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Professional and business cards, of ten or less in length, \$15 per annum; for months, \$10; for three months, \$7.—Business advertisements of greater length will be inserted at above rates.

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Special notices 20 cents per line. General notices of less than ten lines, 1 marriage and religious notices inserted gratis.

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

**McLENDON & BARKSDALE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

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

**N. J. SCOTT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of the 3rd Judicial District, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.

**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.

**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.

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

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in the parishes of Ouachita, Claiborne, Lincoln, Morehouse and Ouachita, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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 evidence of my proficiency, I refer to the numerous persons for whom I have worked in Claiborne parish.

Terms reasonable, and work promptly executed.  
April 9, 1879

**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. 29, 1879.

**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.)  
**Gallon Factot and  
Commission Merchant,**

No. 28 Union Street,  
NEW ORLEANS.

Nov. 28, 1877.

**NELSON McSTEAL,**  
(Successor of McSTEAL & VAIL.)  
Importer and Wholesale dealer in  
**FOREIGN and Domestic DRY GOODS,  
and NOTIONS,**

98 Canal and 135 Common Streets,  
NEW ORLEANS.

March 23, 1881.

**KATZ & BARNETT,**  
Importers and Jobbers,  
**NOTIONS, HOSIERY, RIBBONS, Laces,  
FANCY GOODS, &c.**

No. 86 Canal Street, 2 doors from Camp,  
NEW ORLEANS.

March 23, 1881.

**SIMON & KOHN,**  
JOBBERS OF  
**HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,  
VALISES, TRAVELING BAGS,**

Rubber Clothing, Umbrellas and Artificial  
Flowers,  
92 Common and 105 & 107 Gravier Street,  
NEW ORLEANS.

March 23, 1881.

**W. C. SHEPARD & CO.,**  
49 Camp Street, New Orleans.  
**FOREIGN and DOMESTIC Crockery,  
Glass and China, for Wholesale  
and Retail Trade.**

We keep constantly on hand crates, boxes,  
heads and casks, well assorted for country  
trade, or family use.

You will find it to your interest to call  
before you buy elsewhere.

W. C. SHEPARD & CO.  
March 23, 1881.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1822.]  
**A. BALDWIN & CO.,**

74 Canal Street, NEW ORLEANS, and  
No. 118 Chambers Street, NEW YORK.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
**FOREIGN and Domestic HARDWARE,  
CUTLERY,  
GUNS, PISTOLS,  
IRON, NAILS,  
STEEL BARR FENCE WIRE,  
RAILROAD SUPPLIES, and  
Agricultural Implements.**

AGENTS FOR  
E. & J. Brooks' Anchor Brand Nails and  
and Spikes;  
U. S. Metallic Cartridge Co.;  
Winstead Hoe Co., Winstead, Conn.;  
H. Disston & Sons' Celebrated Files,  
Philadelphia;  
Fox Breech Loading Gun;  
Globe Cotton Planter.

March 23, 1881.

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

## THE FOREST FIRE.

[Detroit Post and Tribune.]  
Ever nearer, faster, higher,  
Comes the waves of lurid fire!  
Roaring, hissing for their prey,  
Can it be the Judgment Day?

When the "stars of heaven shall fall,"  
And a sulphurous, smoky pall  
Hides the sun, and, "like a scroll"  
In God's hand, the sky shall roll!

Not but save that day of wrath,  
The destroying angels' path  
Never left a drearier plain,  
Marked with ruin, death and pain.

When last night the homestead stood,  
Ashes now, and blackened wood;  
And in place of wife or child,  
The scarred corpse, and anguish wild.

All, all is gone; and the bare earth,  
Wasted and burned in utter dearth,  
In the sad image of their fate,  
Bitter, and black, and desolate!

Flash the sad news from sea to sea,  
The Nation's gifts flow full and free,  
And every northern train rolls past,  
With aid and comfort hurrying fast.

The Savior's voice we hear once more,  
Again He leaves to us His poor;  
And when we help our brother's need  
It is "the Christ" we clothe and feed.

And, oh! remember well His word,  
These gifts are to our risen Lord;  
Let them be such that by His throne  
We shall not blush our names to own.

## Mistaken Economy.

"We really must economize some-  
where!" said Obadiah, tugging  
wildly at his whiskers.

"Yes, indeed," said I, wringing  
my hands, "we must! But I'm sure,  
Oby, dear, we are neither of us ex-  
travagant. We must eat, we must  
drink, and we must live!"

And Obadiah and I sat and look-  
ed at each other in a sort of mild  
despair.

We had only been married six  
months, Obadiah and I. We were  
very young, both of us, and perhaps  
we had begun the world too early.

Our relations told us we hadn't any  
business to marry; but as their  
gratuitous opinions were all that  
they had ever given us, or ever in-  
tended to give us, we had not paid  
much attention to these utterances.

We had taken a little, one-story  
cottage, just on the high road,  
which was let cheap, because there  
were only two rooms and a kitchen  
to it. But what did Obadiah and I  
want with more than two rooms and  
a kitchen? I had the furniture  
which grandmother Newcomb had  
given me, and a rag carpet which  
my poor mother had woven the  
winter before she died. To be sure,  
our accommodations were not exten-  
sive, but we did not expect to hold  
fashionable receptions or give large  
dinner parties.

Obadiah had plenty of work in  
the woolen factory, down by the  
depot, and I hung out my little sign,  
"Dressmaking and Millinery," and  
hoped that somebody would see it,  
and come in and give me an order.  
But no one came. I had plenty of  
time after my housekeeping duties  
were over in the morning, and  
couldn't be always beeswaxing the  
furniture, arranging the china cup-  
board, or polishing the windows.

"I wish I could get some dress-  
making to do!" said I, wistfully;  
for Obadiah's earnings were small, and  
I did so long for a dollar or two of  
my own.

"Why don't you advertise in the  
village paper?" said old Mr. Meggs.  
Obadiah burst out laughing.

"Advertise!" said he. "Why,  
what on earth do you take us for,  
Mr. Meggs? It costs a deal of  
money to advertise."

"It costs something, certainly,"  
said Mr. Meggs, thoughtfully strok-  
ing his chin; "but, then, it calls  
public attention to the particular  
sort of iron that you have in the  
fire."

"A little legal paper like that?"  
said Obadiah, rather contemptuous-  
ly.

"It's local custom your wife  
wants, isn't it?" said Mr. Meggs.  
"And I never did think much of  
newspapers," added Obadiah.

So that settled the question; and  
afterward, when the foreman of the  
woolen factory cut down all the  
wages of the workmen twenty per-  
cent., and coal went up, and the  
winter set in hard and cold, and we  
began to consider the question of  
how and where we could economize,  
the local newspaper was almost the  
first thing upon which Obadiah  
settled.

"That, at least, is an unnecessary  
extravagance," said he.  
I winced a little. The Boggsville  
Herald had been my companion for  
more lonely evenings than I cared  
to remember.

"It's only a dollar and a half a  
year, Obadiah," said I, "and really  
it's a very interesting little paper."

"Just a dollar and a half a year  
too much," said my husband, curtly.  
"The subscription is just out. I'll  
tell 'em we won't renew it. If you  
care so much about it, Jowie, you  
can easily borrow Mrs. Meggs' pa-  
per."

I was silent. I never could make  
Obadiah understand the deep-rooted  
aversion to "borrowing" of any  
creature whatever: that I had in-  
herited from my mother.

So we cut down the weekly paper,  
and left off using butter, and  
burned candles a penny a pound  
cheaper, and I sponged, and cleaned,  
and rebound, and new buttoned  
Obadiah's great coat, instead of  
buying a new one, and left off going  
to church because my old cloak  
was so shabby and I couldn't afford  
anything better.

And oh, how I did miss the  
Boggsville Herald!

"If I could only get a little dress-  
making to do," said I to myself, "I  
would subscribe again myself. But  
I can not bear to ask Obadiah for a  
cent of his hard earned money."

I was sitting, very sad and lonely,  
one freezing February day, by the  
window, trying to mend one of  
Obadiah's old waistcoats, so that it  
should last a few days longer, when  
a traveling pedler, with a huge  
basket of china ornaments on one  
arm and a bundle on his shoulder,  
knocked at the door. He nodded  
in an insinuating manner to me as I  
answered the summons.

"Couldn't I sell you anything this  
morning, ma'am?" said he, with a  
liberal display of a very white and  
even set of teeth. "Anything in the  
way of elegant mantle vases,  
statuettes, decorated china, match-  
boxes—"

"I have no money," said I, spirit-  
lessly. "And I do not need any of  
your wares."

"Ah, but you do not know what  
a splendid article I have here," he  
persisted, loosening the strap which  
passed across his shoulder, and  
lowering the precious package care-  
fully to the floor. "A pair of real  
Wedgewood vases. Oh, don't  
shake your head, ma'am; I shan't  
charge you anything for looking at  
'em, you know. I'm certain you're  
an artist—all the ladies are born  
artists—and this is really something  
quite out of the ordinary."

And with a succession of nods  
and grins, he unwrapped a pair of  
really very pretty blue vases, nearly  
two feet high, and ornamented  
with raised garlands in white.

"Only six dollars a pair, ma'am,"  
said he. "Dirt cheap. It's positive-  
ly giving them away at that price."

"I have no six dollars to spare,"  
said I, indifferently.

"It's a great bargain, ma'am,"  
he insisted.

"I do not want them," said I.  
He was silent for a few seconds.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said he.  
"They'd be a great decoration for a  
house like this. But if you really  
won't buy, it would be doing me a  
great favor to allow them to stand  
here until to-morrow. I've a long  
tramp before me, and I'm not going  
to any place where I think they'd  
be likely to buy anything of this  
sort. I'll set 'em back by the chim-  
ney piece, ma'am, where they won't  
be in any one's way. And I'm very  
tired with carrying 'em."

I felt sorry for the poor, jaded  
wretch—so I made no objection.  
And when he was gone, the vases  
did make the room look wonder-  
fully pretty. I could not but wish  
that they were mine. Obadiah per-  
ceived them at once, when he came  
home to tea.

"Hello!" said he, what does this  
mean?"

So I told him, adding:  
"I only wish that I could afford  
to buy them—they are so hand-  
some."

Obadiah walked around and  
around them, with his hands in his  
pockets, and his brows knit thought-  
fully.

"Yes, they're pretty," said he.  
"But they're not perfect."

"Not perfect!" I echoed.

"Not by any means. Don't you  
see that lengthwise crack down one?  
And the end of the little raised  
rosebud is chipped off on the other.  
I hope you didn't do it, Josie!" with  
a sudden glance of apprehension.

"I certainly not!" I cried. "Why,  
I haven't so much as touched the  
things!"

"Then I dare say it's all right,"  
said Obadiah. And he sat down  
to supper.

The next day, however, my friend,  
the china-vender, came along, smil-  
ing and obsequious as ever.

"There are your vases," said I,  
just where you left them!"

But all at once he broke out into  
a storm of reproach and obloquy.  
They had been cracked and dam-  
aged in my care. They were perfect—  
absolutely perfect—when he left  
them there the day before. I had  
worked the mischief, and I was of  
course responsible for the value of  
the article! Of course I knew that  
the rascal was telling a falsehood;  
but what could I do? I was alone  
in the house, and fairly cowed by  
the ferocity of the man.

"You must pay me for them," he  
reiterated, again and again, "or I  
will have you arrested at once!"

I burst into tears.  
"How can I pay you?" said I.  
"The vases were damaged when you  
left them here. And, besides, I  
have not five dollars—no, nor one  
dollar—in the house." (Which, also,  
was true enough.)

While I spoke, he had been glanc-  
ing furtively around.  
"I don't want to be hard with you,  
ma'am," said he. "Of course, a  
poor man like me has to save him-  
self from loss, and if you'll let me  
have that set of blue and white  
India china in the dresser, in ex-  
change, I'll leave the vases and we'll  
say no more about it."

It went to my heart to part with  
the India china, which had been a  
relic of my mother's housekeeping  
days, but I was so cowed and terri-  
fied by the man's bullying manner  
that I believe I would have given  
him the house from over my head if  
he had asked for it; and he went  
away, leaving the beautiful vases on  
the floor. How glad I was to  
see Mrs. Meggs come cheerfully in,  
half an hour afterward—a good,  
motherly old soul, with silver spec-  
tacles and an elderly dimple still  
lingering on her cheek.

"Why, my dear," said she, "what's  
the matter?"

And I told her all.  
"But, my dear," said she, "how  
came you to be so taken in? There  
was an article in the paper last week,  
warning everybody against this  
very impostor. Didn't you see it?  
It was called 'The Vase Swindler.'"  
I colored deeply, and hung down  
my head.

"We have stopped taking the pa-  
per," said I. "Obadiah thought we  
couldn't afford—"

"And your beautiful old china,  
too!" said Mrs. Meggs. "Why,  
there was half a column in the pa-  
per, week before last, about the value  
of old china just now. And by  
what is stated, your set of old  
India-ware must have been worth  
twenty dollars at least."

Twenty dollars! And I had frit-  
tered them away for a pair of  
wretched, cracked, tawdry things,  
of the very sight of which I was al-  
ready sick.

"My dear," said Mrs. Meggs,  
"your ideas of economy are altogeth-  
er misplaced. You should read the  
papers."

Obadiah went and subscribed for  
the Boggsville Herald that very  
evening. And in the first number  
he saw an advertisement for hands  
at a new steam factory in the neigh-  
borhood, which offered steady work  
and wages a third higher than he  
was now receiving. And I inserted  
a modest little "Dressmaking Want-  
ed," and it was answered within  
the week, and I am making my own  
snug little income now, thank heav-  
en! And it anybody tells us now  
that we can't afford to take a paper,  
we tell them, Obadiah and I, that  
we can't afford to do without one.—  
*South Jersey Times.*

## A Scheme to Encourage Wedlock.

At the next meeting of the Onta-  
rio Legislature application will be  
made for incorporation of the Na-  
tional Marriage Dowry Association.  
The object of the promoters of the  
scheme is in all probability to make  
money, but the result of their quest  
of money will be to encourage the  
man and maid to wed. The society  
first began its operations in Indi-  
ana, and it is now casting its be-  
nevolent arms over the bachelors  
and spinsters in other States, Ter-  
ritories and Provinces. In the  
words of the circular, the Associa-  
tion is established "to encourage  
lawful wedlock, to promote econ-  
omy, to endow homes, and to make  
married life the end and aim of the  
rich and poor alike." The scheme  
is as follows: Supposing John  
Smith, on the 13th day of August,  
casts his lot in with the Association.  
He pays, in the first place, \$5 for  
his certificate, and a semi-annual  
payment thereafter of \$1. In case  
some of his co-insurers marry, and  
there not being sufficient funds in  
the treasurer's hands to pay the  
sum to which the newly married  
man is entitled, an assessment of  
\$1 is levied all round. These are  
the payments to which he is liable.  
The benefits are that, should he  
marry on the 13th of August, 1882,  
he is entitled to \$200. Should his  
marriage not occur for five years,  
he would be entitled to \$1000, and  
so on. We don't suppose ladies are  
excluded from the Association. It's  
a grand scheme. Any young lady  
who was known to have one of  
these certificates would be the ob-  
ject of all admirers. At church  
and market places she would not  
want for swains.—*London (Ont.)  
Advertiser.*

Bed bugs are the public fountain  
of vice.

## How to Pickle Beef.

Our old friend, J. H. Darden, has  
sent us the following with a request  
to publish for the public benefit.  
He has frequently tried it and can  
vouch for its value. It was origi-  
nally contributed to the Southern  
Cultivator by a gentleman at For-  
est, Miss., signing himself A. H. B.,  
in May, 1870.

I occasionally see articles in news-  
papers and agricultural journals  
upon the subject of how to pickle  
beef. All of them are after the old  
plan of using a strong prepared  
brine, letting the meat remain a  
few days then taking it out, reboli-  
ng the brine, cleansing it, and so  
on. This plan is good, but tedious  
and troublesome. I practiced it  
many years with good success, until  
I learned another equally as cer-  
tain, more expeditious, and attend-  
ed with much less labor. In cold  
weather almost any plan will an-  
swer, with the use of a plenty of  
salt. A plan, certain and easy in  
all seasons and climates, is the  
great desideratum. I will give you  
a method which I used many years  
with success, at all seasons of the  
year, in a climate much warmer  
than this, in South-western Texas,  
latitude twenty-eight.

My family was large. I also kept  
a hotel. The beef of Western Tex-  
as fattened upon the musqui grasses  
of that region is the finest beef in  
the world. I have eaten beef fresh  
from Fulton market, New York, also  
the same pickled after the most ap-  
proved plan. Yet I can say, in  
truth, that the beef of Western  
Texas is equal to any I ever saw.  
Persons from the "States" have  
eaten of my beef and were greatly  
astonished, when told it was Texas  
beef put up in warm weather.

First, prepare a barrel. I prefer  
one that had molasses in it. Whis-  
ky or pork will answer after being  
well soaked and cleansed. It will  
hold the meat of a beef weighing  
four hundred pounds. To pickle  
one of this size, take one gallon of  
salt, one pound of sugar, one-fourth  
pound of African or Cayenne pep-  
per, and one-fourth pound of salt  
petre, pulverize them well and mix  
thoroughly. Cut your beef in slices  
about two inches thick, take a  
small portion of the preparation  
and sprinkle it over each piece of  
meat, rub it in with the hand so as  
to bring the preparation in contact  
with all parts of the meat, then  
salt, and salt it well, using common  
salt. Cover the bottom of your  
barrel with salt an inch deep, put  
in a layer of meat prepared as di-  
rected which will be two or three  
inches deep, then cover the meat  
with salt; then add another layer of  
meat, then salt, and so on until the  
barrel is filled to within two or three  
inches; then take clean boards and  
place on top of the meat, and weight  
them down either with bricks or  
stone. The juices of the meat and  
melted salt, by the time you are  
through with the operation, will  
have covered the meat. Let it re-  
main a few days and the meat will  
be ready for use. After taking out  
for use, replace the boards and  
weights, and keep the meat under  
the brine until it is consumed.—  
Everything must be in readiness  
before the beef is killed; as soon as  
slaughtered, while the meat is hot,  
commence to salt and put in barrel.  
In cold weather you may, if you like,  
let the small bones remain in the  
meat; but, in hot weather, it is im-  
portant that all bones be taken out.

The advantage that this process  
has over others is very great. It is  
less laborious, and the meat pickled  
thus is sweeter, the juices being re-  
tained with the meat. The old plan  
of changing the brine takes from the  
meat much of its flavor. I am  
indebted to an old friend for this  
plan, Col. James B. Skiles, late of  
Bowling Green, Ky., now of Mari-  
lena, Kansas county, Texas.

Reader, try it, and my word for  
it, if you follow the directions, you  
will succeed, and never again use  
the old plan of pickling beef.

A Vermont man recently went  
and paid for a \$5 watch he stole  
eighteen years ago. He stated that  
he wanted to free his mind, as he  
had been in hell ever since he stole  
it. If it takes eighteen years of  
hell to make a Vermont man give  
up \$5, there appears to be a basis  
for the belief that some Vermonters  
are penitents.

A bit of conversation overboard  
in the English Crystal Palace  
"Thou'st the monkey, and we  
read about in Egypt, and so  
to his little one, and so  
"And what's that?"  
pointing to  
some group  
"Indian? It was  
submitted by