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Professional and business cards, of ten lines or less in length, \$15 per annum for six months, \$10 for three months, \$5 for one month. Advertisements of greater length will be inserted at above rates.

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Special notices 50 cents per line. Funeral notices of less than ten lines, and marriage and religious notices inserted gratis.

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

JOHN A. RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.

January 11, 1882. 22-

ENOS H. MCLENDON, ALLEN BARKSDALE,
Homer, La. Vienna, La.

MCLENDON & BARKSDALE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in all the Courts in and out of the State, District, and the Supreme Court of the State.

Office first door East of Brown's Hotel.
February 4, 1881. 20-

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

WILL practice in the Courts of the State, District, and the Supreme Court of the State.

Office first door East of Brown's Hotel.
February 4, 1881. 20-

JNO. S. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SHREVEPORT, LA.

OFFICE up stairs over Loomis's saddlery store. Front entrance on Texas street.
February 2, 1881. 20-

JOHN E. HULSE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of the State, District, and the Supreme Court of the State.

Office in the Court-house.
January 1, 1881. 21-

JOHN W. HOLBERT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of the State, District, and the Supreme Court of the State.

Office in the Court-house.
December 24, 1880. 21-

J. E. TRIVIERE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
FARMERVILLE, LA.

WILL give prompt attention to all cases of the State, District, and the Supreme Court of the State.

Office in the Court-house.
May 7, 1879. 21-

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, District, and the Supreme Court of the State.

Office in the Court-house.
March 11, 1880. 21-

Shreveport Star Bakery
— AND —
STEAM CRACKER FACTORY,
C. P. THENARD, Proprietor.

Manufactures of all varieties of Crackers, Breads and Snaps.

Travis Street, near the Levee.
November 30, 1881. 161y

C. H. ROGERS,
House, Sign, Carriage and
Baggy Painter,
Paper-Hanger and Glazier,
HOMER, LA.

SOLICIT THE PATRONAGE OF THE PEOPLE of Homer and vicinity. Forgive me of my proficiency. I have for the numerous persons for whom I have worked Claiborne parish.

Terms reasonable, and work promptly executed.
C. H. ROGERS.
April 2, 1879. 33y

AR AND BILLIARD SALOON,
— BY —
W. C. PRICE.

FINE CIGARS, old and pure Whiskies, Fresh Lager Beer, fine Wines of every variety, and one door south of M. C. Lawler'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 12, 13, 14 and 15 Tchoupitoulas st.
Warehouses 24, 25, 26 and 27 Tchoupitoulas
street, New Orleans.

John Chaffee, Wm. H. Haffey,
Christopher Chaffee, Jr.

JOHN CHAFFEE & SONS,
COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Office.....No. 22 Union street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

JOHN HENRY & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in

Beefs, Shoes, Breeches and
HATS.

Nos. 121, 123 and 125 Common Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

S. W. RAWLINS,
(Successor to Rawlins & Merrill.)

Notion Dealer and
Commission Merchant,
No. 58 Union Street,
NEW ORLEANS.

Nov. 28, 1877. 15-1y

RATH & BARNETT,
Importers and Dealers

NOTION, HOSIERY, FINE LACES,
FANCY GOODS, &c.
No. 58 Union Street, New Orleans, La.

March 21, 1881. 20y

A. K. BISHOP, J. M. E. HARRIS,
H. C. WHITE,
With

A. K. BISHOP & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
FANCY GOODS, &c.
No. 58 Union Street, New Orleans, La.

303 S. Third St., ST. LOUIS, MO.
August 10, 1881. 22y

M. DALLAS,
With

RICE, BORN & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
FANCY GOODS, &c.
No. 58 Union Street, New Orleans, La.

303 S. Third St., ST. LOUIS, MO.
August 10, 1881. 22y

SOLE AGENTS FOR
New York, London, Paris, &c. Mixed Hatters,
Importers and Dealers in
FANCY GOODS, &c.
No. 58 Union Street, New Orleans, La.

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August 10, 1881. 22y

A PRINTER'S PROTEST.

O, why don't people form their o's
And finish off their h's—
Why do they make such crooked c's
And such confounded d's?

Why do they form such shocking e's,
And f's with age to f's?
Their g's and h's are too much
For any printer's wits.

What a luminous i is without sight
To print without a j's!
J's are such curious, crooked things
We recognize them not.

Keep the stand for kindness,
But come in with for kick,
L's and o's are such crooked things
While we just raise our back.

O's are fairly closed at all,
As if at a slanting things,
Q's and u's will be such a set,
And it's mosquito wings.

Some people make a passing s,
While most make a t's!
Others use the soft same strokes
To form a u or v.

We get strangely mixed,
No soon on a quest
Y is a station on a wire,
Zounds, how we sweat at z.

A y, just think what types get
From the press of the quill;
The tall y is such a crooked set,
And a scold on at will.

Well, they will scribble and we must swear
And vainly try to please,
Till they go back to school and learn
To make their o's.

THE CHENIERE CAMANADA.

A Louisiana Story.

BY ANNIE.

It was sunset on the Cheniere Camanada, and the bay lay like a sheet of burnished gold where it lapped the shore.

We had dragged through the heat of a July day among the rice fields, where the green grass of the paddy stretched out broadly.

We had sailed before a fresh breeze, with the waves breaking their ripples into foam as we dashed through the water, and before noon on a cloudless summer morning, had dropped anchor in front of its green slopes. The wind had lulled suddenly, and while our yacht rode at anchor with drooping sails, we had sat under the shade of the vine-draped veranda, listening with all the eagerness of the moment to the tinkling of the tinkle of the Camanada.

Here, years ago, that red light had danced over the bay, shining then, as now, on the sleek, blue, tawny figure of the fisher-lads.

There were rows of huts then, huddled on the shore, where now the slung huts and vine-covered verandas were grappled; and when lights twinkled deeply in these huddle huts, the gay young Spaniard, who had won rank and wealth on the deck of the pirate's vessel, had wooed the "Lily of the Camanada."

She was not ill named, with her small slight figure, a skin of the thick, apricot white of the may nolia, and all the languid fire of the Southern blood, smouldering in the depths of dark, deep, lustrous eyes. They were beautiful people, and there was scant show of merry-making. Gamble must sail with his ship; and on the third day the low, rakish-looking little craft, spread her canvas, dashed off through the trackless waste, leaving the Lily to her humble fortunes among the fish wives.

Twice in the weary twelvemonth she had strained her eyes to catch sight of the little boat that danced over the waves with her lover's hand in the bow, and nestled timidly in his arms when he sprang gaily ashore.

Among the islanders was a low, beetle-browed Spaniard, Pedro Bruno—a butcher by trade—who spent his life catering over the marshes, lasso in hand, and bringing down his victim with the unerring precision of his throw. In his savage heart he had cherished a deep passion for Gamble's bride, who had shrunk from his advances with a repugnance only too apparent. For months after the marriage he had disappeared, and after some search of his comrades, amid the surrounding marshes, had been given over for dead. On

Gamble's third visit to the island, Bruno had reappeared, morose, brutal as ever, and had vouchsafed no word of his whereabouts. He had enlisted under Lafitte; and the same cruise which gave Gamble a benediction in the service of his chief, found Bruno enrolled among the deck hands of the pirate's crew.

Opportunity for the commission of the act he meditated soon presented itself. Lafitte was absent, Gamble in command.

The sleek and wily young Spaniard had long been an object of envy and ill will among his comrades. He stood high in favor with their chief, he was more than suspected of appropriating the lion's share of their spoils.

He was supple, ambitious, crafty; but they had him in their power at last. It needed but a few artful words from the lips of Bruno to kindle the fire of mutiny.

A solemn oath was sworn that none should betray to the vengeance of their chief the comrades who had entered into their compact.

The sea should bury its dead and give no sign! "No hand but mine," Bruno had whispered in his savage voice, a murderous gleam lighting his dull eyes and the brutal lips with a baleful smile. If there was sunrise, none ventured to make it there. The band dispersed, the watch was called, and the remainder turned in.

Alone, Bruno stood looking out over the water, listening to its hoarse swashing against the sides of the vessel, hearkening to the muttered roll of distant thunder, and watching in moody restlessness, the tagged clouds as they skirted over the moon.

The hours lagged on until midnight. Then came a bustle of the changing watch. One after another the sailors sprang nimbly up the companion ladder, and following their term of Gamble rose above the hatchways. In an instant the lurking figure among the slumbers drew hastily back. There was a gleam of steel, a muffled blow, as the ponderous axe crashed through hair and bone, and mumbled a dull thud, and the hatchway was vacant.

Among the tangle of ropes lay the prostrate form of Gamble, with another figure, dwarfed and hideous in the moonlight, bending over it.

He was not dead. He lay on his side, breathing heavily. The blow was a skillful one, delivered by a slight, swaying motion of the body, and leaving time for the luxury of revenge.

Yes, it was a luxury to bend down and look into the conscious eyes of his rival, and see the ooze on lips that could utter nothing but their death cry more!

What better was this man than he? In nothing, save the long, supple graceful body that lay so still under his grasp—the silky beard and hair—the sensuous, womanly lips—the soft, dark eyes! Yet those lips had curled habitually in crafty smiles, and the life blood was ebbling from a heart as treacherous as his own.

All he thought was written in his face, and the other read it. He would never speak more, but the crafty, cruel lines wreathed into a malicious smile, and the soft eyes reflected his triumph as they glanced upward in the moonlight. Bruno caught the glance. Dall as was his brain, his instincts taught him its meaning.

With a shrill yell, rather the pang of a wounded beast than of triumph, the dwarf seized the prostrate form in his long, sinewy arms, raised it aloft, and dashing it with terrible force to the deck, trampled it under foot in his mad frenzy, crushing the feline beauty of countenance into an indistinguishable mass of bruised and bleeding flesh.

Over and over he spurns the mo-

tionless mass to the vessel's edge, where it plunges over and disappears. His eager eyes had followed it, drinking their fill until the waves crimson and hiss under that plunge.

His work here is done, and he grows calm and quiet on the instant.

Not a finger had been lifted, not a voice raised in appeal. The same dead silence reigns while Bruno lowers the boat and lets himself down. He had avenged them and himself, and they let him depart, breathing freer when that lowering face is no longer in their midst. To depart is to free them of suspicion.

He stands upright in the boat and turns his face to them. When he speaks his voice is cold, and hard and calm: "When you see his wife tell her how he died, and that Bruno killed him." The vessel was still under way, and while he spoke his bark had waned a dark speck on the moonlit wave, the weird figure standing motionless and solitary.

He had dropped the skulls over board and was floating out to sea, and with the curtain of its enveloping mist the veil of oblivion fell upon Bruno and his fate.

The spectral boat with its ghostly visitant is yet described by the credulous islanders when midnight broods over the waters of the Gulf, which crimson as they ebb and flow around it.

She learned all this, and yet lived. Broken hearts do not kill; that mercy is denied them.

Jewish Emigration to Palestine.

The popular impression in England that the Jews are reluctant to return to Palestine receives a striking contradiction from the report of a Russian correspondent of the Jewish Chronicle. "To this pass," he says, "have our four millions of co-religionists in Russia come. They have been actually shown the door! Israel must once again take up the staff of the wanderer and abandon the graves of his ancestors, and this, too, at the close of nineteenth century. Where are the poor people to go? This question they have themselves answered. The greater portion have determined to proceed to Palestine, to the scene of our former glory and independence. It would be unjust on the part of the English Emigration Committee were it only to assist those who wish to go to America. Every one should be allowed to choose the country in which he desires to fix his new home, and aid should likewise be given to those who are anxious to settle in our promised land." Here, then, the Russian house committee seem to have their work cut out for them. If the greater part of four millions of people desire to go to Palestine, they must inevitably starve there, unless the emigration is checked, directed and controlled. For this purpose it is evident that a more effective organization than the existing committee should be devised, and that serious steps should be taken for the selection in the first instance of agriculturists from the Jewish colonies in Russia, for the purchase of land in Palestine, and the general supervision of the emigration.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Prayer Instantaneously Answered

A friend describes to us a remarkable scene witnessed by him at a religious meeting on Whidbey Island, W. T. A member of the church, while praying, called upon God to strike him dead if a certain statement made by him in the strongest and most unequivocal manner was not literally and exactly true. He had barely uttered the last word when he fell dead. Coming as this did in the church and upon a leading member the effect upon the congregation can only be imagined.—*Et.*

Heavy and shelf groceries at Zodiag's.

Plow Deep.

[Natchez Democrat.]

We were struck recently by the heading of an article written by an agriculturist of much experience, the caption of which was "Cultivate More Land." A perusal of the article, however, convinced us that there was something hidden under this delusive heading. The writer, Prof. J. P. Stelle, qualified his advice by saying cultivate more land provided you cultivate it in the right direction, and that direction is towards the centre of the earth.

He says: "Experience has clearly demonstrated to me that one acre thoroughly pulverized twelve inches deep, will invariably bring a better result than three acres pulverized only four inches deep. In the twelve-inch depth we would have three acres laid one on top of the other, as it were, and going through them all at one working would present something of the advantage of cutting three sheets of paper at one operation instead of cutting them singly a sheet at a time." The benefits of deep culture could not be more clearly expressed. It will be more troublesome to break up an acre twelve inches deep than to break up one four inches, but it will not cost near so much in time or money as to break