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JOHN A. RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.
January 11, 1882. 22-

McCLendon & Barksdale,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.
WILL practice in all the Courts in 3rd
Judicial District, and the Supreme
Court of the State.

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. 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.

J. E. TRIMBLE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
FARMERVILLE, LA.
WILL give prompt attention to all busi-
ness entrusted to him in the parishes
of Claiborne, Lincoln, Union, and the 8th
Judicial District at Monroe. Special attention given to suc-
cessions and collections.

J. F. TAYLOR,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MINDEX, WEBSTER PA., LA.
WILL practice in all the Courts of the
State, and will give attention to ap-
pear in Shreveport or Monroe. Quick col-
lections and prompt remittances. Land
matters given careful attention.

Shreveport Star Bakery
—AND—
STEAM CRACKER FACTORY,
C. P. THENARD, Proprietor.
Manufactures of all varieties of Crackers,
Bread and Snaps,
Travis Street, near the Levee.
November 30, 1881. 16ly

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 evi-
dences of my proficiency, I refer to the nu-
merous persons for whom I have worked
in Claiborne parish.

BAR AND BILLIARD SALOON,
—BY—
W. C. PRICE.
FINE CIGARS, old and pure Whiskies,
fresh Lager Beer, fine Wines of every
variety, &c., one door south of M. C. Law-
rence's store.
The patronage of my friends and the
public generally respectfully solicited.
W. C. PRICE.
February 2, 1881. 25y

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.

JOHN CHAFFE & SONS,
GOTTON 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 & Murrie.)
**Gotton Factor and
Commission Merchant,**
No. 38 Union Street,
NEW ORLEANS.
Nov. 28, 1877. 15ly

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. 32y

A. K. BONHAM, JNO. F. HALPIN,
H. C. WHITE,
WITH
A. K. BONHAM & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS, and Dealers in
FLOUR, MEAL, and PLANTA-
TION SUPPLIES.
303 S. Main St., ST. LOUIS.
August 10, 1881. 523m

M. PALLAS,
WITH
RIE, BORN & CO.,
DEALERS IN
HEAVY & SHELF HARDWARE
CUTLERY, Agricultural Implements and
Plantation Supplies, Farmers' Stock and
Tools, Heating and Cooking Stoves, Manu-
facturers of Tin and Japanned Ware,
89 and 91 Camp and 597 Magazine Sts.,
NEW ORLEANS.
New York Office: 97 Chambers Street.

A. BALDWIN & CO.,
74 Canal Street, NEW ORLEANS, and
No. 11 Chambers Street, NEW YORK.
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FOREIGN and Domestic HARDWARE.
CUTLERY,
GUNS, PISTOLS,
IRON, NAILS,
STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE,
RAILROAD SUPPLIES, and
Agricultural Implements.

W. C. SHEPARD & CO.,
40 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. 32y

SIMON & KOHN,
JOBBER 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. 32y

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. 35y

THE TRYST.
Impelled by memory in a wayward mood,
Reluctant, yearning, with a faithless mind,
I sought once more a long-neglected spot,
A wooded upland bordered by the sea,
Whose tides were swirling up the reedy
sands.
Or floating noiseless in the yellow marsh.
My way was wild. The winds, awaking,
smote
My face, but as I passed the ruined wall
Brambles and vines and waving blossoms
dash
A frolic welcome, like a summer rain.
Shouldering the hills against the murky
east
Stood stalwart oaks, and in the mossy soil
Below, the trembling birches whispered
me,
"Not here!" I reached the silence-loving
pines,
And lingered. The mists swept from wood-
ed hills
And, rolling seaward, hid the anchored
ship.
So, happy, dreaming an old dream again
Of keeping tryst in secret on the knoll,
I wandered on, listening in dreamy maze
To sounds I thought familiar—the ap-
proach
Of well-known footsteps in the leafy path—
A murmuring voice calling me by name!
Through the pine shafts the sunless light
of dawn
Stole. Day was come. My dream would
be fulfilled!
Above the hill the sky began to blaze,
And ushering morn the west flushed rose-
red.
Then, the sun leaping from his bed of gold,
Scattered, cloud-banners, crimson, gray,
and white.
There was my shadow in the leafy path
Alone—none was to keep the tryst with
me!
No voice, no step among the hills I heard.
The joyous swallows from their nestings
flew,
Mad in the light with song. Far out at sea
The white sails fluttered in the eager
breeze,
But day was silent holding tryst with me—
My pilgrimage rewarded—faith restored.
[Elizabeth Stoddard, in Scribner.

Dogs vs. Hogs.
[Arkansas Farmer.]
It is stated that an ordinary dog
will eat and destroy in one year the
equivalent of that which, if given to
a well bred pig, would make him
weigh at the expiration of that time
300 pounds gross, and we don't
think it overstated. Arkansas gives
sustenance to 300,000 dogs, which,
if given to that number of pigs in-
stead, would add to our pork sup-
ply 90,000,000 pounds, now worth
\$8,100,000. This would build a
school house in every township in
the State worth \$1,000 each, pay a
competent teacher, pay all the state,
county and township taxes combin-
ed, and leave an overplus in the
treasury. Nor is that all. The dog
kills 60,000 sheep annually, worth
\$90,000, which terrifies all from en-
gaging in the husbandry extensiv-
ely, and many from engaging at all.
If farmers were freed from the rav-
ages of dogs the number of sheep
would be increased ten fold in the
state, which at a low estimate would
be 1,000,000; worth, at present,
\$1,500,000, with a fleece value of
\$500,000. Though the average
fleece would increase from three to
six pounds, with an equally increas-
ed value per pound, which would
proportionally increase the value of
the sheep. This would give us a
sheep value of \$6,000,000, with a
fleece worth \$2,000,000, making a
total of \$16,190,000 we annually
pay for the luxury of dogs. Nor is
this all. The droppings from those
sheep would make excellent manure,
and, if properly applied, increase
the productiveness of our lands two
fold. In England, it is said, 300
sheep penned upon one acre of land,
one week, will make it as rich as it
should be. This could not do less
than double the productiveness of
173,316 acres of land in one year,
and give the land an increased
value, which here or elsewhere
could not be less than \$5 per acre.
If said land was in cotton, the in-
creased value of the crop would be
at present prices \$3,712,952, and al-
lowing \$5 per acre as the present
value of land, we would have \$7,
099,226 for our increase in land
value, which makes a grand total
of \$27,592,172. This is not all, but
we will stop, as we have enough
to prevent the overflow of our low
lands, develop the mineral deposits
of our uplands and pay off the state
debt. Though we will not do it,
because we prefer the blessed priv-
ilege of having a yellow ear come
into the house, gather up the strag-
gling fleas and take them out of
doors.

The Longest Speech.
The longest speech on record is
believed to have been made by Dr.
De Cosmos in the Legislature of
British Columbia, when a measure
was pending which would take from
a great many settlers their land.
De Cosmos was in a hopeless minor-
ity. The job had been held back
till the close of the session, and un-
less legislation was taken before
noon of a given day the act would
fail. The day before, De Cosmos got
the floor at ten A. M., and began
to speak against the bill. Its
followers cared little, for they sup-

posed that by one or two o'clock he
would be through and the bill put
on its passage. One o'clock came
and he was speaking still. Two
o'clock—he was saying "in the sec-
ond place." Three o'clock—he pro-
duced a fearful bundle of papers and
insisted on reading them. The ma-
jority began to have suspicions—he
was going to speak till the next noon
and kill the bill. For a while they
became merry over it; but as it
came on to dusk they got alarmed.
They tried interruptions, but soon
abandoned them, because each one
afforded him a chance to digress
and rest. They tried to shout him
down, but that gave him a breath-
ing space, and finally they settled
down to watch the combat between
strength of will and weakness of
body. There was no adjournment
for dinner; no chance to do more
than to wet the lips with water; no
wandering from the subject; no sit-
ting down. Members slipped out
to eat in relays, and returned to sleep,
but De Cosmos went on. The
speaker was alternately dozing and
trying to look wide awake. Day
dawned, and the majority slipped
out in squads to wash and break-
fast, and De Cosmos kept on. It
can't be said it was a very logical,
eloquent, or sustained speech. But
still he kept on until noon came to
a baffled majority, lived with rage
and impotence; and a single man
was triumphant thought his voice
had sunk to a husk whisper, his
bloodshot eyes were almost closed,
his legs tottered, and his baked lips
were cracked and bloody. He had
spoken twenty-six hours, and saved
the settlers their lands.

A Small Boy on Tobacco.
Tobacco grows something like
cabbage, but I never saw none boil-
ed, although I have eaten boiled
cabbage and vinegar on it, and
have heard men say that cigars that
was given to them on election day
for nothing was cabbage leaves.
Tobacco stores are mostly kept by
wooden bunks, who stand at the
doors and try to fool little boys by
offering them a bunch of cigars
which is made of wood also.
Hogs don't like tobacco; neither
do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once,
and it made me reel like epsom
salts.

A Beautiful Allegory.
The eminent statesman, John J.
Crittenden, of Kentucky was at
one time engaged in defending a
man who had been indicted for a
capital offense. After an elaborate
and powerful defence, he closed his
effort with the following striking
and beautiful allegory:
When God in his eternal council
conceived the thought of man's crea-
tion, he called to him the three
ministers who wait constantly upon
the throne—Justice, Truth and
Mercy—and thus addressed them:
"Shall we make man?" Then said
Justice: "O, God, make him not,
for he will pollute thy sanctuaries."
But Mercy, dropping upon her
knees, looking up through her
tears, exclaimed, "O, God, make
him—I will watch over him with
my care through all the dark
through which he may have to
tread." Then God made man, and
said to him, "O, man, thou art
the child of Mercy; go and deal with
thy brother."
The jury, when he had finished,
was drowned in tears, and against
the evidence, and what must have
been their own convictions, brought
in a verdict of not guilty.

Mark Twain's "Dan."
[New York World.]
Mr. Daniel Slote, the well-known
blank book manufacturer, died
Tuesday in New York, in his moth-
er's house, where he was visiting.
Many people who have never seen
him or heard of his name will yet
regret his death as that of an old
friend, for he was well known
wherever the English language is
read, as the "Dan" of Mark Twain's
"Innocents Abroad." He was a
genial gentleman, social and pleas-
ant, whose character was not over-
drawn in the famous book. Of the
pilgrims he was probably the most
practical and possessed the greatest
common sense. When the party
hired the guide Billfinger, and they
determined to rename him for the
sake of romance, one suggested the
name of Alexis du Caulaincourt.

Mount Vernon.
During the war, while the blood-
iest battles on the Potomac were
being fought, the Southern and
Northern troops fraternized on this
spot and not a shot was fired nor a
blow exchanged on the domain of
Mount Vernon. It was neutral
ground. The soldiers exchanged
coffee and tobacco and lolled ami-
cably together under the trees, then
went back to shooting and killing
each other as soon as they were off
the sacred ground. The most ir-
reverent scoffer must walk with
reverence through the ancient frame
house in which so much of our his-
tory is embalmed. Hanging in the
hall is the great key of the Bastille,
sent to Washington by Lafayette,
and near it is the General's fieldglass
hung on its rack by Washington
himself, and never disturbed. Of
all the memories of Mount Vernon
none are more interesting than
those of Eleanor Custis—poor Nel-
ly, who died at 22, and was her
stepfather's pet.
In one room stands her harpsi-
chord, an immense machine, just
the size of a grand piano of the
present day, with two banks of
keys like an organ. Beside it are
some ancient blue chairs embroi-
dered by her fingers a century ago.
In the grounds stand her rosebush,
beside which tradition says, she re-
ceived her first offer, and which the
guileless and credulous of her sex
are persuaded to walk around six
times to bring a similar event about.
One of the ingenuities of the Re-
gents of Mount Vernon was to
have magnificent Turkish rugs
made to resemble as far as possible
the rug carpets which were the
floor coverings in Martha Wash-
ington's day, and for that purpose
scraps of the rag carpets were sent
abroad to be as nearly simulated as
possible. And way up high, under
the roof, is a little hip-roofed, dor-
mer windowed rookery, which, after
General Washington's death, his
widow chose as her own room, be-
cause it was from that window only
that a view could be had of the
hideous brick tomb in which the
mortal part of the General lay.

A "Too Utter" Man.
Charles Frost Williams began to
be particular as soon as locked up.
He wanted a looking glass and a
spring bed in his cell; refused to
drink from the dipper in common
use, and stood up for three hours
rather than sit down on the well-
worn bench. When his turn came
to appear in court he wanted a
clean collar, a tooth brush and some
perfume for his handkerchief, and
he seemed greatly put out as he
was left facing the desk.
"Can't this case be adjourned un-
til I can get on my Sunday clothes?"
he softly asked.
"Can't be done."
"Can't I be tried in a private
room, then?"
"Not a bit of it. You'll have to
stand trial right here. You were
drunk on the street."
"I might have been slightly over-
come by the weather. I am very
susceptible to changes."
"Yes, but the weather doesn't
make a man sit in the stairway and
sing through his nose, or strike an
officer who offers to put him on a
street car."
"I might have partaken of a lit-
tle sweet wine, but, really, sir—
really, I do protest against the
statement that I was drunk. Lon-
gers get drunk, sir."
"Well, yours was a flat, silly
drunk. I happened in here just as
they brought you in, and your
tongue was too thick to say sugar."
"I can't believe it—really can't."
"Tisn't a bit like me."
"Your fine will be five dollars all
the same."
"Beastly—beastly, but I will pay.
Here, sir, is the filthy lucre. It is
most annoying, sir—really most an-
noying to me. Good morning, sir."
—Detroit Free Press.

How About It?
It has been generally supposed
that the habitation of the North
American continent did not date
farther back than the twelfth centu-
ry but discoveries in archeology
seem to show that it is not improb-
able that a civilization existed on its
soils before the pyramids were built
or the States of Greece were found-
ed.

Press Association of Louisiana.
MONROE, La., March 13, 1882.
Considering the fact that the
overflow afflicts more or less all por-
tions of Louisiana, and that Alexan-
dria, the place of meeting of the
Press Association is seriously
threatened, I assume the authority
to postpone the meeting of the As-
sociation from the 20th instant to
the 15th of May next, to meet at
Alexandria.
G. W. McMANUS,
Pres't Louisiana Press Association.

Alphonse Henri d'Hauteville, said
another.
"Call him Ferguson," said Dan.
And Ferguson he was called to the
end of the book. At another time
some of the party were in a bath.
Dan's voice rose in the air.
"Oh, bring me some soap, why
don't you!"
The reply was Italian. Dan re-
sponded:
"Soap, you know, soap. That's
what I want. S-o-a-p, soap; s-o-a-p,
soap; s-o-a-p, soap. Hurry up! I
don't know how you Irish spell it,
but I want it. Spell it to suit your-
self, but fetch it, I'm freezing."
Then was heard the doctor say-
ing, impressively:
"Dan, how often have we told
you that these foreigners cannot
understand English! Why will
you not tell us what you want. I
will address this person in his
mother tongue. Here *cospetiol cor-
po di Baccol Sacramental Solferi-
no!* Soap, you son of a gun. Dan,
if you would let us talk for you,
you would not expose your ignorant
vulgarity."
At another time when the inno-
cents were traveling through Italy,
and Ferguson kept telling them
that Michael Angelo designed every
castle and church—"the Pan-
theon, the Tiber, the Vatican, the
Colosseum, the Tarpeian Rock, St.
John Lateran, the Bath of Caracal-
la"—Dan cried out: "Enough,
enough, enough! Say no more!
Lump the whole thing, and say
that the Creator made Italy from
designs by Michael Angelo."

Dan was the marker in the bil-
liard game played by Dan and the
doctor which lasted two hours and
a half without a point being made,
when Dan asked them if the game
was not rather monotonous.

A Blessing in Disguise.
On every hand we hear men say,
"this is going to be a mighty hard
year on the poor farmers. They
have, most of them, no provisions on
hand to run their farms this year, no
money to buy them, and but little
if any credit." This outlook, at the
first glance, does seem a gloomy
one; but it may be a blessing in dis-
guise, and bear fruit of the richest
flavor in the end. If the hard les-
son the year shall teach makes the
farmer live more at home and spend
less abroad, it will be an invaluable
one. Most farmers have been just
one year behind ever since the war.
How are they ever to catch up and
get even if they do not practice self-
denial and change their farming
methods? When they make the
food crops the main dependence,
and the cotton crops a secondary
reliance, they will throw that ugly
one year behind, clear out of the
way, and their progress will then
be steady and sure.—Milledgeville
Recorder.

Press Association of Louisiana.
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