

HOMER GUARDIAN.

Official Journal of Claiborne Parish.

Price \$1.

VOL. 1.

HOMER, LA., FRIDAY DECEMBER 11, 1888.

NO. 11.

Official Directory.

UNITED STATES SENATORS.
R. L. Gibson, New Orleans.
J. B. Easton, New Orleans.

REPRESENTATIVES.
First District, Louis St. Martin, N. O.
Second District, M. Hahn, of Jefferson
Third District, E. J. Gay, of Plaquemine
Fourth District, N. C. Blanchard, Sr., of
Fifth District, C. Newton, of Morthouse
Sixth District, A. V. Irion, of Avoyelles

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.
Alek Barman, Shreveport, Judge
M. S. Jones, Shreveport, Dist. Atty.
John W. Whenton, Shreveport, Clerk
A. C. Gibson, Shreveport, Marshal

STATE OFFICERS.
T. T. Nichols, Governor.
Jas. Jeffries, Lieutenant Governor,
J. F. Mason, Secretary of State.
O. H. B. Steel, Auditor.
W. H. Pipes, Treasurer.
W. B. Rogers, Attorney General.
J. A. Beauchamp, Superintendent of Education.

SUPREME COURT.
E. Hernandez, N. O., Chief Justice
E. P. Poche, St. James, Associate
S. D. McEnery, Oaibita, Associate
L. B. Watkins, Red River, Associate
C. C. Frazier, Orleans, Clerk
Robert J. Wilson, Clerk

COURT OF APPEALS.
First Circuit.
John C. Moncreux, Shreveport, Judge
A. B. George, Minden, Judge
Caddo: First Mondays in January and June.
Bossier: Third Mondays in January and June.
Webster: First Monday in February and July.
Bienville: Second Mondays in February and July.
Claiborne: Third Mondays in February and July.
Union: First Mondays in March and October.
Lincoln: Second Mondays in March and October.
Jackson: Third Mondays in March and October.
Caldwell: Fourth Mondays in March and October.
Winn: First Mondays in April and November.
Natchitoches: Second Mondays in April and November.
Sabine: Fourth Mondays in April and November.
DeSoto: First Mondays in May and December.

THIRD DISTRICT COURT.
Composed of the Parishes of Claiborne, Union and Lincoln.
Allen Barksdale, Boston, Judge.
E. H. McClelland, Homer Dist. Attorney.
CLAIBORNE PARISH.
First term commences on the Second Monday in January. Jury term.
Second term commences on the Third Monday in March. No jury.
Third term commences on the Second Monday in August. Jury term.
Fourth term commences on the Second Monday in October. No jury.

UNION PARISH.
First term commences on the First Monday in February. Jury term.
Second term commences on the Second Monday in April. No jury.
Third term commences on the Third Monday in July. Jury term.
Fourth term commences on the First Monday in November. No jury.

LYCOLEN PARISH.
First term commences on the Fourth Monday in February. Jury term.
Second term commences on the First Monday in May. No jury.
Third term commences on the Third Monday in September. Jury term.
Fourth term commences on the Fourth Monday in November. No jury.

21st SENATORIAL DISTRICT.
Composed of the parishes of Claiborne, Bienville, Webster and Bossier.

SENATORS.
J. E. Phipps, of Claiborne
W. W. Vance, of Bossier
C. W. Seals, of Homer
A. T. Nelson, of Homer

PARISH OFFICERS.
Drew Ferguson, Clerk of Court
J. R. Ramsey, Deputy and Notary
J. H. Kirkpatrick, Sheriff
J. M. Brown, Deputy
J. H. Simmons, Treasurer
W. J. Mercer, Assessor
Dr. Silas Turner, Coroner
B. R. Coleman, Surveyor
B. D. Harrison, Straymaster

POLICE JURY.
T. A. Watson, President, Ward 6
T. W. O'Bannon, " 1
B. R. Neal, " 2
R. A. N. Wain, " 3
T. T. Lowe, " 4
R. J. Bridges, " 5
J. M. McKenzie, " 7
J. A. Aycock, " 8
J. R. Ramsey, Clerk.

WARD OFFICERS.
1—J. M. Barber, Summerfield, Magistrate.
2—O. A. Smith, Gordon, Magistrate.
3—J. M. Anderson, Constable.
4—Robt. Harvey, Haynesville, Magistrate.
5—John Henry, Haynesville, Magistrate.
6—J. W. Wroten, Constable.
7—B. W. Parker, Constable.
8—W. C. Hamiter, Magistrate.
9—Frank Miller, Constable.
10—T. W. Brooks, Athens, Ma.
11—R. J. Webb, Constable.
12—W. J. Leslie, Magistrate.
13—C. W. Carr, Constable.
14—S. R. Richardson, Homer, Magistrate.
15—W. P. Bridges, Homer, Magistrate.
16—W. C. Boring, Constable.
17—J. W. Clingman, Constable.
18—D. A. J. Carathers, Lisbon, Magistrate.
19—T. H. Reynolds, Constable.

HOMER TOWN OFFICERS.
Walter Ward, Mayor
E. R. White, Constable
J. E. Hulse, Constable
A. E. Wilder, Constable
C. O. Ferguson, Constable
J. T. Ors, Constable
S. J. Moffett, Clerk
Thos. Harris, Marshall.
W. P. Bridges, Treasurer.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. N. NIX,
DENTIST,



HOMER, LA.
Has permanently located in Homer and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Office up stairs, over the old Guardian office.

DR. G. A. HARPER,
DENTIST,



HOMER, LA.
Office Hours—8 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.
Office over G. G. Gill's store.

R. P. WEBB,
ATTORNEY-IN-FACT
and Notary Public,
and Real Estate Agent.

Will buy, lease and sell real estate of every description. Will also represent the General Fire and Life Insurance Agency of New Orleans which make the collection of claims a specialty.
Office up stairs in the old postoffice building, formerly occupied by Dr. J. F. Johnston.

E. H. McClelland, **C. W. Seals**
McCLENDON & SEALS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HOMER, LA.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District and the Supreme Court of the State. Partnership limited to civil business.

DR. S. R. RICHARDSON,
Practicing Physician

Justice of the Peace Ward 7.
Office first side door west of the McCrackin brick corner—rear of J. E. Moore's law office, Homer, La.

A. R. BUSH, M. D., A. H. GLADEN, M. D.
BUSH & GLADEN,
Physicians and Surgeons,
HOMER, LA.
Respectfully tender their services to the people of Homer and vicinity. Will treat cases conjointly without extra charge.

J. E. MOORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HOMER, LA.
Will practice in the parishes of Claiborne, Lincoln, Union and Bienville.

JNO. A. RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HOMER, LA.
Office up stairs over G. G. Gill's

JOEL W. HOLBERT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT-LAW,
HOMER, LOUISIANA.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts. Special attention given to Succession and Collecting business.

DR. SILAS TURNER,
Practicing Physician,
HOMER, LA.

I respectfully tender my services to the citizens of Homer and surrounding country.
Office Opposite GUARDIAN Office.
Residence East Public Square on Main Street.

JOHN HENRY & CO.
—WHOLESALE DEALERS IN—
BOOTS, SHOES,
Brogans and Hats,
Nos. 121 123 and 125 Common Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

P—XMAS FRUITS—P
Campbell Bros. are the acknowledged leaders in Fruits, Nuts, Candies, and Produce at Shreveport. Send them your Xmas orders. We vouch for their reliability.



The Largest DRY GOODS HOUSE in the State outside New Orleans, covering 2000 square feet in space, for
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
SHOES,
HATS

And everything for MAN, WOMAN or CHILD. The only House that manufactures its Own Shoes. The Pioneers and originators of Low Prices for the Best Qualities.

FOR GOOD, HONEST VALUE,
GO TO
THE OLD RELIABLE
ZODIAGS.
Texas Street, Shreveport, La.

Largest Retail Establishment in North Louisiana

BEN HOLZMAN,
—DEALER IN—
Dry Goods, Clothing, Furnishing Goods,
Boots, Shoes and Hats.
Headquarters for Ladies' Misses and Children's Underwear, samples of same mailed on application.

Orders in all departments will receive prompt and careful attention. When visiting our city we would be pleased to have you call and take a look through our immense establishment, Nos. 220 and 222 Texas Street, SHREVEPORT, LA.

UTZ & SMITH,
—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE
AND
MACHINERY,
Nos. 8, 10 and 12 Spring Street,
SHREVEPORT, - - - LOUISIANA.

Manufacturer's Agent For
General Plantation Supplies

Brown Cotton Gins, Ames Engines, Victor Cane Mills, Avery Plows, N. Y. Enamelled Paint, Jones Wagon Scales, Allum's Cotton Presses, Coleman's Mills, Straub Mills, Coleman's Presses, Cook's Evaporator, Great Western Cane Mills

Full Line of Blacksmith and Carpenter's Tools.
Iron, Wagon Work, Nails, Heavy Sheaf and Builder's Hardware, Cutlery, Iron Pipe and Fittings, Engineer's Supplies, Belting, Gum Packing, Cordage, Barb Wire, &c., &c.

G. G. GILL
—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
CLOTHING,
LADIES FINE DRESS GOODS,
—AND—
General Plantation Supplies.

—A FULL LINE OF—
DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES
Always on Hand

The Disappointed.

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
Ising for the disappointed,
For those who missed the aim.
Ising with a fearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.
Ising for the beautiful runner,
The eager, anxious soul
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.
For the hearts that break in silence,
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need occupations
Yet walk their way alone.
There are songs enough for the lovers,
Who share love's tender pain,
Ising for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.
For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
Ising with a heart yearning
This minor strain to-day.
And I know the sailor's system
Must somewhere keep in place
A prize for that speed runner
Who barely lost the race.
For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that is wasted here.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Why the South is Fear.

Speaking of Southern progress, Henry W. Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution, says: "The other day there was a man buried in Pickens county. He was dead, and they were putting him away. In digging his grave they dug through three feet of marble as pure as any Parian sculptor ever moulded, and yet the marble slab that went at the head of his grave was imported from Vermont. Although pine forest were all around him, the pine coffin in which he lay was imported from Philadelphia. Although iron was in the hills within a hundred feet of his grave, the nails in his coffin came from Pittsburg. Although there was hard wood in the same forest, handles of the shovels and pits that dug his grave were imported from Cincinnati. The truth is that his own county, as rich or richer in natural resources than any in the state, furnished nothing for that funeral but the hole in the ground and the corpse. He was clothed in shoes from Massachusetts; a suit from Chicago, a shirt from Cincinnati, a hat from Lynn, and his own country furnished nothing but the marrow in his bones and the blood in his veins."

'Squire Hobbins' Precepts.

We never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh.
Despair is the gateway to insanity.
Argument will pull a wise man down to the level of a fool, but it never raises a fool up to the plane of a wise man.
Fame, like lightning, generally strikes the man who is not expecting it.
Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.
When a man ventures an opinion he will find some one who opposes it. Hence, a man without opposition is a man without opinions.

A Wonderful Curiosity.

There is now on exhibition in this city a wonderful freak of animal nature in the way of a cow with a living calf growing out of her side. The cow is almost pure white, is of medium size and is said to be part Jersey. She was calved in Uvalde county, Texas, near Saveland Station, and is about two years old. Beyond the deformity of the calf growing from her side she is perfectly formed. It is well worth one's 15 cents to see such a freak.—Ouachita Telegraph.

Woman's Ambition.

She was driving about the parks and her husband was taking his ease, when she sweetly observed: "I like to drive you around." But she started a little and gave an ominous glance when he coolly responded: "Yes, I know you do."—Chicago Tribune.

Jackson's 'Old Sorrel.'

The following interesting and touching incident which I had heard of was a few weeks ago authenticated to me by Col. H. Kyd Douglas, the present Democratic nominee for Congress in the Sixth district of Maryland. I send it feeling that it will interest many of the admirers and followers of the great soldiers who read your excellent paper:

Three or four years ago at the Agricultural Fair at Hagerston, Md., of which Col. Douglas was president, the old sorrel was brought on as one of the attractions. He was kept in a stall where such visitors as chose could see him. During one of the off hours it was suggested that he be led around the track. Col. Douglas accordingly directed his little nephew, aged about twelve, who, mounted on a small pony, was serving as one of the marshals, to lead the old veteran around. In due time he appeared, shambling stilly, with head down almost between his knees—a very type of the decrepitude and apathy towards things around which old age induces. As he neared the music stand the band struck up "Dixie." The transformation in the old steed was magical.

Pausing, he raised his high head and tail, looked eagerly about while his nostrils dilated and his eye beamed with animation. After a moment, keeping this attitude, he started forward with a mettlesome step, and, going at such a spirited pace as to draw the little marshal along so vigorously that he with difficulty retained his hold of the halter. The scene struck fire through the whole throng of spectators, and every throat lent its aid to a vociferous and prolonged shout. "Few things could be more pathetically inspiring," was the comment.

It is scarcely to be doubted that the familiar strains rolled time backward in the old steed's mind stirring memories of long past experience in camp and battle.

This incident is perfectly authentic, as you may ascertain, and seems to me worthy of preservation. As the old charger's remains are preserved in your museum, I suggest that printed account of the incident be hung near them.—Ee.

Her Poem.

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began. "Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate, but she wouldn't annihilate worth a cent, and resumed: "I have written a poem on My Father's Barn," and—"Oh!" interrupted the editor, with extraordinary suavity, "you don't know relieved I feel. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to pass by your father's barn I'll stop and read the poem. Good afternoon, miss."—Detroit Free Press.

The man who loves his country.

The man who loves his country; his state or his town will do all he can to support his press. If he favors education, refinement, progress, and the power that comes from knowledge he will stand by his newspapers. They are his voice—they are his mirrors—they show to the world, to spectators, to would be immigrants, to enterprising men everywhere precisely what he is, how he lives, and what he wants.—Catherine Cole.

Bobby—Ma, is the church raising a fund to send our minister to Europe?

Mother—Yes, dear.
Bobby—And will the church be closed while he is gone?
Mother—Yes.
Bobby—Well, ma, can't I give that dollar I've saved up to the fund—Harper's Bazar.

Stranger: "Well, boys, and how did the game go to-day?"

Boys: "We lost!"
Stranger: "What have you got in that bundle?"
Boys: "The umpire."—Life.

A Queer Occupation.

A professional pall bearer has been discovered in Philadelphia. He is an ex-carpenter, who, when out of a job, was asked to be a pall bearer at a funeral of an entire stranger. He accepted, and was paid liberally. He saw a business in it, bought a decent suit of black, reads all the obituary notices, and goes to funerals. He finds his services most in demand at the funerals of very old persons who have outlived their companions; and if the dead person happens to be an unmarried woman past middle life, then he is almost certain of a job. He says that he averages two funerals a day and makes a living out of it.

The First Thanksgiving.

It is only about 256 years ago that Thanksgiving day was observed in this country. Old Massachusetts and his ninety Braves sat down to dinner with the Puritans. The Indians brought deer from the woods and the pale faces supplied fish, clams and corn. Ten years later when the last batch of bread in the colony was in Gov. Bradford's oven and starvation was staring out New England ancestors in the face, a good ship from Ireland appeared with provisions, and the day appointed for fasting was changed into a day of thanksgiving.—Ee.

It is related that on one occasion Sir Nicolas Bacon was about to pass judgement upon a man who had been guilty of robbery, at that time punishable by death; but the culprit pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was related to the judge. "How is that?" was asked. "My Lord," he replied, "your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and hog and I bacon have always been considered akin." "That's true," answered St. Nicholas, "but as hog is not bacon until hung, until you are hung'd you are no relation of mine."

The "Five A's" was at one time a very common tavern sign in England. It consisted of five human figures, each accompanied by a motto. The first was a king, in full regalia, with the legend, "I govern all;" the second a bishop, in pontifical, with the motto, "I pray for all;" the third, a lawyer in his gown, with the motto, "I plead for all;" the fourth a soldier in regimentals, with the motto, "I fight for all;" and the fifth a poor countryman with a scythe and rake, having for motto, "I pay for all."

"Smith is a mighty mean man I say," exclaimed Bjankins warmly. "Why what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkinson in surprise. "Bet me \$10 I couldn't fit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Bjankins angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up; got me to put up the money; measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses; gave me a revolver loaded, and then set the barn door up edgewise."—Boston Beacon.

It is the father of a precocious two and a half years old child who tells that the child was once watching a lady make her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and false teeth when the astonished small boy said: "Bet yer can't take yer neck off."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Green Tomato Preserves: Slice or chop the fruit, and simmer for a long time with ginger root or lemon to flavor. Add seven lbs. of sugar to nine of fruit, and cook for at least an hour longer. Great care must be taken to avoid burning.

In preparing for the winter comfort of the chicken family it will be well for the farmers and others to bear in mind that eggs will be worth a high price during the holidays, and that the fall pullets will lay them if they are housed warmly and fed well.



The GUARDIAN for \$1.00 a year.