

AT THIS OFFICE—
JOB PRINTING
 Of All Kinds
Neatly Executed.

THE PROGRESS

—ORDERS FOR—
JOB PRINTING
 Will Be
Promptly Filled.

OUR MAIN MISSION: THE UPBUILDING OF SHREVEPORT AND NORTH LOUISIANA.

VOL. I.

SHREVEPORT, LA., SATURDAY APRIL 2, 1892.

NO. 9.

DR. C. RATZBURG,
DENTIST.
 No. 318 Texas Street, Over
 Bodenheimer's.

T. J. LEATON,
 —GENERAL—
BOOK BINDER.
 558 Fannin Street,
 Shreveport La.

GOLDSTEIN, ROSE & CO.,
 —Wholesale and Retail Dealers In—
Fancy and Family Groceries,
Country Produce, Etc.
 Specialties: Fresh Coffee and Peanuts, our own Roasting, always
 on hand. Special Attention to Orders by Mail.
 Telephone Connection. Nos. 328 and 330 Texas St.

CEO. W. KENDALL,
NOTARY PUBLIC
 —and—
Abstractor of Land Titles.
 Full abstracts of all lands in Caddo
 Parish, and all lots in Shreveport.
 Lists of all vacant United States,
 State, Railroad and School Lands.
 Office 529 Texas St. P. O. Box 63.

CYPRESS : CISTERNS.
 1,000 Gallons.....\$15.00
 1,500 Gallons.....24.00
 2,000 Gallons.....32.00
 2,500 Gallons.....39.00
 3,000 Gallons.....45.00
 Address,
B. H. GARDNER,
 824 TEXAS AVE.

WHITE & PERRIN,
 ---GENERAL---

BATEMAN HOUSE
 No. 303 Market street, corner Mar-
 ket and Fannin. Situated on Elec-
 tric R'y. convenient to all depots.
First Class Accommodations.
 Rates Reasonable.
J. T. BATEMAN, Prop.,
 Shreveport, La.

INSURANCE
AGENTS.
 Country - Risks - Solicited.
 112 Texas St.,
 Shreveport, La.

FRANK R. HICKS,
General
Collector.
 Collecting of Rents and Monthly
 Bills a Specialty.
 Office with Justice C. D. Hicks.

ECLIPSE
FEED AND SALE STABLE.
Mules and Horses for Sale
SAM C. ROGERS, Agt.
 215-217-219 Crockett St., Shreveport, La.

MACK WELLMAN,
PAINTER.
 —DEALER IN—
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
WALL PAPER AND GLASS.
 OFFICE AND SHOP 815 TEXAS AVE.
 All kinds of Painting, Decorating,
 Etc., done on short notice.

Texas & Pacific Ry.
COMPANY.
EL - PASO - ROUTE.
RAIL LINES.
 The direct line from Shreveport to
 New Orleans and the southeast to
 Texas, Memphis and the North,
 and to all points in Texas, Old and
 New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and
 California.
 The favorite line via Sacramento to
 Oregon and Washington Territory.
 Lowest ticket rates and full infor-
 mation regarding ticket routes will be
 furnished by
J. G. HARRIS,
 Ticket Agent.

JOHN N. HICKS,
Attorney at Law
 and Notary Public.
 Office at Court House, Shreveport, La.

Steamboat Lines.
Lower Coast and Alexandria.
SEMI-WEEKLY PACKETS.
E. B. WHEELLOCK.
 Koons.....Vaster
C. E. SATTERLEE,
 Crawford.....Master.

M. DINGLE
REAL ESTATE AGT.
 Should you wish to buy a cheap
 home or a good investment, I will take
 great pleasure in showing you all
 properties on my list.
 Don't forget to call on me.
 At 529 Spring Street

Leaves Shreveport every Wednes-
 day and Saturday at 12 m., giving spe-
 cial attention to all way business.
 Rates on this line are run in con-
 nection with the Texas and Pacific Rail-
 way at Alexandria and Shreveport,
 giving through rates, which includes
 insurance to and from all railroad
 points and Red River landings.
 Through tickets to and from Red
 River landings and all points on the
 Texas and Pacific railway.
 No bills of any character whatever
 will be paid for account of above
 steamers unless accompanied by a
 written order of
M. L. SGOVELL,
 Supt. T. and P. Steamers.
E. H. HINTON,
 Gen. Freight Agt., Dallas, Tex.
GASTON MESLER,
 Gen. Pas. and Tkt. Agt., Dallas, Tex.

MRS. JULIA RULE,
PURCHASING AGENT.
 REFERENCES: Shreveport Times
 and Merchants of this city.
 Address or order Care Box 7, Shreve-
 port, La.
C. D. HICKS,
Notary :: Public
 —AND—
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
 Office, 205 Milam Street,
 Shreveport, La.

Farm Hints.

Jewella Has Something to Say About the Outlook for Fruit.
 To The Progress:
 As the most important question, outside of politics, to the people of this vicinity seems to be the welfare of the fruit crop, thought that perhaps a little fruit chat would be acceptable to your readers, and especially to the ladies, who are deeply concerned in this matter, as fruit is no longer looked upon as a luxury, but a necessity, and the loss of the same not only a misfortune, but a calamity. It seems to be the impression, Mr. Editor, that the fruit in general is all killed, and people base their opinions on the severity and lateness of the last cold spell; but I am not exactly with them. I think there will be peaches enough left—about a fourth of a crop—to keep us all from forgetting the taste of peaches and cream; while the ladies can make up the deficiency on pear preserves and apple butter, as the pears will average about half and apples nearly a whole crop. The reason the fruit was not injured more was the preceding weather before the last spell. It has been a steady cold winter, except about two weeks in February—a frost or a freeze nearly every morning for a month or two—and the fruit trees, as well as all other vegetation, advanced slowly, the sap not flowing freely, and the buds not open being inured to the cold where tough and hardy. All early pears, however, such as Laconte and Kieffer, are gone, as are also about half of the Howells, while such varieties as Japan, Golden, Dwarf, Bartlett, Duchess and Seckells are comparatively uninjured, while apples in general are all O. K. The loss, however, of the general peach crop, while a great loss to the growers, will also be a great financial loss to the city, as the crop as first promised would have given a great deal of surplus fruit that could have been utilized by the canning factory in Shreveport. However, that which is one's loss is another's gain, and perhaps that which is lost by the fruit growers will be reaped by the growers of melons, that fruit so dearly loved by the colored population and our boys.

Corn and Hogs vs. Cotton.
 To The Progress:
 The time has come for diversified farming, as cotton is now below cost of production. Every year for the past ten farmers have resolved, in the fall, to plant less cotton next spring, but planting cotton is a habit; next spring come and he would say, "Of course cotton is low, and going lower, but I have certain obligations to pay next fall, and it will take so many bales to pay me out." So he plants to make a little more cotton than ever. But now stop, farmer of the South, and think. Don't plant so much cotton. Let us figure on this problem. We will admit that unless we reduce the acreage of cotton, we will surely make nine million bales again in the year 1892, and we have a surplus of one and a half million to start on. I believe the great laws of supply and demand govern the markets of the world, so let us make six million bales this year, and it will bring us "more money" than nine million bales will bring the farmer of the South only. They have their fortune or their failure in their hands, just according to the way they manage this question of over-production of cotton. Of course, we all want the most money we can get out of a crop. Now to get this result let us prove to ourselves that this is correct. Say a farmer made in 1891, 300 bales of cotton, and in 1892 he makes 200 bales. By doing this if 99 farmers out of every 100 does, we have six million instead of nine million. On this basis we create a demand for what cotton we make, and the world must have our cotton, and will pay 10 cents per pound for it. Two hundred bales of cotton at

\$50 per bale, \$10,000. On the other hand, we make what surplus no one can use; so 300 bales of cotton at 5 cents per pound, or \$25 per bale, is \$7,500, which means bankruptcy to the cotton belt. How many farmers believe the above figures to be correct? We will see how far the figures are wrong January 1, 1893, or say, in proportion to the above figures.
 R. K. C.

Potatoes.
 Bedding sweet potatoes might be attended to now, or later, just as well. So you get good plants by the first of May; they will be in time. April plants have not done the best for the writer. Why we do not know. Our greatest success in getting early potatoes has been where we used plants from late bed. There are people who would not put out draws in April. We do know from hard experience, our best luck has been with late draws.—Southern Live Stock Journal (Meridian Miss.)

Save The Pullets.
 If an increase of eggs is desired in the poultry yard, before very large sums of money is expended in the purchase of everlasting layers, we would recommend the keeping of no hens after the first, or at most the second year. Early pullets give the increase, and the only wonder is that people persist, as they do, in keeping up a stock of old hens, which lay one day and stop three, instead of laying three days and stopping one. In some parts of England it is the invariable rule to keep pullets only one year. Feeding will do a great deal—a surprising work indeed—in the production of eggs, but not when old hens are concerned. They may put on fat, but they cannot put down eggs. Their tales are told, their work is over; nothing remains to be done with them but to give them the smell of the kitchen fire.—Western Agriculturist.

A Dorn-easter has invented a machine for greasing chickens, to be run by steam or hand-power. The French have long used a machine for feeding fowls. The food is injected into the fowl's crop with a syringe connected with a reservoir of food, the contents being under constant pneumatic pressure. The fowls are confined separately in small "pigeon-holes" in a large revolving rack, each with its head and neck protruding. The feeder stands ready and pieces the fow's head, inserts the nozzle, presses a cut-off knob, and withdraws it and the fowl's crop is filled, and so on until all are fed.—Texas farm and Ranch.

Fortwo or three years, with proper care, a well made farm wagon will need no repairing. It must be housed and possibly have a coat of paint during that time. When it begins to need repairs, it will probably sell for more than it is worth, as the repairs will be two or three times the interest of a new wagon. It was once remarked of a country blacksmith that the wagons of some of his neighboring farmers added as much in cost of repairs as did the expense of horse-shoeing. The more a farmer thinks about these wastes, the better will he appreciate some place where all wheeled vehicles and farm tools generally can be housed when not in use.—Home and Farm.

Farming must be made more a matter of business and must be conducted upon business principles. It is an error to manage farming loosely and compare its results with those obtained by the systematic merchant or manufacturer. To become accustomed to keeping accounts is to be able to discriminate with certainty between profit and loss.—Home and Farm.

The pot-house politicians of Shreveport have no use for the city, parish or State government, except, like vampires, to suck their life-blood.

The Household.

IF WE ENLW.
 (To go to the lady's fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow
 Never trouble us again;
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frost upon our brows?
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
 Strange that we should slight the vio-
 lets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;
 Strange that summer skies and sun-
 shine
 Never seem one-half so fair
 As when winter's showy pinions
 Shake their white down in the air!
 Lips from which the seal of silence
 None but God can roll away,
 Never blossomed in such beauty
 As adorns the mouth to-day;
 And sweet words that freight our
 memory
 With their beautiful perfume,
 Comes to us in sweeter accents
 Through the portals of the tomb.
 Let us gather up the sunbeams,
 Lying all along our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day;
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way.
 —May Riley Smith.

This is such a sad little poem
 that I feel loath to dwell on the
 sweet truths which it contains.
 But we might be strengthened if
 we discuss it, for why should we
 hesitate to contemplate the sad
 things of life? Sorrows will come
 to us all, and after we have reach-
 ed a ripe old age, down the vista
 of years will appear the somber
 days, with here and there a flicker
 of light, or glad burst of joy. Let
 us follow the precepts of the little
 poem, and "prize the music," and
 love the violets while we have
 them; and by all means guard our
 actions and words, and never heed-
 lessly wound another's feelings.
 Then we will have no regrets, and
 each day will bring its compensa-
 tions and reward.

"Let us find our sweetest comfort
 in the blessings of to-day;
 With a patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way."
 A Good Idea.
 "When my children were little,"
 said a rather original mother,
 whose methods, although some-
 what eccentric, were in the main
 excellent, "I taught them what
 we called emergency catechism,"
 to which they would answer as
 glibly as possible, standing in a
 row and saying it together to the
 great amusement to those who
 heard them. Here are some of the
 questions and answers you can
 easily supply yourself:
 "What would you do if you were
 lost in New York?" "What would
 you do in case of fire?" "In case
 of being in a runaway?" "In case
 of floating off in a boat?" "In case
 of drowning, if any one tried to
 save you?" and a number of other
 questions of the same nature."
 "Did they ever have cause to ap-
 ply them?" said one amused list-
 ener. "Only once," was the answer
 "and that was when a pair
 of ponies that I was driving ran
 away. The little dears sat perfect-
 ly still just as they had been told,
 but it might have been sheer fright
 after all."—The American.

What a good suggestion for our
 young mothers in this "emergency
 catechism." Thus the little ones
 are prepared to act, should any of
 the accidents befall them, as stated
 above.

Useful Knowledge.
 When baking cakes, set a dish
 of water in the oven with them
 and they will not be in danger
 from scorching.—Good House-
 keeping.

TO KEEP JAMS FROM MOULD.
 Cut pieces of writing paper the
 size of interior of pot and another
 one and one-half inches larger.
 Coat one side of each of these
 pieces of paper with the white of
 an egg; place the smalls on top
 with coated side up and the larger
 piece coated side down over
 the mouth of the pot, press it
 upon the edges and the coating
 will leave it to adhere on the pot.

The freshness of an egg may be
 tested by putting the large end to
 the tongue, when, if it feels war-
 mer than the other end, the egg is
 considered fresh. Another test is
 to hold the egg against the sun, if
 the outline of the yolk can be dis-
 tinctly traced, and the white looks
 clear around it, the chances are
 that the egg is good. The surest
 test however, is to place the egg
 in a pan of cold water. The fresh
 eggs will sink quickly to the bot-

tom, those that float are likely to
 be bad. Household Farm.

Resonance.
 "The snares which we often set for
 Others, We Fall Into Ourselves."

BY MISS ELLA F. PORTLAND 19.
 Agnes Somers and Miriam Lazarr
 swung lazily to and fro in the
 hammock on the long gallery at
 Treslyn Villa. They were discus-
 sng April jokes, for it was
 nearly April, and Agnes was deter-
 mined to play some joke on Mir-
 iam. Agnes was a very quick-
 tempered girl, a girl with a sunny
 face framed by dark ringlets. She
 was full of merriment and fun,
 and also very deceitful. Miriam
 Lazarr was altogether different
 from her friend. She was a tall,
 slender girl with dark violet eyes
 and light, wavy hair, and a gentle,
 winning way. Both girls had
 come to Treslyn Villa to spend
 the summer months with Mrs.
 Treslyn, one of their favorite
 school-mates. Mrs. Treslyn had
 also invited Arthur Grayman and
 Marion Sydney, two young gentle-
 men just from college. The four
 young folks passed the hours
 very pleasantly together. One
 day Agnes realized that she was
 really in love with Arthur Gray-
 man. Miriam and Agnes had al-
 ways been the best of friends, but
 Agnes imagined that Arthur paid
 more attention to Miriam than to
 herself, and for this reason, away
 down in the depths of her heart,
 there arose a "little" dislike for
 Miriam, and this dislike was rapidly
 growing into hatred. Agnes was
 determined to play some joke
 on Miriam—a joke that would
 make Mr. Grayman have an abhor-
 rence of her. She had been
 planning it for some time, and
 now had it all ready when the
 moment should arrive. Agnes would
 often practice deceit upon Mrs.
 Treslyn, who thought that in Ag-
 nes she had the best friend on
 earth. Agnes was a great deal
 prettier than Miriam, but Miriam
 had a sweet, gentle manner that
 won everyone to her side. One
 morning as Miriam was arranging
 flowers in the vases in the corridor,
 Delsine, her maid, came to her
 and handed her a note. "Mr.
 Arthur Grayman told me to give
 you this," she explained. Miriam
 took the note and opened it. It
 read: "Meet me at Hampton
 church this evening at 4. You
 know you love me, so don't deny
 it. Be sure to come. Arthur
 Grayman." Poor Miriam did not
 know what to do. "I will ask
 Agnes' advice," she said. She
 went into her friend's room. Agnes
 was busily employed in sorting
 some ribbons. "Oh, Agnes!" ex-
 claimed Miriam, throwing her
 arms around her friend's neck.
 "Read this and tell me whether I
 shall go or not." Agnes took the
 note and read it. "Yes, go by all
 means, child. He may—Well, go
 any how?" "Oh I will go, since
 you advise me to do so!" Miriam
 ran up stairs into her own room.
 She was soon arrayed in a becom-
 ing dark dress. At four o'clock
 she was on hand at the church,
 but to her surprise, no one was
 there. After waiting a while, at
 last her patience was rewarded.
 Arthur came, in a look of amaze-
 ment. "What did you mean by
 that note?" "What note?" asked
 Miriam becoming frightened.
 "Why here is the note," exclaimed
 Arthur, handing her a note. Mir-
 iam opened and read it: "Arthur,
 please meet me at St. James church
 this evening. Don't to marry you."
 Signed: Miriam Lazarr. "Why, I
 didn't write that note. Here is
 the one you wrote me," gasped
 Miriam perceiving the mischiev-
 ous letter. For a while Miriam
 stared at Arthur and Arthur stared
 at Miriam and both burst into
 laughter. "I see," smiled Arthur
 after the merriment had subsided.
 "It is an April joke. As you re-
 cole, to-day is the first of April."
 "Yes, some one has made up this
 joke—some one who dislikes us,"
 laughed Miriam. "They were
 just off their base in this joke,"
 added Arthur. Just then a white
 haired man came into the room.
 "Are you the young folks who
 were going to be married this
 evening?" "There has been a
 mistake," explained Arthur, "but
 stay sir!" He whispered a few
 words to Miriam and then, strange
 to tell, this minister began to
 marry the two. The ceremony
 was soon over and Arthur and his
 young bride went back to the Vil-
 la. They found Agnes waiting in
 breathless expectation. "What
 did he want of you?" she gasped,
 going up to Miriam, for she saw
 that instead of looking trembling
 and degraded, both Miriam and
 Arthur looked cheerful and happy.
 "We only wanted to get married,"
 smiled Arthur. Congratulate us?"
 Agnes grasped her teeth and left
 the place. She ran into her room
 and threw herself down upon her
 bed, crying, "The snares which we
 often set for others, we fall into
 ourselves."