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Job-work executed in the neatest style, and at reasonable prices.
 August 22, 1877.

HOMER MASONIC FEMALE INSTITUTE.

Eighteenth Annual Session begins Sept. 5th, 1877

EFFICIENT TEACHERS will fill every Department. Special attention given to MUSIC.

Board per month of four weeks, including washing, lights, &c., \$15.
 Tuition, \$3, \$4 and \$5. No extravagances allowed.

The Institution is strictly non-sectarian. Send for Catalogue.
 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 HOMER, commencing on Thursday, July 15th, 1878.

OFFICERS:
 G. L. Gaskins, Gr. W. P.; Miss Mattie Mays, Gr. W. A.; Adam H. Davidson, Gr. C.; Miss Theobald McFarland, Gr. A. C.; Max Feazle, Gr. S.; Allen Barfield, Gr. A. S.; John W. McFarland, Gr. Tr.; Miss Fannie Parker, Gr. A. Tr.; John A. Miller, Gr. Chap.; Ives, Gr. Sent.

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. Sligh, W. P.; Mrs. Adella Sligh, W. A.; A. T. Dorman, R. S.; Miss Lida Scott, A. R. S.; J. B. Otts, Cond.; Miss Kate Simmons, A. C.; J. A. Parker, Chap.; R. P. Harwell, Sent.; R. T. Vaughn, P. S.; H. W. Kirkpatrick, Tr.; A. C. Callison, C. Dy.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

JOHN YOUNG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.

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

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.

DRAYTON B. HAYES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 HOMER, LA.

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

DR. S. B. RICHARDSON,

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

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.

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 Hightower & Ruffner, S. E. cor. public square.
 W. C. LILES.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

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.

DANIEL T. HEAD,
 TRENTON, LA.,
 RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT.

DEALER IN
 DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS,
 SHOES, HATS, HARDWARE, IRON,
 CASTINGS, BAGGING, TIES,
 WAGONS, CARTS, BUGGIES,
 ROCKAWAYS, COOKING
 STOVES, FURNI-
 TURE AND
 Plantation Supplies of all kinds.

Liberal advances made on Cotton, in cash and supplies.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

S. W. RAWLINS,
 (Successor to Rawlins & Murrell.)
**Cotton Factor and
 Commission Merchant,**
 No. 38 Union Street,
 NEW ORLEANS.

Nov. 28, 1877.

E. J. HART & CO.,
 Importers and Wholesale
DRUGGISTS,
 Grocers and Commission
 Merchants.

Stores 75, 75, 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.
 Warehouses 93, 95, 97 and 99 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

L. C. JUREY, M. Gillis.
JUREY & GILLIS,
 COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL
 COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Office.....194 Gravier Street,
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

JOHN CHAFFE & SONS,
 COTTON FACTORS AND GENERAL
 COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Office.....No. 52 Union Street,
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

McSTEAD & VALUE,
 Wholesale Dealers in
**FOREIGN and DOMESTIC
 DRY GOODS,**

98 Canal Street, and 145 Common Street,
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

E. PAGE, P. Moran.
PAGE & MORAN,
 Wholesale Dealers
**BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS,
 Hats, Caps and Trunks,**

No. 10.....Magazine Street,
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

JOHN HENRY & CO.,
 Wholesale Dealers in
**Boots, Shoes, Brogans and
 HATS,**

Nos. 121, 123 and 125.....Common Street,
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

STAUFFER, McBEADY & CO.
 Importers and Dealers in
**Hardware and Agricultural
 Implements,**

No. 71.....Canal Street,
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

A. BALDWIN & CO.,
 (Successors to Slocomb, Baldwin & Co.)
 Dealers in
**Hardware, Steel, Iron and Railroad
 Supplies.**

CUTLERY, GUNS,
 AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
 No. 74 Canal, and 91, 93 and 95 Common Sts.
 NEW ORLEANS, LA.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.,
 Importers and Jobbers, in
**Hardware, Cutlery, Guns
 and Pistols,**

Nos. 601, 603 and 605.....North Main Street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

BEEF! BEEF!! BEEF!!!

ON Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week, I will furnish the people of Homer and surrounding country with FINE FAT BEEF, nicely slaughtered. Prices range from 4 to 5 cents per pound. Persons living in the country who wish to buy beef, and those buying only once a week, would do better to buy on Saturday, as on that day I usually kill two beefs. Parties wishing to sell Beef on foot will do well to give me a call. I pay from 3 to 4 cents in cash for good Beef. For endorsement I refer to my present customers.

THOMAS D. KINDER.
 Aug. 22, 1877.

The Danville, Ky., Advocate, of years ago, says: "The following was composed by our talented and, with one exception, the finest American poet now living, Henry S. Stanton, of Maysville, Ky. It was recently recited by one of the finest actors on the English stage in the city of London, and won the applause of thousands of England's most choice and refined."

They will bear repeating at this day, and their force will be felt by many thousands who have of late years realized the truthfulness of the lines:

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the Earth
 Where Charity dwelleth, where Virtue hath birth?
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
 And the poor and the wretched shall "ask and receive?"

Is there no place where a knock from the poor
 Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
 Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
 There is no door open for a Moneyless Man!

Go look in you hall where the chandelier's light
 Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
 Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold,
 Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
 And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
 In long, lighted vistas the "wandering view—
 Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
 A welcoming smile for a Moneyless Man!

Go in you church of the cloud-reaching spire,
 Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
 Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
 And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
 Go down the long aisles—see the rich and the great,
 In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
 Walk down in your patches—and find, if you can,
 Who will open a pew to a Moneyless Man!

Go look in you judge in his dark, flowing gown—
 With the scales where in law weigheth equity down,
 Where he frowns on the weak, and smiles on the strong,
 And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
 Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
 To render a verdict they've already made—
 Go there in the court-room, and find, if you can,
 Any law for the cause of a Moneyless Man!

Go look in the Bank, where mammon has told,
 His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
 Where safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
 Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
 Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay,
 Till your limbs grow cold, and your hair turns grey,
 And you'll find at the Bank, not one of the clan
 With money to lend to a Moneyless Man!

Then go to your hovel; no raven has fed
 The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
 Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death frost
 From the lips of the Angel your poverty lost;
 Then turn in your agony upward to God,
 And bless while it smites you, the chastening rod;
 And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
 There's a welcome above for a Moneyless Man!

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24, 1877.

The fading days of Autumn still tint the sky with gold, and the ambient atmosphere casts a halo upon the sleeping river, the parks and the historic hills across the Potomac. Enviroined amid this beauty, the hurry and bustle of life in the Capitol goes gliding down the current of time. Each section of our domain has its representatives here swelling the tide of humanity, that interwoven, forms the fabric of society. Every city has its joys and sorrows. In none is it more fully verified than in the Nation's metropolis. Amid the luxuriance of wealth, with the concomitants that money purchases, stalk the haggard features and tanned faces of the squalid poor. As elsewhere many needy ones eke out a miserable existence as the fruits of inebriety, while others have been brought to want by relying too much upon the Government for support and not aiming to do for themselves. Many disregarding the advice of the lamented H. G. to "Go West" have come to this most unlikely place to try to secure a Government position. Guarding the door of each Department stands that wonderful ephenominal scare-crow Civil Service, which is a "thing of beauty, but a joy—never!" An unsophisticated member seeking a place for

a friend brings him to this city from his distant home, boards him at the best hotel for a month awaiting the long delayed examination. The auspicious time arrives and the applicant comes out of the contest with a score well up in the nineties. The M. C. supposed he had a sure thing, but "hope deferred makes the heart sad" even when applied to an M. C. After repeated calls at the Department he is blandly informed that there is no vacancy. The profanity of that M. C. would do credit to a soldier of the army of Flanders. In the recent farce in the Patent office—called an "Examination" by the authorities, the conndrums that were fired off would have been tolerably creditable to a minstrel show, but certainly were beneath the dignity of a great Government.

Economy! Herald the news! The Government has really set this heretofore ideal project into practical working. There has heretofore been a large open entrance from 7th St. into the P. O. Department. This is a busy thoroughfare and hundreds have been in the habit of entering the building through these doors every day. Economy has closed them, simply to save a messenger's meagre salary. Here comes the man in great haste and flattens his nose half an inch before he discovers that the door is closed. Profanity! That does not express it. The days wear on, but the swearing and ill temper produced by those closed doors are not abated. All to save \$50 per month. Congressmen are enthusiastic over economy and yet they fail to lower their own fat salary, or even to earn what they draw from the Treasury. Nature made a Congressman and rested from her labors. She never could make anything else until she had recuperated. The effort would have been too great.

Congress remained in session just long enough to unsettle the business interests of the country. People complained at this but they should be charitable and think of the oppressing burdens placed upon their representatives. Do they not meet at least eight days in every month at 12 o'clock and remain in continued session until half past four or five P. M. Could any complaining constituent really understand the weight of responsibility that rests upon the average Congressman, driving him oft times into an easy chair, or on to the sofa in the smoking room, or into the ladies gallery for a quiet little flirtation, he would know more of what wonderful labor is required to frame the national law.

A gentleman said the other day when looking down from the gallery upon the floor of the House "What a farce!" And sure enough it is. Congress could do in a week all that has been accomplished since Oct. 15th.

FAX.

There are more young American men in the penitentiaries of this country learning trades than there is 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 nature intended for blacksmiths and 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 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 penitentiary before they have played their parts and the curtain drops. Go to work!

A married woman in Indiana can sue in her own name to recover damages from saloon-keepers who sell liquor to her husband.

Written for the Claiborne Guardian.
THE HOME OF OUR BIRTH.

After an absence of ten or twelve years from the land of our birth, by what varied feelings are we influenced; a sadness mingling with the sweet happy reminiscences of gone-by days, as we take a retrospective view through the kaleidoscope of memory back through the vista of fast-receding years; as we loiter on the threshold of an old homestead, now metamorphosed beyond recognition, once as familiar to us as our own reflected image, though the impression of what it once was is still as vividly and indelibly fixed upon the memory as if hieroglyphed there with a pen of iron, never to be obliterated whilst reason maintains its throne. It seems as if it were yesterday only, we strolled 'midst the overhanging boughs of the wide-spreading shrubs and culled the flowers for a wreath, or to decorate a play-house. We have no very strong attachment for but one home, the one where our earliest recollections of infancy were spent, at the age when our minds are most facile of the ineradicable impressions made around our mother's knee, listening to stories, mending broken toys, and anon unconsciously drift into dream-land, by her low sweet chants of lullaby songs. 'Twas there we received our first lessons of religion and morals, where our infant lips lisped their first prayer, and felt so accomplished when we spelt our first words of three letters. Then dawned childhood, the time of castle-building "on the sand," and to discuss our future greatness and happiness that we then felt so confident was in store for us. Too ignorant to know of obstacles or disappointments—all the world seemed bright, knowing nothing of its evils, we had over confidence in the benevolence, charity and philanthropy of mankind at large. How credulous, sympathetic and unselfish, are children, in this their golden age of innocence. We listen in vain for the once familiar footsteps. The footfall and the voices of dear loved ones are hushed forever. The few remaining ones scattered far away over distant lands. Where are the hopes of fond parents, who, in their blind affection for the pride of their hearts, thought so promising? We see around us only a few commonplace grown-up people.

As we glance over the yard, so long a delightful play-ground, and beyond to the paths which once led to the orchards, our hearts ache to see it furrowed with the plow. We look for the sheltering boughs of the old oaks—they are gone. We feel as if we could have stayed the woodman's axe by the old plea of "spare that tree." We look in vain for the old well, longing for a cooling draught from the "old oaken bucket"—alas, no trace of it remains.

A short time ago, the writer was at such a place, and wandered to the old school yard, and whilst pondering on the days of "Auld Lang Syne," the words of the old pathetic song, "Just twenty years ago," involuntarily sprang to mind. The place was suggestive of many little incidents that were amusing and gratifying to our mischievous natures at that time, with playmates that have passed away from the arena of life's actions. Some are laid in the church-yard, others scattered like leaves before a northern blast, roaming in a far-off clime. They have left the democratic school to fill the varied positions that exacting society demands in the different avocations of life. Some of our little cotemporaries of the other sex, with bat and ball, used to yell like a parcel of little Comanche Indians on the war path; they, too, have drifted across seas and to western wilds—many have laid down their lives in their country's cause.

The old school house has long since been removed; grass and weeds

grow rank and high where once was trodden smooth and flat by little bare feet. The path to the spring is hidden. But the spring-time of life will come again, when there will be no decay or change. Life is fleeting rapidly by, each day being a little life, and in the end life is but a day. Then we will pass from this ephemeral chrysalis state to the land of the dead, where we hope to be reunited through the endless cycles of eternity, where the dawning is ever beautiful—there is no night of life there.

NOBA R. L. H.

Our Girls.

We have girl babies, misses of eight years and young ladies of twelve and fourteen, but an old fashioned little girl is seldom met with nowadays. One need only watch the children issuing from any school to become convinced of the fact. The average American school girl of twelve years would be offended at being called a child. Does she not wear an overskirt with the tightest of pullbacks, and hair banged and frizzed like her older sister? With our old fashioned ideas we cannot help thinking that the air of charming and childish innocence which we miss from the faces of the girls of to-day is owing in a great measure to their style of dress. Twenty years ago a girl of twelve was only a child, and wore a dress of modest length and pantalettes reaching to the tops of her shoes. Undoubtedly the latter fashion was ungraceful and slovenly looking; but if a girl's character is at all influenced by her mode of dress she had better look ungraceful than to look "fast." Of this a mother must be her own judge, as she alone is answerable for the future of her girls. That the American girl needs to be chaperoned is made only too painfully apparent by the shocking details of every daily newspaper, but the chaperonage should begin long before they are out in society. Girls in our cities belonging to parents whose position entitles them to have better sense are allowed to remain in the streets until nine or ten in the evening, playing or taking long walks with boys of their own age. This may seem and may be perfectly innocent, but the girl who at twelve has her boy lover, at sixteen will be blasé in love affairs. A mother should gain the confidence of her daughter so entirely that no step would be taken without her knowledge. Many a mother, heartbroken over the shame of her girl, knows too late that confidence on the part of her daughter and advice and restraint on her own part might have saved them both from shame and sorrow. It may be hard on girls who work in mills and shops to require them to remain at home after dark, but their mothers should at least know where and with whom they are. We would urge upon mothers the importance of keeping their girls children as long as possible. To do this use every means in your power. Dress them modestly, even if they be not so piquant looking and stylish. Teach them to feel that their mother is their best confidant and friend. Do not say that your daughter can take care of herself, for if it be true that she can, then she has learned a great deal that a young girl had better not know, and the chances are that, with all her knowledge, she will go astray without the good counsel of some older person.

"The Lord will provide" is an excellent motto, but "The Lord helps those who help themselves" is equally good. The patriot who sits all day in the sun on a dry-goods box before the village store, whittling and talking 'bout lastlection, though he have all the faith in the world, musn't expect to go home to supper and find quail and buttered toast waiting for him when he gets there.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A nice table is often injured by some one placing on it a pitcher of hot water, or a hot dish, which leaves a whitish mark. To remove this pour some kum off on the spot, and rub hard with a soft cloth; this pour on a little spirits of wine or strong cologne water, and rub dry with another cloth. The white marks will thus disappear.

An electric belt for ladies, which is said to have a transference of feet upon the nerves is the latest invention. For steady walking, however, it is not likely to supersede the old and popular belt which is composed of a coat sleeve with a young man's arm inside of it.