

THE HOME ADVOCATE.

VOL. 1 FARMERVILLE, LA. FRIDAY AUGUST 28, 1885.

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{NO. 28

Official Directory.

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

STATE OFFICERS.
Governor, S. D. McEnery.
Lieut. Governor, Clay Knoblock.
Secretary of State, Oscar Arroyo.
Auditor, O. B. Steele.
Treasurer, E. A. Barker.
Att'y General, M. J. Cunningham.
Sup't. Pub. Education, W. Easton.

MEMBERS 49th CONGRESS.
1st District, Louis St. Martin.
2d District, Michael Hahn.
3d District, E. J. Gay.
4th District, N. C. Blanchard.
5th District, J. Floyd King.
6th District, J. B. Iron.

22d SENATORIAL DISTRICT.
Comprising the parishes of Union, Morehouse, Lincoln and West Carroll.
Senators—G. L. Gaskin, of Lincoln, E. Thomas Sellers, of Union.

REPRESENTATIVE
of Union Parish.
William W. Heard, Farmerville.

COURT OF APPEALS.
First Circuit.
J. C. Moncre, of Caddo, Judge.
A. B. George, of Webster, Judge.

DISTRICT COURT.
Third Judicial District.
Comprising the parishes of Claiborne, Union, and Lincoln.

Judge, John Young.
Dist. Attorney, Enos H. McClendon.
CLAIBORNE PARISH.

Jury term—First Mondays in April and Third Mondays in September.
Civil terms—Second Mondays in June, and first Mondays in December.

UNION PARISH.
Jury terms—First Mondays in February and Third Mondays in July.
Civil terms—Second Mondays in April, and November.

LINCOLN PARISH.
Jury terms—Fourth Mondays in February, and Third Mondays in September.
Civil terms—First Mondays in May, and fourth Mondays in November.

PARISH OFFICERS.
Clerk of Court, J. M. Smith.
Sheriff, B. F. Pleasant.
Treasurer, J. M. Lee Sr.
Coroner, Dr. C. H. Jameson.
Assessor, J. M. Lee Jr.
Surveyor, E. H. Ward.
Returning Officer, D. M. Raussey.

POLICE JURY.
Ward 1, J. M. Underwood.
Ward 2, G. A. Bruton.
Ward 3, S. W. Taylor.
Ward 4, President, R. J. Tabor.
Ward 5, W. B. Wimberly.
Ward 6, J. M. Dawkins.

MAGISTRATES.
Ward 1, J. E. Everett.
Ward 2, N. H. Funderburk.
Ward 3, C. C. Norman.
Ward 4, H. T. White.
Ward 5, Elza Billberry.
Ward 6, G. V. Carroll.
Ward 7, W. K. Rushing.
Ward 8, Frederick Prensau.
Ward 9, E. M. Richardson.
Ward 10, E. M. Richardson.

SCHOOL BOARD.
President, E. T. Sellers.
Secretary, W. R. Roberts.

TOWN OF FARMERVILLE.
Mayor, J. M. Rabun.
Marshal, M. W. Rabun.

LODGES.
Masonic.
D. F. Reeder Royal Arch Chapter No. 9. Regular communication every second Saturday of each month, at Farmerville.
R. E. James E. Trimble, Secretary.
Isaac Shuster, Treasurer.

Union Fraternal Lodge, No. 53, F. & A. M. Regular meetings, Third Saturday of each month at Farmerville.
J. E. Tinsale, W. M. Isaac Shuster Sec.

Napoleon Lodge, No. 64, F. & A. M. Stated meetings on the first Monday in each month, of Ouachita City.
A. S. Helmick, W. M. C. C. Norman, Sec.

Thomas Jefferson Lodge, No. 113, F. & A. M. Stated meetings on the first Saturday of each month at Spearsville.
W. D. Henderson, W. M. B. V. Hayes Sec.

Shiloh Lodge, No. 131, F. & A. M. Stated meetings on the Fourth Saturday of each month at Shiloh.
R. Roberts, W. M. J. C. B. White, Sec.

Downsville Lodge, No. 143, F. & A. M. Stated meetings on the first Saturday of each month at Downsville.
E. T. Sellers, W. M. E. M. Richardson Sec.

Farmerville Lodge, No. 277, I. O. B. B. Regular meetings on the first and third Sundays of each month.
S. Marx, President. I. Shuster, Sec.

Pelican Lodge, No. 17, K. of P. Regular meetings every Wednesday evening at Farmerville.
Jos. A. Manning, C. C. R. Haas, K. of E. & S.

Endowment Section, N. 453. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at Farmerville.
J. Atkinson, Pres. Isaac Shuster, Sec.

Good Intent Lodge No. 2557, Light's of Honor. Regular meetings on first and third Fridays in each month, at Farmerville.
D. Stein, D. H. Brown, R.

Union Council, No. 1148, American Legion of Honor. Regular meeting every Tuesday evening.
W. W. Heard, C. H. Brown,

NEW LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.



MARCUS W. RABUN.
Farmerville, La.

I announce to the public that I have opened a New Livery and Feed Stable at the South-west corner of Public Square.

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HORSES, BUGGIES, HACKS and other conveyances always on hand, and for hire at Reasonable charges.

DON'T SKIP THIS.
So many schemes are put before the public for the increase of newspaper circulation, which seem to be plausible and yet are fraudulent, that when a legitimate, honest paper, by legitimate, honest means, people who have been so many times duped, are very slow to respond to the genuine scheme. We are led to this train of thought by a perusal of the advertisement of THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME of Rochester N. Y. published in this issue of our paper, to which we call the attention of our readers. We take pleasure in recommending it as one of the very best farm and family journals in this country. Every person who sends one dollar for a year's subscription to the paper receive a handsome present, which is donated by the advertising patrons of the paper. These premiums consist of Cattle, Land, Reapers and mowers, Plows, Books, Pictures, Organs and other valuable articles. It will pay you to send for sample copy if nothing more than to get a look at this great twelve-page, sixty column illustrated paper. Address Rural Home Co. Limited, Rochester N. Y.

For \$1.75 we will furnish you the above mentioned paper with the HOME ADVOCATE for one year.

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The undersigned offers for sale a Land Warrant for the location of 160 acres of land. This warrant can be used for the entry of one hundred and sixty acres of any public lands belonging to the United States. For terms, apply at this office, or to J. B. HOLSTEAD, Ruston, La.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JNO. E. EVERETT. JAS. D. EVERETT.
EVERETT & EVERETT.
Attorneys at Law.

FARMERVILLE, LA.
Will practice in all the courts of the 3d District, giving prompt and personal attention to all business entrusted to us.

JOEL W. HOLBERT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
HOMER, LA.

Will attend the different courts of Union parish.

W. W. BARNES M. D. S. DILLARD M. D.
BARNES & DILLARD.
Physicians and Surgeons,
FARMERVILLE, LA.

Tender their professional services to the citizens of Union Parish in the various branches of their profession; will visit any portion of the parish to perform surgical operations.
177 OFFICE at the Drug Store.

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NOTARY PUBLIC
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COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

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Where all kinds of iron and wood work will be done in a first-class manner and fully guaranteed.

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Fashionable Hair Dresser,
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One copy three months, .50
If paid strictly in advance, \$1.00

THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet, With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it; And that the other maidens of the little town might know it, She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime, The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;

So when't was fairly tied and all the bells had stopped their ringing, And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door; And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before,

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head, "Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross, That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;

For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet, With the ribbon and the feather and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer, But pattered down the silent street and hurried down the stair

Till she reached her little bureau, and in a hand-box on it Mad hidden safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves my little maidens that each of you will find, In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;

And the silly little head, that's filled with silly little airs, Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

Little Jakey's Good Time.

[Detroit Free Press.]
"Jakey, my angel, please don't! It was the shoemaker on Michigan avenue who spoke, and Jakey was his five year old son who was playing with a revolver in the shop.

"Isn't it rather dangerous?" queried a customer who was having a "lift" put on the heel of his boot.

"Why, I suppose so, but Jakey won't put it up."

"Why don't you make him?"

"Oh, he'd cry and howl, and his mother would rush down and abuse me. He's my step-son, you see, and I have to handle him carefully. Jakey, darling, please put up the weapon before you kill some one."

"I won't"

"You see how it is," said the shoemaker, in humble tones. He'd probably shoot one or the other of us before he gets through fooling, but we are helpless"

"Say, boy," called the customer, "is that thing loaded?"

"It's got bullets in."

"Then you put it up!"

"I won't."

"Come, Jakey, dear!" pleaded the stepfather.

"I say I won't."

"I'll be hanged if you don't!" growled the customer, but before he could rise up the weapon was discharged, and the bullet raked across the shoemaker's skull, cutting out a swath of hair and drawing blood.

"I'll brain the cub!" shouted the customer, but the shoemaker rubbed

HUMOROUS.

bed his head with one hand, held out the other to detain him; said: "Say! don't. If you lay a hand on him his mother will brain me. Jakey, Jakey, dear, please put up the popper."

"I won't."

At that moment his mother came down stairs and shouted: "Of course you won't, and I'll stay here and see that you have fair play! The idea that my boy can't have a little fun, when he's been sick for two whole weeks! Go ahead, Jakey, and have another pop at old Pegs!"

The stranger grabbed his boots and left, and as he went out the shoemaker gave him a look which read:

"You see how it is, and don't blame me?"

Thoughts From Sam Jones.

No man was ever made a Christian by accident.

No man ever went to sleep a sinner and woke up a Christian.

One man says, "I have quit swearing." Why, you black-mouthed wretch you, what did you ever want to swear for anyway?

Good hard sense and religion, when well mixed, make the grandest and best compound on earth.

I would rather be a dead lion than a live dog.

I believe this progressive age is remarkable for everything except religion.

Give me a progressive theology, but let me have religion in all its power and purity.

Many a great big soul, weighing 200 pounds in this country, on God's scales won't weigh an ounce.

I would not have you work all the week for the devil and come up Sunday to settle.

I have a supreme contempt for a two-legged, tailless dog, and we have a good many of them running around the country—you need not blush, sister, your husband may be one of them.

I pity those men who are always praying for faith. I would as soon pray for Irish potatoes as for faith.

If God would issue out a sufficient ration of grace to last a week the old devil would have half of it before night.

I tell you red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide at the same time. I know this, for I have been there.

In Georgia nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whisky, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it.

I have heard a great many hard things said about the devil, but I have never heard him accused of drinking whisky.

If some men could get a good aggravated case of religion it would make them unhappy; they would have to go to paying their debts, telling the truth, doing right, and that would not suit them.

The three richest men ever known in this country—Astor, Steward and Vanderbilt—couldn't go into partnership in hell and buy one drop of water to cool their tongues.

That young lady who allows a young man to clutch her arm with one hand and nestle the other over it may be pure, but the boy is as licentious as hell.

A Brooklyn man got a divorce from his wife some time ago, and now he has married his mother-in-law. This looks as though the prophecy about the lion and the lamb had grazed the target.

"I'm having a rattling time," said the cur with a can tied to his tail.

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone—especially when y're swateheart is wid ye."

"A Liverpool woman, to relieve her husband, who was charged with cutting off the end of her nose, swore that she bit it off herself."

"Our Children Cry for Bread," was the motto displayed at the Chicago Socialist picnic, at which 300 kegs of beer was consumed.

Men sometimes recover from the effects of lockjaw, but with women it is always fatal. It is not so much the danger of the disease, great as that is. It is the mortification of not being able to speak, that kills.

A modern preacher, it is said was wont to jog the memory of the Lord thus: "O Lord, Thou rememberest we said last Sunday," etc., and then he would give a synopsis of the previous petition, in the to-be-continued story style.

At a party, a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come; ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand!" she screeched and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried an auctioneer present.

"Did you ever notice how a woman takes a cork out of a bottle?" asks an exchange. No, sir; we let the woman notice how we take the cork out of a bottle. No gentleman will stand idly by and let a woman struggle to get a cork out of a bottle. It takes her too long.

A little girl was taught to close her prayer, during the temporary absence of her father with, "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "and you'd better keep an eye on my mamma, too."

Father, (getting ready to go down town)—Yes, Robert, my son, bear in mind what your mother has just told you, and always say "please." It's a little word, my boy, but full of meaning, and the use of it marks the gentleman. Now, wife, my overcoat and hat, and be quick about it.—Good Cheer.

A dry-goods clerk with a very affected gait had to go to a distant part of the store for some goods for a party of feminine customers.

"Walk this way, ladies," he called, as he swung himself off. "But we can't walk that way," cried a pert miss; "we never learned that style, you know." The clerk is now drilling on a more common method.—Chicago Tribune.

"If you ever marry," said a Roman consol to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash her face before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

Mrs. Captain Enively laughed at most all the way home from a military review at which her husband was in command. Being asked why she laughed so, she replied: "Why, it was so funny to see a man who never dares open his mouth at home, ordering all the men about and they all doing just what he told them to do."—Philadelphia Press.