

SHREVEPORT SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY MORNING.

Number 2.

SHREVEPORT, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1861.

Volume I

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HODGE & AUSTIN,
Attorneys at Law,
Office over Childers & Beard's Store,
Cor. Texas and Spring sts.,
n1-lyd SHREVEPORT, LA.

J. C. MONCURE,
Attorney at Law,
SHREVEPORT, LA.
Office with L. M. Nutt, corner of
Milam and Market streets. n34d-ly

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Office, opposite Post Office,
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Practices in Caddo, Bossier and
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MARKS & POLLOCK.
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.
Shreveport, La.

PRACTICE in copartnership in all
the courts held in the city of Shreve-
port, and in the parishes of De Soto
and Bossier.
Office on Market street near Milam.
n3-d-y.

PRIVATE BOARDING.
Travis street, near Baptist Church.
BEING located in a retired and agree-
able part of the town, affords unusual
inducements to boarders, transient or perma-
nent, will find it a comfortable home. Fam-
ilies or single gentlemen can obtain pleas-
ant rooms, and day boarders will be accom-
modated. n12-2 Mrs. A. B. TANTOR.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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Phelps & Rogers,
(Successors to T. H. Etheridge)
Grocers & Commission Merchants
Cor. Commerce and Milam sts.,
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signment of Staple and Fancy Gro-
ceries, Hay, Corn, Oats, etc.
Advances made on consignments to
our friends in New Orleans. n18dly

J. R. Simpson. G. M. Cathoun.
Simpson & Cathoun,
WAREHOUSE & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
Receiving and Forwarding Agents,
SHREVEPORT, LA.

Having leased the popular and commo-
dious Warehouse of Messrs. Howard, Tully
& Co., and having had long experience in
business, we hope to receive a share of the
public patronage, and pledge ourselves to
do all in our power to give entire satisfac-
tion in all business entrusted to our care.
All we ask is a trial. n025

ASSOCIATIONS.

I. O. O. F.
The regular meetings of
NEITH LODGE, No. 21, are held
on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock,
at their Lodge Room on Texas street.
JNO. DICKINSON, N. G.
N. SELIGMAN, Secretary. n10

MASONIC.
SHREVEPORT LODGE OF F.
and A. M. No. 115, meets
every Friday at 7 P. M.
JOHN W. JONES, W. M.
J. H. Brownlee, Sec'y.
Shreveport Chapter of E. A. M. No. 10,
meets on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each
month, at 7 P. M. J. G. MCWILLIAMS,
T. C. Waller, Recorder. H. P.
Shreveport Council, R. and S. M. No. 5,
meets on the 1st and 3rd Saturday of each
month, at 7 P. M. EMMET D. CRAIG,
Henry Levy, Recorder. T. G. M.
Place of meeting, at the Masonic Hall
on Texas street, over Mayor's office. n024

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

Is published every Monday and Thurs-
day Morning.

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Above Spring, near the Mayor's office.

TERMS:
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Three " " " 1.00
Ten Cents per Week, Delivered.
3 Copies One Year, \$10.

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All advertisements for strangers or tran-
sient persons, to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked on the copy
for a specified time, will be inserted till
forbid, and payment exacted.

Marriages and deaths will be published
as news; obituaries, tributes of respect, and
funeral invitations as other advertisements.

We will be pleased to receive as
contributions, good chaste romances,
poetry, etc., if original, also well writ-
ten articles on any subject.

The Lucky Prediction.

JOHN Wyman was over head and
ears in love with Annie Grafton—an
attachment which Annie was not un-
willing to receive. So far everything
seemed prosperous and plain sailing,
but, my dear reader, did you ever
know a more detestable conjunction
than that "but"? Well, the but in
this case was, the widow Grafton,
who sustained the maternal relation
to Annie, had a very decided objec-
tion to John as a son-in-law. Not
that she disliked the young man.—
She admitted that he was steady,
good looking, and of an amiable dis-
position, and all that,—but he was
poor. He learned the trade of a car-
penter, and though he made fair wages,
had thus far been called upon to
support two sisters, both of whom
were now married and off his hands,
and consequently he had been able
to lay up more than two hundred
dollars or so.

Mrs. Grafton, on the contrary, was
the owner of a valuable farm, and
some money in the bank, altogether
not less than two thousand dollars.—
This in a country town entitled her
to one of the places among the vil-
lage aristocracy, and as Annie was
the only daughter, and would inherit
all the property eventually, she felt
that it would be a decided mesalli-
ance for her to marry any but a rich
man, or, if not rich, a member of one
of the learned professions.

So when John Wyman ventured
to broach the subject to her, she said,
not unkindly, but still firmly, "No,
Mr. Wyman, I cannot give my con-
sent."

Have you heard anything against
my character? asked John, in a tone
of great disappointment.

Not at all, said Mrs. Grafton, I be-
lieve you to be a very correct and es-
timable young man, but Annie is en-
titled to look higher.

That is what Mrs. Grafton said, in
substance to every remark the young
man made, and he was finally obliged
to retire from the conference in de-
spair.

But where man's wisdom fails,
woman's wit often steps in and avails
much.

When Annie heard from her lover
the report of his conference, she
leaned her head on her dimpled hand
and said with a smile:

We won't give up.

What! do you really think you
can bring your mother round? said
John eagerly.

I have strong hopes. I know my
mother better than you do, John, and
I can arrange some way or other to
manage her. I don't exactly see
yet, but I'll set myself a thinking,
and I guess something or other will
turn up.

But if there shouldn't Annie, do
you think it right she should separate
us? Won't you promise to be mine
at any rate?

No, John, I won't promise to do
that. I should not want to leave my
mother alone.

Then I am afraid, said John, in a
desponding tone, that there is no
hope for us.

Fie, John, do you mistrust my
power? said Annie, shaking her
head at him. If that is the case, I've
a great mind to say I won't marry
you, even if mother does consent.

Anything but that, Annie, but you
know when your mother once gets
her mind made up about anything,
she isn't apt to give up very readily.

I know that my mother has some
strong points of character, and it is
one of these that I rely on for success.
I won't tell you anything about it just
yet, but I'll let you know before it
comes off.

With this agreement they separated
—John not knowing whether to hope
or despond, but he felt that if ever
Annie became his wife it must be
through the result of her stratagem.

It was, perhaps, a week after the
conversation detailed above, Annie
had taken her mother's decision quite
calmly, much to that lady's satisfac-
tion, for she loved her daughter, and
would have been pained to see her
grieve.

This particular morning, Annie
was unaccountably careless. She
managed to break a pane of glass in
the sitting-room, without the slightest
apparent necessity for so doing. As
it was a cold day in November, and
this was the room where they usually
sat, it was a matter that must be reme-
died at once.

There, we shall have to send for
Mr. Wyman to come and put in a
new pane, said her mother.

I have an errand down in the vil-
lage, said Annie demurely—I will
call and tell him to come.

You had better do so, said her
mother, and tell him to make haste.

Ugh! we shall catch our death of
cold if it isn't put in at once.

Yes mother, said Annie.

I declare I don't see how you came
to do it, child, said the mother.

I suppose I must have been very
careless, said Annie penitently.

Well, what's done can't be undone,
and I suppose we must expect such
things to happen once in a while.

Meanwhile Annie was putting on
her bonnet and shawl, and at once
bent her steps toward John Wyman's
shop.

He was planing a board when she
entered. He looked up with an air
of glad surprise.

Annie explained her errand, and
likewise added a few words, the pur-
port of which our readers will learn
in due time.

In about twenty minutes Mrs.
Grafton saw John Wyman advancing
up the gravelled walk that led to the
door.

Your daughter left word, said he,
that you had a job in my line this
morning.

Yes, said Mrs. Grafton, and I am
glad you have come so promptly. It
isn't very comfortable in this cold
weather, to have a broken pane.

Whereabouts is it? asked John, in
a matter of fact way.

In the sitting room. Walk right
in there.

Mrs. Grafton did not fail to observe
that Annie did not come home with
her late lover, as she feared she might,
and in her heart she commended her
daughter's prudence.

I'm glad she knows what's good
for her, thought Mrs. Grafton. I
hope in time to secure a lawyer for a
son-in-law. They usually pick out
lawyers for political officers, and I
should really like to be the mother-
in-law of a politician.

The good lady went back to her
knitting work, while John Wyman,
with a business-like air, proceeded to
his work. He had nearly finished
the job, which by the way, seemed
to take him considerably longer than
usual, when a knock at the door
caused Mrs. Grafton to put down her
knitting work and answer the sum-
mons.

She started back in surprise at the
apparition which presented itself.

It was apparently a venerable old
crone bent nearly double, attired in
an old plaid cloak, and leaning for
support on a rough stick.

Good morning, said Mrs. Grafton,
mentally deciding that she was an
applicant for charity.

Would you like your fortune told,
my worthy madame? inquired the
crone in a quivering voice.

Are you a fortune teller? asked
Mrs. Grafton wonderingly.

Yes, madam, I can read the
secrets of the stars, and from their
mystic depths trace out their won-
drous meaning. Would you know
the past, present, or the future?

Now Mrs. Grafton had in her na-
ture a large portion of superstitious
credulity, and she listened with no
little awe to these words of the crone.
How much is your charge she ask-
ed. Twenty-five cents.

Can you tell me the past?

Yes, madam.

Very well. What is my husband's
name? It was Ebenezer; but your
husband is no longer living.

You are right said Mrs. Grafton,
quite impressed with the correctness
of her reply.

Can you tell me how long ago he
died?
Three years since. *
On what day?

The day before Christmas.
This is wonderful, said Mrs. Graf-
ton to herself. Can you tell me how
many children I have?

You have two, but only one is liv-
ing.

Having answered these and many
similar questions to the satisfaction
and astonishment of Mrs. Grafton,
John Wyman insisted that his for-
tune should also be told.

The old woman examined him care-
fully, and answered all his questions
as satisfactorily as he could have
desired.

Well, that is agreeable, said the
young man, in response to one of her
favorable predictions; shall I become
in any way distinguished?

Again an attentive examination,
and the crone started back in appar-
ent agitation.

Young man, said she, you will be-
come President.

Is it possible exclaimed both Mrs.
Grafton and John Wyman in chorus.

Rely upon my word, she said,
shaking her head solemnly.

Come, said John gaily, she deserves
to be well paid. Here is twice your
fee.

I cannot accept it she said, I never
take more than my fixed rate.

This, more than anything else, con-
vinced Mrs. Grafton of the truth of
her predictions.

After the crone was gone, Mrs.
Grafton seemed plunged in a brown
study for some moments.

At last she said, John Wyman, I
have considered the matter you spoke
of the other day, and if you still de-
sire to marry Annie, and she is will-
ing, you have my consent.

It is needless to say that John
Wyman very warmly protested that
he was of the same mind.

That day one month they were
married, and John took charge of his
mother-in-law's farm.

As to the predictions of the old
crone, they were so far verified that
John became president of a bank.—
Who the old woman was never trans-
pired, but it is shrewdly suspected that
the young couple knew all about her.

"Rebels" Escaping Through Can-
ada.—The New Albany (Ind.) Led-
ger, of the 31st ult., copies the fol-
lowing from the Quebec Chronicle:

Some of the papers affect to dis-
believe our statement that a member
of the Maryland Legislature who es-
caped from Baltimore; or rather the
fortress which commands it, was re-
cently in Quebec. Perhaps they
will also refuse us the credit when
we say that Mr. Ward, the American
Minister to China, was here a fort-
night since. He made his way from
the South through the Northern
States very slowly and with great
difficulty, the officials being on the
look-out for him, as the telegraph
announced. He is, however, prob-
ably safe in England by this time.—
With him went another agent of Mr.
Davis' Government—a young man
who was at Bull Run. It is con-
jectured here that Mr. Wade took let-
ters of marque with him, to be given
to privateers to cruise in the Chinese
waters, if not to look after the Cali-
fornia treasure ships on the Pacific
side of the Isthmus. Numbers
of other Southerners have come and
gone this summer by our steamers,
and many more have been staying
here.