

THE PROGRESS

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PROPRIETORS:

CAL D. HICKS. G. G. WILLIAMS.

Entered in the Postoffice at Shreveport as Second-Class Matter.

OFFICE: 612 Spring Street, between Milam and Crockett.

SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year ..... \$1 00  
Six Months ..... 65  
Three Months ..... 35

SHREVEPORT, LA., MARCH 26, 1892.

THE TRAINS.

The trains arrive at Shreveport and leave as follows:

TEXAS AND PACIFIC.

From Marshall ..... 5:15 a.m.  
From New Orleans ..... 10:05 p.m.  
For Marshall ..... 10:00 p.m.  
For New Orleans ..... 5:15 a.m.

VICKSBURG, SHREVEPORT AND PACIFIC.

(East Bound.)

Leaves Shreveport ..... 7:35 a.m.  
Leaves Vicksburg ..... 2:00 a.m.  
Arrives at Atlanta ..... 2:00 p.m.

(West Bound.)

Leaves Atlanta ..... 10:15 a.m.  
Arrives at Shreveport ..... 1:35 p.m.  
Arrives at Shreveport ..... 9:35 p.m.

(Accommodation.)

Live Shreveport for Monroe, 4:00 p.m.

Arrive Shreveport from Monroe, 10:50 a.m.

SHREVEPORT AND ARKANSAS.

(Passenger, Mail and Express.)

Arrive at Shreveport ..... 11:25 a.m.

Leaves Shreveport ..... 4:30 p.m.

SHREVEPORT AND HOUSTON.

Leaves Shreveport ..... 6:00 a.m.

Arrives at Shreveport ..... 10:00 p.m.

Mails close 30 minutes in advance of railroad time.

INDICATIONS.

Local forecast for Shreveport and vicinity until 8 p. m. Saturday. Showers, slightly warmer.

Only a few barrels of pure sugar house molasses left, at Lee's.

Real Estate Transfers.

Only one transfer of real estate recorded since our last appearance:

Julia B. Thomas to August Mosch, lot 10, block 10, for \$500.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued this week:

C. M. Doty to Mrs. Mary Knight, Hanspert Jones to Henrietta Barnhill, M. W. Prince to Daisy Pullen, Thomas Blake to Emma Danah, Sam Buncombe to Leah Wilson, Samuel Henderson to Belzora Jones.

MARRIED.

Doty-Knight—In this city, on the 24th day of March, 1892, Mr. C. M. Doty and Mrs. Mary C. Knight, Justice L. E. Carter officiating.

This was a union of two hearts pure and loyal in their devotion to each other. May many pleasures attend them on their new voyage.

Prince-Pullen—On Wednesday, March 25, 1892, at the residence of Mrs. C. Owen, in this city, Mr. M. W. Prince and Miss Daisy Pullen, Justice C. D. Hicks officiating.

This ceremony was witnessed by the parents of the bride and Messrs. H. P. Hyams and W. M. Waddill. May the choicest blessings of connubial bliss ever attend them.

Burglarized.

On Thursday morning about 2 o'clock the residence of Mr. S. Stormer on Crockett street was entered by burglars who secured a pair of pants, vest, scarf pin, masonic pin and the provision given out for breakfast besides the stove and safe keys. The last two were recovered by being brought to Mr. M. H. Boobers grocery with the statement that they had been found in Silver Lake. Mr. Stormer's coat was also taken, but was afterwards found in the backyard. His loss was about \$31.

A Welcome.

THE PROGRESS is glad to welcome Mr. E. John back again. On his return he was accompanied by one who has consented to share his misfortunes and add to his pleasures. To the bride as well we extend a cordial greeting with the hope that her stay in our midst will be one of growing enjoyment and that she may never regret having come here to live among us.

For the present Mr. and Mrs. John are at the Phoenix, where they will be glad to greet friends.

Not Settled.

Nothing definite has been learned concerning the true condition of the election returns in this State to the time of going to press. THE PROGRESS will give its country readers all the news by its next issue that can possibly be obtained. Both sides are still claiming the election, and it will doubtless require an official promulgation from the committee of seven to fully settle the matter.

IN, ABOUT AND FOR THE CITY.

House breakers are at work and every one should keep a trusty gun handy when he lays down at night. A well directed ball or a load of buck shot is far more convincing than an arrest and conviction.

Laundry soap, only 40 cents per box, at Lee's.

Jubilating parties were having high old times Tuesday last. We dont know whether the whisky and beer were free or not.

Two negroes fought with brutal ferocity in front of the Phoenix Hotel Tuesday night. We are told that this war was witnessed by a number of white men who made no attempt to stop the affray though one of the belligerents was beaten and bruised in a horrible manner.

Free fights seemed to be the order of the times on election day and the night following. At least half a dozen took place, all the result of liquor mixed with politics.

It does seem that a refined community like Shreveport should put the veto of public disapproval on bar-room and street fights over the results of elections.

We have had a super abundance of rain it seems. Planting will be retarded unless there is a cessation.

There are times when it is almost criminal to remain silent, though to speak is to reveal ugly truths.

Caddo parish has several political acrobats who have made one turn too many, having thrown themselves beyond the ring of discretion and landed with a bruised record on the hard ground of miscalculation. These things will happen gentlemen.

Subscribe for THE PROGRESS. It is the newest and most chaste paper in North Louisiana.

Now that the election is over, a great many men in our State will be out of a job. Zounds! but it will go against the grain to have to go to work again wont it?

The largest line of choice laundry soap, at lowest prices, at Lee's.

The immoral element is fighting this paper. Can we depend on the support of the good women as an offset?

Oh for the grand old days when we lived in clover, is the sigh which will emanate from the lips of broken down politicians.

Don't forget to have your job work done at THE PROGRESS office.

Our friend Mr. J. P. Spearman of Frog Level, in the first ward, called in to see us Thursday afternoon. We are always glad to see our old friends from the country and wish they would call oftener. Before leaving he expressed his appreciation of THE PROGRESS by subscribing.

We would call special attention to the compositions of children which have appeared in this paper. They are certainly commendable productions, and are far in advance of the times, even when this editor was a school-boy.

"He who dances should pay the fiddler, has passed into a proverb. Remember this, ye sons of Caddo!"

Mr. Charles Stoer has now the management of the patent cistern cleaner. By this patent the water is not disturbed, but is made pure and wholesome by the operation of cleaning.

Shreveport's newest enterprise, the cornmeal mill, will be in full operation next week. Remember this, farmers, and plant corn for this market.

The political whirligig has about thrashed the life out of several Foster and McEnery men in this city. Its constant revolutions have bumped several heads badly, this scribe having several big lumps on his cranium.

Have your job printing done by THE PROGRESS. Prices moderate.

As the spring time approaches the idlers of Shreveport, both white's and negroes, should be made to seek honorable employment. Indolence begets thievery.

Did the good people of Shreveport note how unanimously the dram shop politicians supported one ticket Tuesday? For their own good they should have watched this.

The police should be unusually on the alert, for robbers are in our midst.

Headquarters for choice butter and tea—J. D. Lee, the Grocer.

Politics has overshadowed every other interest for the past week or two! but the election being over business will be taken hold of again.

Have your cisterns purified. This is done by the new process of cleaning them while filled with water. Telephone Chas. Stoer or C. D. Hicks.

Something is the matter with the water works machinery again. Great goodness! when are we to have relief from the shortcomings of this corporation?

Read the constable sale in this issue.

Has the city council determined to increase the public school appropriation or not? Give it that \$1000, and dont extend Market street for a while.

We have heard nothing from the directors of the canning factory. Do they intend to operate that plant or not?

Our subscription list is still increasing. Advertisers, make a note of this.

The river is rising and we are looking for those poles which are to be floated down from the Indian nation, to be used in building that new electric street railway.

Nice goods, low prices and prompt delivery, J. D. Lee, the Grocer.

The lottery is dead, now put the political saloon boss in the same grave and our State will be purified indeed.

Encourage your children to write and compete for the prizes offered by THE PROGRESS some weeks ago.

Our work is just begun. There is no safety for Louisiana until the tipping shop politicians are crushed out of existence.

THE PROGRESS sent without authority is complimentary.

While the dram-shop politicians are grooming an independent candidate for justice of the peace, it would be well for the good people of the fifth ward to put forward a contestant for city councilman and members of the executive committee. Common fairness will justify this.

Business men, THE PROGRESS is the paper to advertise in, in order to secure good returns for the investment.

Victory should never be shouted till the pot-house politicians in this city have been dethroned.

THE PROGRESS has received a communication advocating a test of local option sentiment in this parish. This has been brought about by the hostility of the tipping shop bosses towards this paper. What say the friends of the movement?

Support the papers which uphold the honor and integrity of your and your firesides. THE PROGRESS does that.

Only one dollar per year for THE PROGRESS. Can any household afford to be without it?

Advertise in THE PROGRESS. It has a fine circulation among the best people.

First smiles and then sighs was the ever changing evidences of the rise and fall of the spirits of those supporting Foster and McEnery Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. This is the fate of politics.

Let the farmers raise their own produce and the merchants build their own factories, and then the sign of prosperity will sit on every drifting cloud.

Rely on yourselves is a good lesson for the people of this country to learn.

If you want a strictly choice butter, order from J. D. Lee.

Build factories and drive out grog shop politicians and our country will be on the road to wealth and happiness.

The contract has already been let for the Chautauquan hotel at Ruston.

Let us organize an adult society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The pot-house political gang is striving hard to gain possession of our State. Let the opposition organize to repel boarders.

Mr. H. Zodiag, one of Shreveport's most energetic and enterprising dry goods merchants, is home again and brought with him an immense spring stock.

Wanted, 100 people who would like to have THE PROGRESS one month free. Those so desiring may address us to that effect, but must promise to read our paper.

Death's Summons.

One by one do our friends pass over the Great Divide and on into the beyond, to be seen and heard of no more, and nothing remains to tell of their former existence but memory, with her bright gildings or sable colorings. The last passenger who embarked on this lonely journey was the friend of our boyhood days, the companion of our labors in after life, Mr. Charles Schaeffer, who died at Hot Springs, Ark., at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning last.

As we muse over the death of our friend Retrospection pays a just tribute to his life, and paints his character in colors which are roseate in their reflections. An honest, honorable man was Charles Schaeffer, in whose composition neither deceit nor hypocrisy formed a part. There was nothing of the conventional in his disposition, but manliness and frankness shone forth from every lineament of his features. Impetuous and excitable he was, but deceitful never, and down in his heart the crowning glory of his disposition, generosity and fearlessness sat enthroned.

For many years, even before man's estate had been reached, he was connected with different publications as printer and proprietor, and had but a short time since severed his connection as one of the proprietors of the Shreveport Times with which he has been associated as business manager for several years. But a brief period ago he left for Hot Springs to recover his lost health and was improving rapidly until the death stroke came, which was a surprise to his friends here as well as his family.

Farewell to you, Charley. An honest, open, generous, brave heart is a palliation for many shortcomings, and if there is anything in the doctrine, may a sympathetic Saviour intercede for you and present the best case possible for you before the bar of the Great God.

Following upon the heels of this notice of the death of Charles Schaeffer came the intelligence that John B. Crooks had likewise obeyed the last summons and departed this life at Kerrville, Tex.

John Crooks had many staunch friends in Shreveport, his former home, who learned of his death with much sadness and who now think over his demise with sympathetic reflections for his family's sake. He was a staunch friend, an honest, honorable gentleman and thoroughly a man. His disposition was gentle and kind, his nature sympathetic and charitable, and those with whom he was the most intimately associated, admired, respected and revered him most. He will be buried to-day in our city cemetery, which is the tomb of several loving sisters and brothers.

May God in his infinite mercy and Jesus in his compassionate tenderness take charge of your soul, John, and assign it a place with the sheep of the Good Shepherd.

Something More From One of Our Crack Farmers.

Jewella, La., March 17, 1892.

Dear Sir—According to promise of last week will now give you my experience with corn growing.

Must admit, however, that prospects for the truck farmer and gardener at present are rather gloomy in this vicinity. For the benefit of all concerned must first say you must first know before planting your crop what you are planting for; what end you are striving to obtain; for your success in all intensive farming depends in a great measure upon this. In growing corn I, as a rule dispose of first crop on home market, in green or roasting ear state. The crop following I leave to mature or ripen, although if there is a canning factory in operation where they pay a living price for corn both crops could be utilized and then the land could be prepared and sown to crop of fall turnips. I commence and break and bed up the land in four-foot rows any time after November and before January. If land is high and sandy do not rebed, but if land is heavy or disposed to be of clay formation rebed in January or February so as to get rain on rows which settles or firms them and makes them planted much better and easier. About the last of February or 10th of March open rows with scooter and drop corn, one grain to every six to twelve inches planting such kinds as Adams Early or Early Burlington. I prefer the Adams Early as it can stand more rough usage than any other variety, and although not a sweet corn makes more weight per acre than the sweet varieties and is better for all general purposes; cover with small harrow, dragging down the rows rather flat. When corn begins to make its appearance run over rows with small harrow with front teeth out. This is where the benefit of your drill planting comes in, for if one gets stepped on or broken off your whole hill is not gone. In five or six days more run round with side harrow; let it now stand for few days more and then go over and thin out to about two and one-half feet apart, one stalk to hill; then run round with steady mule scooter and this will throw light furrow to same; follow in a few days with cottonseed meal, putting about two tablespoonfuls to hill, one on each side and right in scooter furrow. I have seen many people, some of them good farmers, put the meal quite up to the stalk of corn where it stood and lost most of itself by evaporation while the roots were seeking food eight or ten inches further off. Now follow with scooter in same furrow, little deeper, or with light shovel, following in a few days with sweep or turn plow and throw out middles. In throwing these out be sure to hold the plow firm and throw them out straight, not too deep as the success of next crop depends greatly on this. When your corn begins silking walk through rows dropping fertilizer thinly in water furrow, then follow same way with seed corn, and cover with two furrows, to cover same all together. Take furrow lightly so as to not mutilate roots of growing crop and thereby cause it to wilt. When corn is up about eight or twelve inches (during which time first crop is ready for market) run round with scooter, going in same furrow as to cover only deeper. Now, as you gather your corn for market you cut down and use stalk and all of same, and there is no finer feed than this for milk cows; or if you are short of corn when ear gets in dough feed all together to mules or horses, feeding at first sparingly and give plenty salt with same, and thereby lessen your corn bill at the merchants. By the time this crop is gone the other is ready to lay by with two furrows of turnplow, first walking over corn and thinning to desired distance. I lay by with turn plow because of roots of first crop, no other plow, with me, doing as well. I expect, Mr. Editor, I am trying your patience with this article, so for the present had better say goodbye.

Yours truly,

JEWELLA.

A Few Pleasures.

To call at Wagner Bros. stall at the market house, and see the fine meats, they sell; to taste their delicious corned beef, and to eat their Southern home-made sausage.

MY LEGACY.

BY HELEN DUNN-JONES.

They told me I was heir; I turned in haste.

A old man to seek my treasure, And wondered as I ran how it was placed—

If I should find a measure Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed in my roads, I knocked at gates;

I spoke to each wayfarer I met, and said, "A heritage awaits Me. Art not thou the bearer Of news? Some message sent to me whereby I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in, many lay beyond their door;

Some smiled and would not tarry But said that men were just behind who bore

More good than I could carry— And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,

while empty-headed up and down I went.

At last one cried whose face I could not see,

As through the mists he hasted; "Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee

Till this holy day is wasted? Hath no man told thee that thou art joint-heir

With one named Christ, who weds the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,

In many places vainly; I heard men name his name in many ways.

I saw his temple plainly, But they who named him most gave me no sign

To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,

I knew him by no token Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;

Our greeting was not spoken. In solemn silence I received my share, Knelling before my brother and "joint-heir."

My share! No deeds of house or spreading lands,

As I had dreamed; no measure Heaped up with gold; my elder brother's hand

Had never held such treasure, Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed;

My brother had not where to lay his head.

My share! The right like him to know all pain

Which hearts are made for knowing; The right to find in loss the surest gain;

To reap my joy from sowing; In bitter tears; the right with him to keep

A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;

I see the joy and life to-morrow, I thank our Father with my every breath,

For this sweet legacy of sorrow; And through my tears I call to see each, "Joint-heir

With Christ, make haste to ask him for thy share."

T. J. LEATON,

— GENERAL —

BOOK BINDER.

558 Fannin Street, Shreveport, La.

CYPRESS: CISTERN.

1,000 Gallons ..... \$15 00  
1,500 Gallons ..... 24 00  
2,000 Gallons ..... 27 00  
2,500 Gallons ..... 30 00  
3,000 Gallons ..... 35 00

Address,

B. H. GARDNER, 824 TEXAS AVE.

Constable Sale.

No. 243—M. Kaufman vs. Sam Baret. No. 312—W. E. D. Dockery vs. Sam Baret.

By virtue of writs of fieri facias issued to me, in the above entitled and numbered suits, by Hon. C. D. Hicks, Justice of the Peace for Fourth Ward of Caddo parish, Louisiana, I have seized and will sell at public auction at the front door of the court room, 205 Milam street, between the legal hours of sale, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1892, the following described property, to-wit: 1 sewing machine, 2 bureaus, 1 centre table, 1 safe, 7 chairs, 1 rocker, 5 pitchers, 1 bowl, 1 lamp, 3 pictures, 2 mirrors, 1 water-bucket, 1 bedstead, 1 lantern, 1 dresser, 1 satchel and contents. Terms of sale, cash on the spot. Subject to appraisalment. C. W. KELLY, Constable.

Constable Sale.

No. 314—Alex Rich for Use vs. Mary Johnson. No. 315—Wm. Keith vs. Mary Johnson.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued to me in the above numbered and entitled suit, by Hon. C. D. Hicks, Justice of the Peace for Fourth Ward of Caddo parish, La., I have seized and will sell at public auction at the front door of the court room, No. 205 Milam street, Shreveport, La., between the legal hours of sale, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1892, the following described property, to-wit: 1 lot of household furniture. Terms of sale cash on the spot, subject to appraisalment. C. W. KELLY, Constable. March 12, 1892.