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August 22, 1877.

## HOMER MASONIC FEMALE INSTITUTE.

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Board per month of four weeks, including washing, lights, &c., \$15.

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T. S. SLIGH, Pres.,  
Homer, Claiborne parish, La.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

## TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

The Grand Council U. F. of T. North La.

WILL hold its next annual meeting at the HOMER, commencing on Thursday, July 12th, 1878.

OFFICERS:

G. L. Gaskins, Gr W. P.; Miss Mattie Mays, Gr W. A.; Adam H. Davidson, Gr C.; Miss Theodora McFarland, Gr A. C.; Max Fearer, Gr S.; Allen Barkdale, Gr A. S.; John W. McFarland, Gr Tr.; Miss Fannie Parker, Gr A. T.; John A. Miller, Gr Chap.; Ives, Gr Sec.

Post-Office of Grand Scribe, Vienna, La.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

## Homer Council No. 1, U. F. of T.

Meets at the Court-House every Friday Night.

OFFICERS:

T. S. Slight, W. P.; Mrs. Adella Slight, W. A.; A. T. Dorman, R. S.; Miss Lida Scott, P. A. R. S.; J. B. Otto, Cond.; Miss Kate Simmons, A. C.; J. A. Parker, Chap.; R. P. Harwell, Sec.; E. T. Vaughn, F. S.; H. W. Kirkpatrick, Tr.; A. C. Calhoun, C. Dy.  
Aug. 22, 1877.

## JOHN YOUNG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Jackson, Bienville, Lincoln and Union, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.  
Aug. 22, 1877.—1y

Judge J. S. Young. Jno. A. Richardson.

**YOUNG & RICHARDSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

PARTNERSHIP limited to the parish of Claiborne. Legal business attended to by either partner in Jackson, Union, Bienville and Lincoln parishes, and before the Supreme Court at Monroe.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

**DRAYTON B. HAYES,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HOMER, LA.

WILL practice in the Courts of Claiborne, Bienville, Jackson, Union, and Webster, and the Supreme Court at Monroe.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

## DR. S. R. RICHARDSON,

HAVING resumed the practice of Medicine offers his services to the citizens of Claiborne parish, in the various branches of his profession. OLD FURNITURE and Office at the Drug Store of Joe Shelton.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

**B. R. COLEMAN,**  
PARISH SURVEYOR,

WILL attend promptly and efficiently to all business in his line. Charges moderate. Residence 8 miles southeast of Homer, on Trenton road. P. O., Homer.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

## CARRIAGE AND BUGGY PAINTING.

I AM now prepared to re-paint and varnish Carriages, Buggies and Wagons at short notice. Satisfaction warranted. Samples of my work can be seen in Homer. I will also varnish OLD FURNITURE and REPAIR CANE SEATED CHAIRS. My terms are reasonable to suit the times. Call and see me at the old stand of Higginbotham & Ruffner, S. E. cor. public square.  
W. C. LILES.  
Aug. 22, 1877. 1y

## Upholstery and Mattress-Making.

THE undersigned announces to the people of Claiborne parish that he is engaged in the UPHOLSTERY business in all its branches. Furniture repaired, cleaned and varnished. MATTRESSES made to order; old ones repaired and worked over.  
Shop on North Main street, in rear of A. W. Barrow's Store.  
JULIUS LANGHELD.  
Sept. 12, 1877. 46m

## "WHAT WILL IT MATTER BY-AND-BY."

"What will it matter by-and-by Whether my path below was bright, Whether it wound through dark or light, Under a gray or golden sky, When I look back on it, by-and-by!"

"What will it matter by-and-by, Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone, Dashing my foot against a stone, Missing the charge of angel night, Bidding me think of the by-and-by!"

"What will it matter—naught if I Only am sure the way I've trod, Gloomy, or gladdened, leads to God, Questioning not of the how, the why, If I but reach Him, by-and-by!"

"What will I care for the unshared sigh, If in my fear of lapse or fall, Close I have clung to Christ through all, Mindless how rough the road might be, Sure he will smoothen it by-and-by!"

"What will it matter by-and-by? Nothing but this:—That joy or pain Lifted me skyward—helped me to gain, Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh, Heaven—Home—all in all—by-and-by."

## WOMAN.

Woman is an unquestionable riddle—a most intricate enigma—a flower, which analyzed, no one can tell to a certainty whether is poisonous or innocuous. She has been with man from the beginning, and he has not found her out to this day. Woman is comparatively an unexplored country—an alphabet of puzzling hieroglyphics, a magnetic mystery; who knows what her head contains? Sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness and sympathy, and, at others, filled with nothing but hair pins, and crowned with a pyramid of hair coils and high top combs.

Like the month of April, she is all sunshine and showers. Many a tear of sorrow evaporates in the warm light of a smile ere it has a chance to fall; and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by some passing cloud of sorrow—(about the size of a blanket.) Grievs bubble up from her bosom to burst in an atmosphere of joy. Like autumnal flowers springing from the warm bed of her heart, her dearest hopes are cut down by the sudden frosts of disappointment.

A queer compound is woman, artful, and artless. She is made of beauty, modesty, simplicity, silks, ambition, love, hatred, feathers, iron, whalebone, newspapers, cotton, gayety, piety, gum-elastic, bears' grease and cologne.

She talks—sometimes with her eyes, and they speak volumes of words that can't be written. She is eloquent in her actions, and graceful in her movements. How tender and cruel is woman! We can't understand it, but she is tender as a spring chicken, and tough as an old gander. She must be screened from the hot summer sun—sheltered and protected from the storms and blasts of winter; and, yet, if she makes up her mind to do it, she can, like an Eagle, gaze at the clear noonday sun, and face a December norther. Woman is as tender as the mercies of Heaven, her heart is as much softer than man's, as a banana is softer than a brickbat. Her sympathies are as delicate as the down on the underside of an eagle's wing, and her love appears as fresh and unfading amid the trials and sorrows of adversity, as an evergreen wreath encircling the brow of Old Winter—how devoted and lovely is woman, how universal is her admiration, how boundless her love; she will cling to the chosen object of her heart, with deathless devotion—she can't be severed without snapping strings which *no time nor art* can mend. She often perceives something to love, while others discern nothing even to admire, and when her affections are once fastened on a fellow they stick like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

How child-like is woman, a plaything herself, she is fond of every plaything in this world's great toy shop. How weak is woman, and yet how strong and terrible when aroused! She is as high as the sierras, as savage as a sausage machine, as strong as a tornado, as terrible as a tiger in high wrath—and—as crazy as a red ant. She can blaze away like a volcano in full blast, and burst up things like an earthquake. But soon it's all over—nobody killed—then she softly comes down from her towering rage, and presently seems as well satisfied as a glutton alderman. Woman's existence is mingled romantic idealism and cruel reality; her present is always bright, her future brighter. Childlike, woman is ever happy, tickled with the straw of flattery, delighted with every brilliant bubble that floats upon the wave of time, she glides along in the light of joy; and like an angel with smiles cheers us on in the weary battle of life.

Woman is extremely timid, and yet strange to say, is desperately, sublimely brave, and O! Jerusalem! how she does hate a coward! Her heart is as firm as adamant, and as

noble and generous as a mountain spring. Who can estimate woman's curiosity, 'tis her most prominent fault—and yet 'tis hardly a fault, it is her best rein to hold man to the right track, and after all it is perhaps best for her to be inquisitive, exact, vigilant and importunate, and so long as her inquisitiveness is satisfied, home is a corner of Heaven on earth, but otherwise—thunder and lightning! lookout!

## How Mr. Thorpe Tested the Widow Botts.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

Mr. Thorpe is a middle-aged widower, and some time ago he paid his addresses to Mrs. Botts, a widow on the shady side of forty. Thorpe is rich, and after the widow accepted him, he began to fear that maybe she had taken him for his money, and so he concluded to test her to ascertain if she really loved him for himself alone. So one evening when they were sitting together in the parlor he said to her:

"Hannah, I've something unpleasant to tell you, but I am going to do it because I consider it right that you should know it. Hannah, what would you say if I informed you that one of my knee pins is gone, and that I have a patent lunge on that leg?"

"I should say that I care nothing for that, my dear; I have only one toe on my left foot. The others were frostbitten off, and the ankle is all twisted around crooked."

"You don't tell me," said Thorpe. "Well, but I've something worse than that. I might as well confess now that the bald place on top of my head is not really my scalp; I've been trepanned. I have a silver-plated concern set into my skull, a kind of skylight. You can lift it up and see down on the inside of me."

"I'm glad you mentioned it, dear," said the widow, "for it gives me courage to tell you that I haven't a hair of my own on my head. I'm as bald as a chandelier globe."

"Is that so? Gracious! I never should have expected it. But you will be surprised to learn that none of my teeth are natural. All false, and besides that I have to wear an India-rubber thingamagig on my palate to keep it from dropping down."

"I am very sorry for you, John, but it's some comfort that all my teeth are false too, and that I am perfectly blind in my right eye. It looks like a good eye, but it absolutely ain't worth a cent."

"Great Heavens! Why didn't you tell me of this before?" exclaimed Thorpe. "But while we are on the subject, I will say further that I have chronic torpidity of the liver. How does that strike you?"

"Oh, I don't mind it," said Mrs. Botts, "because I have been bilious and dyspeptic for twenty years; and besides I am one rib short. It was broken in a railroad accident, and the doctor had to cut it out. I'm subject to fits, too."

"This is horrible," said Thorpe, "Mrs. Botts, I think you ought to have mentioned these things to me when I proposed to you. I imagined that I was addressing a woman, a complete human creature. But what are you, Mrs. Botts? Mrs. Botts, you appear to me to be a kind of a dilapidated old wreck, with not more'n half of the usual machinery about you. It's a wonder to me you don't fall to pieces."

"I am no worse than you are. You said yourself that you have a trap-door in the top of your head, and a gum-elastic palate."

"Yes, but these things ain't true," said Thorpe, "I only told you about them to see if you really loved me. I'm as sound as a dollar; no inactive liver, or silver-plated skull, or anything. But you seemed to be kind of strung together, so's if you should knock against anything you'd scatter all around over the carpet. I think you ought to let me off."

"Very well, sir, so I will. But let me tell you that I've got nothing the matter with me either. I only invented those stories to try you, because I knew you were playing a game over me. Now I know you don't love me. You can go, sir."

"Hannah, I take it all back. I do love you."

"Do you, really? Then I love you more than—"

But no; the curtain had better be drawn right here. The cold and selfish world has no business with such scenes as this. They are to be consolidated early next month.

An excellent, well recommended pickle for curing hams is made of 1 1/2 lbs. of salt, 1/2 lb. of sugar, 1/2 oz. of saltpeter, and 1/2 oz. potash. Boil altogether till the dirt from the sugar has risen to the top and is skimmed. Pour it over the meat and leave the latter in the solution for four or five weeks.

## The Need of Skilled Labor.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Labor-saving machinery, which for a time was thought to be preindustrial to the working classes, has, on the contrary, proved to be of great benefit to them. By diminishing the cost of production it has stimulated manufacturing; with the growth of manufactures there has been a greater demand for labor, and competition has caused an increase in wages. The wages of males are now 40 per cent., and of females 37 per cent. higher than in 1838. There is a comparative scarcity of skilled labor, and this it is that is most in request. It requires training and educated dexterity to properly run much of the machinery now in use. It can only be safely entrusted to those who understand its construction and its complex movements. The mere manual laborer in this age of machinery occupies a very inferior position. A New England manufacturer says: "Our people must become artisans instead of mere laborers. It is just at this point we fail, and if the proof were wanting, it could easily be found in the leading manufacturing establishments where the best workmen are not of American but of foreign birth." In this point of view it is much to be regretted that the apprenticeship system has fallen into disuse. It was the best school for the education of the rising generation of laborers. The workmen do great injustice to their children in opposing its revival. It had a wholesome effect on morals, for it trained the young to habits of industry and to propriety of life and conduct. Whatever clamor may be raised about the rules of wages, the best workmen will be the best compensated, and the skillful artisan will always be higher appreciated than a mere drudge.

Trades should be taught as the common branches of education are, as skill is the result of practical application. In Germany it is the universal custom to teach children trades. This prevails alike among the rich and poor. Every member of the Royal family of Germany has learned a trade, and there is not one of the princesses who is not a good *modiste* and cook. This remark applies also to the aristocracy. One cause of the success of the Jews in bettering their condition is the fact that they are all educated, and have a practical knowledge of a trade. Among the Society of Friends the children are taught some occupation upon which they can fall back in after life in case of adversity, and by which they can gain a livelihood. A leading Philadelphia merchant, of this persuasion, made his boys all good mechanics and his daughters milliners and practical housewives. Pityable indeed, is the man who when overwhelmed by disaster, is helpless and cannot turn his hand to anything. The learning of trades, while useful to all, is doubly so to the poor, for with them it is the means of supporting life and of acquiring an independence.

## Fred Douglass' Advice.

Fred Douglass says: "The very best thing the white people can do for us is to stop doing for us, and leave us to do for ourselves. I have told the politicians so everywhere. They have done so much for us that they have nearly undone us. If we can't live honestly by our own labor then we ought to die. The question with us is, will we work as hard for ourselves as we once did for our masters? If we don't we will go to the wall, for liberty is as essentially a state of hard work as slavery is of disgraceful sloth. It is only by hard labor that we can ever catch up with the white race, and by imitating their virtues instead of their vices. Emigration is a delusion and a sham. The white race is everywhere on the face of the globe, and we could not get away from them if we would."

## What Gen. Toombs Said.

Discussing the vacancy on the Federal Supreme bench Gen. Robert Toombs said he thought that John A. Campbell, of Louisiana, should be restored to the position from which he retired at the beginning of the war. Toombs considers Campbell the greatest lawyer on the continent, without an exception. As for himself, Mr. Toombs had no desire to return to public life, but he sustains the President in carrying out the Democratic policy, and thinks the whole Democratic party should unite in so doing.

A firm trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

## Table Talk.

[Burlington, Free Press.]

The Rev. Mr. Philaeter sat down at the tea table with a very thoughtful air, and attended to the wants of his brood in a very abstracted manner. Presently he looked up at his wife and said:

"The Apostle Paul"—  
"Got an awful lump on the head this afternoon," broke in the pastor's eldest son, "playing base ball. Bat flew out of the striker's hand when I was umpire, and cracked me right above the ear, and dropped me. Hurt? Golly!" and the lad shook his head in a dismal but expressive pantomime as he tenderly rubbed the lump that looked like a billiard ball with hair on it. The pastor gravely paused for the interruption, and resumed:

"The Apostle Paul"—  
"Saw Mrs. O'Geheminie down at Greenbaum's this afternoon," said his eldest daughter, addressing her mother. "She had the same old everlasting black silk, made over, with a vest of tillie green silk, coat-tail basque pattern, overskirt made with diagonal folds in front, edged with deep fringe; yellow straw hat, with deep velvet facing inside the brim, and pale blue flowers. She is going to Chicago." The good minister waited patiently, and then in tones just a shade louder than before, said:

"The Apostle Paul"—  
"Went in swimming last night with Henry and Ben, pop, and stepped on a clam shell," exclaimed his youngest son; "cut my foot so I can't wear a shoe; and please, can't I stay home to-morrow?"

The pastor informed his son that he might stay away from the river, and then resumed his topic. He said:

"The Apostle Paul says"—  
"My teacher is an awful liar," shouted the second son; "he says the world is as round as an orange, and it turns round all the time faster than a circus man can ride. I guess he ain't got much sense."

The mother lifted a warning finger toward the boy and said, "Sh!" and the father resumed:

"The Apostle Paul says"—  
"Don't bite off twice as much as you can chew," broke out the eldest son, reproving the assault of his little brother on a piece of cake. The pastor's face showed just a trifle of annoyance as he said in very firm, decided tones:

"The Apostle Paul says"—  
"There's a fly in the butter!" shrieked the youngest hopeful in the family, and a general laugh followed. When silence was restored the eldest daughter, with an air of curiosity, said:

"Well, but, pa, I really would like to know what the Apostle Paul said?"

"Pass me the mustard," said the pastor, absently.

Then the committee rose and the senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned.

## The Poor Gentlemen.

There are more young American men in the penitentiaries of this country learning trades than there are outside of them. The principal cause of this is that we are educating our young men for gentlemen—trying to make lawyers, preachers, doctors and clerks out of material that nature intended for blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, tailors and other honest "hewers of wood and drawers of water." It is a mistake, and a big one, to teach boys and girls to believe that to labor is disgraceful, and to do nothing for a living is more becoming to the society in which they expect to move and have the respect of. Hang such society! It is rotten to the core to day, and there are many men's sons and daughters who are now being educated to play the parts of "leading lady" and "walking gentleman" in the great drama of life who will light out for a poor-house or a penitentiary before they have played their parts and the curtain drops. Go to work!

You are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and care not to own them to yourself.

As the deepest hate may spring from the most violent love, so the greatest ingratitude may arise from the largest benefits. It is said that Cicero was slain by one whom his oratory had defended when accused of his father's murder.

## Blunt but True.

There is said to be a young man in the Missouri penitentiary whose parents, at their death, left him a fortune of \$50,000. There is where his parents made a fatal mistake. If they had taken the precaution to invest that sum in a small dog, and shot him, and then had simply left the young man a jack plane or a wood saw, with printed instructions how to use it, the chances are that, instead of being in the penitentiary, he would to-day have been gradually but surely working his way up to a handsome competency and an honorable old age. But ever since the days of Adam and Eve, parents have made it a point to toil and struggle all their lives in order to realize a sufficient sum of money to purchase, when they are dead and gone, their sons each a first class through ticket to the devil, and it is not much to be wondered at that so many of their sons, reared in vice and idleness, as too many of them often are, have no higher ambition than to invest their inheritance in just that sort of transportation.

## A Drunkard's Will.

I die a wretched sinner; and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory that is only fit to perish.

I leave my parents sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives.

I leave my brother and sister shame and grief, and the reproach of their acquaintances.

I leave to my wife a widowed and broken heart, and a life of lonely struggling with want and suffering.

I leave to my child a tainted name, a ruined position, a pitiful ignorance, and the mortification of a father who, by his life, disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of God.

## How People Get Sick.

Eating too much and too fast; swallowing imperfectly masticated food; by taking too much fluids at meals; drinking poisonous whisky and other intoxicating drinks; keeping late hours at night and sleeping too late in the morning; wearing clothing too tight, so as to relax the circulation; wearing thin shoes; neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the hands and feet warm; neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores open; exchanging the warm clothes worn in a warm room during the day for costumes and exposure so incident to evening parties; starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress; keeping up constant excitement; fretting the mind with borrowed troubles; swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill; taking meals at irregular intervals.

As the trials of life thicken and the dreams of other days fade one by one in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggles, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generations after generations, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as her Creator commanded her to wear. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in every chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and will glisten with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names.

When a woman slips at the head of the stairs, and falls over herself, and finally fetches up at the bottom, the first hard work she does is to reach for her back hair; but a man, under the same circumstances, reaches for the place where his backbone leaves off, and delivers a few remarks upon the sublimity of the occasion that we wouldn't give for \$14, unless he'd send his name as a guarantee of good faith.—*Brookville Jeffersonian.*