

THE PROGRESS.

CLEVELAND THE NOMINEE.

For the third time in succession, Grover Cleveland has been nominated for President of the United States by the Democratic party. In 1884 he, for the first time in a quarter of a century or more, was enabled to break through the well fortified a protected lines of the Republican party and lead the Democratic hosts into the citadel of the nation, the White House at Washington. After a four years' reign, despite the charges of mugwumpism made against him, he was renominated by his party by acclamation, and though losing this election by a large majority, his own State casting her vote against him, the Democratic party has sufficient confidence in his ability and strength to make him its standard bearer for another battle against the Republican party.

With the Farmers' Alliance, Cleveland is not popular on account of his opposition to their views on the silver question, but there is one thing the members of this body should not forget, and that is, if Cleveland accepts a nomination on a certain platform he always carries out to the letter the spirit of that platform. In 1884 the civil service reform doctrine was made an important feature of the party platform, and it was the carrying out of that part of it which gained for him the title of mugwump. The platform of 1892 contains a silver clause, and, mark our prediction, no matter what his individual views on the question may be, if Grover Cleveland accepts the nomination on the platform adopted, he will carry out its teachings to the letter if in his power to do so.

THE PROGRESS admires Cleveland because he can be controlled by neither threats of punishment nor promises of reward. He is an implacable foe to unscrupulous politicians, jobs and soulless corporations. He has ever proven himself a stumbling block to the unscrupulous schemes of political tricksters, a gigantic champion of the people's rights. Devoid of all of the elements which go to make up the successful politician, he stands before the world as a man of the people, a man with the courage of his convictions so dominant in him that neither intimidation nor bribery can deter him from the conscientious performance of his recognized duty.

Governor Campbell was our choice from expediency, but as a matter of preference purely, we think, for the people, that Cleveland is the safest man in the United States.

LEVEES—DO THEY PROTECT?

Some one introduced a resolution in the present Legislature declaring that the State had complete confidence in the levee system. Is that true? Is the State perfectly satisfied that the levee system is such a safeguard that it insures absolute protection and safety to those who put their trust in them? The very echoes of 1890 and '92 fairly shriek in their indignation, no. Can any man claim sanity and at the same time declare that levying is a secure protection against overflow, when within the past two years thousands of dollars, the result of years of arduous toil have been swept away in a single night from those who had intrusted their all to the guardianship of levees? It seems to us that nothing but the densest ignorance or utmost callousness would accustom one to make such a declaration.

It is all very well for the man who lives in the upland hills to theorize about the safety of the levee system, at those who dwell in the track of

devouring floods are the ones whose voices should be hearkened to, and they tell a far different story. THE PROGRESS has had several talks with friends who have been through the ordeal of '92 and their voices betoken no such confidence in the levee system. To the contrary, they with scarcely an exception declare levees to be but death traps, and like THE PROGRESS, join in the demand for deepening the river channels and increasing the outlets; and with us, answer our query in the negative.

PRESS ECHOES.

Strayed or run away, one soft, silky, blonde, pensive moutache. When last seen it was on the upper lip of Mr.—of Opelousas. Since its disappearance the poor, bereaved young man has worn a strange, dejected, smooth-faced look. It is thought to have been lost between here and Opelousas. A reward will be paid for its return to this office.—Washington Argus.

Rayne ships more eggs and chickens in one week than any town in the State does in one month.—Rayne Sentinel.

We will ask you to bring out your figures on this Bro. Editor; we have got some kind of a chicken and egg shipping point here ourselves. Washington Argus.

What have our readers to say about this claim of Rayne? Cannot some of them produce figures that will make the people of that town recall their boast? Where is DeSoto parish? She is so good at farming that we have confidence in her egg producing ability and would like to hear from her.

What is wealth? The product of labor. Who made our wealth? The labor of the land. How much of this wealth that labor made does labor own? About 1/4 of it. Who owns the other 3/4? The other fellows that earn their living by the sweat of somebody else's brow. How did they get it? Most of it has been secured by a legalized system of robbery. Name some of those systems. The contraction of the currency system; the monopoly system in railroads, in telegraphs, trusts and syndicates; the national banking system; the boards of trade system and many other systems whose practical results are the enriching of the few who plot, connive and speculate at the expense of the many who toil.—The Watch Tower.

We would certainly like to see a law regulating the suffrage question in this State, as it now stands the man that uses the most money and whisky is the man that wins. He is Democratic, you know.—Ex.

The Farmer who stays at home, attends to business, raises his own living, keeps up his fences and manages his own affairs does not have time to discuss the feasibility and practicability of the sub-treasury plan.—Lanesville Record.

Mistaken again, friend the discussion of political questions, is as much the business of the farmer as it is of the editor. One is no more the watch dog of liberty than the other, and the farmers have left their political affairs so long in the hands of a set of asses like yourself that it will require them sometime to get them in ship-shape again.—The Battle Flag.

Correct Brother Tetts in reference to the farmer in politics. The man who lives by other means than politics is most apt to be more fair, and just in shaping platforms, selecting candidates, etc., than the men who have axes to grind in the selection and framing of them. Men who make a business of politics have little care or thought for the public's interest.

If our legislature would give justices of the peace jurisdiction over petty offences and allow them to inflict small fines it would relieve our Circuit Courts considerably.—Ex.

It would likewise save the parishes many dollars which they now pay for trials and convictions. It would be better for the accused as he could have his trial at any time and not have to wait for a term of the District Court.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

OLD KING COLE.

The Ancient British King Perpetuated in an Old Nursery Rhyme. You have all heard of "Old King Cole," celebrated in the song:

Old King Cole  
Was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe  
And he called for his fiddle  
And he called for his bowler three.

Well, Old King Cole was a real personage, an ancient British king, and



A MERRY OLD SOUL.

though he did not possess a pipe, as smoking was not a habit with the ancient Britons, and he had no fiddlers, as the violin or fiddle was not invented till long after his time, he certainly had a harper or bard who answered the purpose better by singing songs or reciting poems on the old king's prowess and accompanying them on the harp whenever his majesty gave a feast or wished to enjoy the pleasures of music. Of course he had drinking cups in plenty, but they were of very different shape from the "pots" of the present day.

Coal or Coil, a name modernized into Cole, was a king of the North Britons, who ruled over a district in Ayrshire, now called Kyle, the land of the poet Burns who calls it—

That place o' Scotland's isle,  
That bears the name o' Auld King Coll.

But in the old king's time North Britain was not known as Scotland; the Romans called it Caledonia and the Irish Albion. There is much doubt as to the period when King Cole lived, some of the old chroniclers, who call him Coilus, placing him in the Third century, when Britain formed part of the Roman empire; but he probably lived at a later date and became famous as the last king who reigned in North Britain before that country was conquered by the Scots. He was killed in battle by Fergus the Scot, and his name is preserved in the place where the battle was fought, which was ever afterwards called Coilsfield or Coyslesfield.

May Day.

One day, all in the sweet spring weather,  
Two little maids went out together—  
Oh, the bright May day!  
Sun was shining, birds were singing,  
Flowers blooming, May bells ringing—  
Oh, the glad May day!

So they too went forth a-Maying  
Laughing, dancing, singing, saying—  
Oh, the bright May day!  
What care we for mother's warning?  
Who would bide at home this morning?  
Oh, the glad May day!

Mother peeps from the lattice crying,  
Wise birds back to their nests are flying—  
Oh, the fickle May!  
Silly maidens, where do ye wander?  
Storm clouds gather thickly yonder!  
Oh, the false May day!

Hark, the rain comes pattering, pattering  
Gardens gay the wild winds scatter—  
Oh, the fickle May!  
Now the maidens, helter skelter,  
Hasten back to mother's shelter  
From the false May day!

Sunny skies may oft deceive us,  
Mother's love can never leave us—  
Oh, no more we'll stray!  
Home for maidens is the meekest,  
Brightest, safest, dearest, sweetest;  
So at home we'll stay!

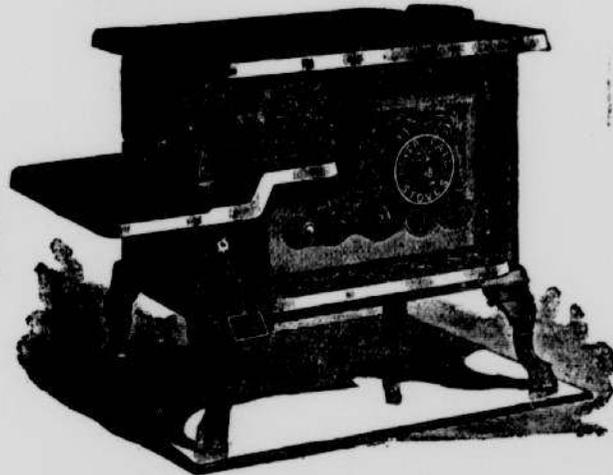
A Rhyme for Very Little Folk.  
Five little fishes were swimming along,  
Singing and chatting (for fishes can chat);  
Suddenly there was an end to their song—  
Just up above was a big tabby cat.



REFUSING AN INVITATION.

Puss put in her paw, they got out of the way,  
And one little fish, as he made a low bow,  
Said, "Sorry we can't stay to dinner to-day;  
Puss looked at him sadly, and answered  
"Meow!"

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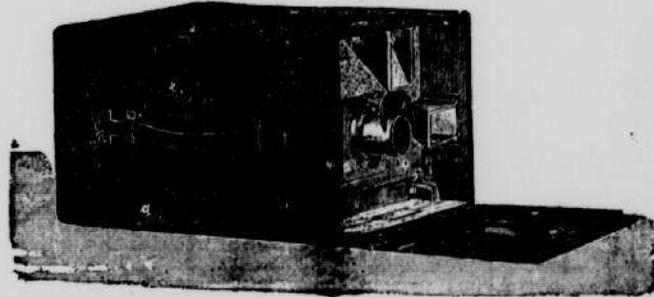
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LOCAL MARKET.

(This report is carefully corrected up to Friday of each week, from the most reliable sources.)

Cotton Market.

SHREVEPORT, La., June 23.—Cotton closed steady.  
Ordinary..... Nom'l  
Good ordinary..... Nom'l  
Low middling..... 6 1/2  
Middling..... 6 11-16  
Good middling..... 7 1-16  
World's Visible Supply—  
This year..... 3,902,249  
Last year..... 2,804,984  
Increase..... 1,097,265

Comparative Receipts—

Since Sept. 1..... 6,943,128  
Same time last year..... 6,679,721

Provisions.

Bacon—Firm, 7 1/2 c.  
Dry Salt Meats—Firm at 7 1/2 c boxed.  
B caskfat Bacon—9 1/2 c by the box.  
Hams—11 c.  
Lard—5 1/4 c 7 1/2 c.

Breadstuffs.

Flour—Steady; family, \$4.35; extra fancy, \$4.75; patents, \$5.35; sacks 10c per bbl. less.  
C. meal—Firm at \$3.25; sacks 10c per bbl. less.

Coffee and Tea.

Coffee—Steady; fair, 17c; medium grade, 17 1/2 c; better, 19c 20c.  
Tea—Fair, 40c; good, 50c 60c; fine, 75c 85c; finest, \$1.125 per lb. by chest.

Sugar and Molasses.

Sugar—Firm; yellow clarified, 4 1/2 c; white clarified, 4 3/4 c; granulated, 5c.  
Molasses—Common, 20c; prime open kettle, none; choice reboiled, 35c.

Esculents.

Onions—\$3.25 3.50 per bbl.  
Beans—Navy, 4 1/2 c 6 1/2 c per lb.  
Cabbage—None.  
Potatoes—Eating, 75c per bu.

Bagging and Ties.

Bagging—2 lb., 7 1/2 c; 1 1/2 lb., 7c.  
Twine—For baling purposes, 2 1/2 c per lb. by the bale.  
Iron Ties—None.

Grain and Feedstuffs.

Corn—Higher; white, seed, 70c; mixed, sacked, 65c 67 1/2 c per bu.  
Hay—Timothy, \$18.00; prairie, 11.50 @ 13.00.

Oats—Firm; Texas, none; Western, 45c.  
Rye—\$1.25.  
Barley—\$1.10.  
Bran—\$1.00.  
Ground Mixed Feed—\$1.40 per 100 lbs.  
Sorghum Millet Seed—\$1.25.  
Sergum Seed—\$1.25 per bu.

Fruits and Nuts.

Almonds—17 1/2 c per lb.  
Brazil Nuts—9c per lb.  
Dried Fruit—Apples, 8c; evaporated, 9c 10c.  
Filberts—12c per lb.  
Oranges—Florida, box, \$2.75 3.00.  
Lemons—\$2.75 3.00 per box.  
Peanuts—Hand-picked, red, raw, 6 1/2 c 7c; white, 6c 6 1/2 c; roasted, 1c higher on all grades.  
Pecans—12 1/2 c per lb.  
Walnuts—12 1/2 c per lb.  
Raisins—New stock, \$1.50 per box.

Chickens, Eggs, Butter.

Grown chickens, per doz., \$2.25 2.75  
Grown young chickens..... @ 2.50  
Eggs, per doz..... @ 9  
Butter, country, per lb..... @ 12 1/2

Hides and Wool.

Dry flint hides, per lb..... 0  
Damaged..... 4  
Dull salted..... 4  
Dry..... 4  
Bull..... 4  
Gluestock..... 2  
Green..... 2 1/2  
Wet salted..... 3 1/2 4  
Deer skins..... 20  
Goat skins..... 20 25  
Sheep skins..... 15 25  
Wax, good bright..... 20  
Wool, washed..... 25 30  
Spring, clean and unwashed..... 18 20  
Burry and black..... 10 15  
Tallow, in barrels..... 3

Bring your brief work around to THE PROGRESS office.