baby of one year. The lady in question is the wife of Mr. Harry Isaacs a cigarmaker, who lives on Market street, near Wenzel. At the time of the accident Mrs. Isaacs was unmarried, and was then Miss Pauline Coblenz. The needle encumbered in a carpet and penetrated her foot the full length. A physician was called immediately, but the needle could not be found, although it was known to be in the foot. She suffered great pain and for four months was unable to leave her bed. During that period three physicians made frequent attempts to extract the needle, and the knife was used extensively, however, without success. Miss Coblenz was tell off greatly from her long confinement. At length she was able to get about with the aid of crutches, but she continued to suffer from the needle. The pain decreased gradually and she regained her former despatch. Finally she felt the needle only at periods when there was a change in the weather. The movement of the needle seemed to be upward, and the point was not stationary, but moved with the needle. About five years ago she was married to Mr. Harry Isaacs. Three children are the fruit of their union, the youngest of which is a boy named Arthur, who is about a year old. The pain which troubled the mother left her even before the birth of the child, and the total disappearance of the pain she was wont to feel was a subject of remark and pleasure to her. On a recent Monday her baby, who has since its birth manifested a kindly disposition, was very restless, and cried uneasiness all night. The cause of the child's ailment was not discovered until the following morning, when in giving it a bath the mother discovered something black protruding through the skin of the child's thigh. She caught hold of it, and was frightened when she found the thing of a resisting substance. She, however, used a little force, and soon extracted the dark object. Imagine her surprise when she found it was a needle, black and corroded. The eye broke off in her hand while examining it. The recollection of the needle, which had caused her much pain, came vividly before her mother, and she felt keenly for her child. The remembrance of her relief from the pain also forced itself on the mother, and the connection of the two served as a clew as to how the needle came to be in the child's thigh. The mother says it would be almost impossible for the child to have taken it out, as the child would have made it known in piteous cries as it did when the needle worked out.

An Anecdote of Two Judges.

Judge Whiting was chief justice of Wisconsin about forty years ago. Judge Woodle was an associate justice. Judge Whiting was not considered a very brilliant man, but thought his perceptions were sluggish, his motives were always trust worthy. Judge Whiting and Judge Woodle were traveling together, hearing appeals from nisi prius terms. They traveled on horseback and on one occasion occupied a room together. Judge Whiting had a very shapely foot (a fact which he was suspected of knowing as well as anybody). Judge Woodle had club feet (as to which he was suspected of being very sensitive). On the occasion I speak of Judge Whiting was lying stretched on the only bed there was in the room, with one of his shapely feet extending out of the bed. He looked up and saw Judge Woodle looking at the foot intently. "What are you looking at?" said Judge Whiting.

"At your foot, Whiting," said Woodle. "And do you know, if I had your feet I would be almost willing to have your head!"

Grease and Stain Remover at Shelton's.

A Colored Parson on "Hades."

Parson Sandy, a colored gentleman of long standing, went into a Little Rock book store yesterday to first off his monthly report and leave being given he orated as follows:

"This committee has bin waitin' an' hangin' on fur de las' two months in order to fin' out just when las' winter was gwine to cound an' nex' winter begin. It has bin a hard struggle to draw de line, but we take solid pleasure in bein' able to denounce our belief dat de winter sezoun shows sign of gettin' weak in de knees. While we do not advise de public to pack away arctic over-shoes or look wid contempt on earmuffs, we kin still see signs fur hope. De snow drifts begin to look pale an' tired; de frost is losin' its grip on coler lots; steamboats am paunin' up, an' de sound of de plumbin' am no longer heard in de land. Sich of us as am alive an' kickin' six weeks from now will be able to leave off three-ply undershirts and dispense wid foot warmers. Let us be patient an' exhibit a proper spirit of resignashun and fortitude. Dis committee hasn't any particular re-marks to make on agriculturist just now, but in our nex' report we hope to be able to denounce dat onions have sprouted, sunflowers taken heart, an' dat artichokes an' horse-radish have finally got de budge on de meanest run o' weather any nation ever had to put up wid." The report was accepted and filed.—Detroit Free Press.

"But, old man," said the book seller, "you are at liberty to use the old edition."

"Haint de Gubner dun declared dat ole book is repealed an' dat de new one is in force?"

"Certainly not. The Governor has no jurisdiction in such matters."

"An' da can't take de ole book away from me!"

"Den Ise heeded, case Ise got hell on my side, and I'll tell yer, when a niggah ain't got de fire an' de brimstone on his side, he cant collect ten cents a year from de church."

There is something instructive in the fact that Garfield, John Sherman and politicians of that type are more powerful and popular than the class represented by Conkling. So far as bitter and unreasonable partisanship is concerned, both types are objectionable, but when they are compared there is rather a heavy balance against the former. Conkling's faults are many and prominent, but he has the redeeming characteristics of being out spoken and courageous, and of never affecting moral sentiments for political purposes. He is opposed to shams and does not pretend to be a representative of the religious element. On the contrary, the president and Mr. Sherman and others we might name, are remarkably of sentimental allusions and assume a devout and reverend air with much emotion and address.—*New Haven Register.*

The sparrows are building a nest in the bosom of Thomas Jefferson's statue just where the arms are told across the breast, and under the immortal pen of the Declaration, History repeats itself. To so birds, the off spring of English parents, have so increased and multiplied that we doubt not they are considering the question of declaring their independence to their English mothers, and this nest is a sort of spur to Fourth of July undertaking of the Americanized brood, to set up for themselves. It is their midus of liberty, from which, perhaps, will be hatched "the great sparrow rebellion." —Richmond State.

The authorities at Washington are determined to do away with the unsightly telegraph poles within the limits of that city. The new Mutual Telegraph Company, having been refused permission by the District authorities to erect any poles inside the city limits, have been driven perforce to adopt the plan of running their wires through the city sewers. The sewers used are the larger ones, into which men can enter and stand upright, although at points where a break in the large sewer system occurs, the wires are carried through small terra cotta pipes underground.

The situation in Ireland grows more and more complicated and the government is at its wits' end to devise a remedy. There has been rioting in Cork. Arrests are made every day. The finest troops in the English army—regiments whose colors bear the names of England's most glorious victories—are now engaged in the ignoble business of evicting tenants. As one correspondent puts it, the command is not now "I p. Guards, and at them!" but "I p. Guards, and at Jim Keane dy!" One wonders whether the colors which bear the name of Waterloo will also commemorate "Victories" in Sligo and Clare.

The maddest man in Nebraska is a saloon keeper at Lincoln. He had been buying lottery tickets, and some losers "put up a job" on him by publishing a fictitious telegram in the local paper that the number held by him had drawn a \$15,000 prize. His bar was free for the entire day, and all the losers in town got drunk at his expense. It was a very difficult matter to convince him that he had not drawn the prize, so strong was his faith in newspapers, but he will never again believe a word he sees in print.

Man's career is a skip, hop and a jump. He skips into the world naked, hops through life handicapped with woe, and jumps into eternity with eyes shut. —Whitechapel Times. He is liable to have his eyes opened soon enough after he reaches eternity, or else we worldly folks are teaching in vain.—*Fulton Times.*

Agriculture in the Lime-Kiln Club.

The Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture announced his readiness to first off his monthly report and leave being given he orated as follows:

"This committee has bin waitin' an' hangin' on fur de las' two months in order to fin' out just when las' winter was gwine to cound an' nex' winter begin. It has bin a hard struggle to draw de line, but we take solid pleasure in bein' able to denounce our belief dat de winter sezoun shows sign of gettin' weak in de knees. While we do not advise de public to pack away arctic over-

Homer Masonic Institute for Young Ladies.

Twenty-first Annual Session begins Sept. 1, 1880.

Board and tuition per month, \$15. Music included with the above, \$20, payable monthly in advance.

Tuition, \$3. 4 and 5 dollars per month. Incidental fee per term, \$1.

For further particulars, address T. S. SLIGH, A. M. Prest., Homer, Claiborne parish, La. July 14, 1880.

HOMER MALE COLLEGE.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SESSION will begin the First of September.

The Fall Term ends the 22d of December. The Spring Term will begin the 3d of January, and end the 2d of June, 1881.

Tuition, \$3. 4 and 5 dollars per month, payable at the end of each month, unless other arrangements are made.

A liberal deduction for tuition paid in advance per term.

Contingent—\$1 per term paid on the pupil's entrance.

Board, including lights and fuel, \$13 per month in private families.

Board at the College, including washing, fuel and tuition, from \$14 to \$16 dollars per month, payable *monthly in advance*—10 per cent allowed for payments in advance per term.

Address R. A. SMITH, Pres.

July 12, 1880.

L.S.L.

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