THE PROGRESS.

S. T. ABBOTT,..... ...Local Editor

THEY DIDN'T CARE.

A novel sight was seen on Milam street Saturday. This was two men standing in the middle of Milam street on a crossing, and engaged in earnest conversation, seemed oblivious of the heavy down-pour of rain which beat down on their defenseless heads and persons, or the fact of the general attention they were attracting. We have heard of people becoming so interested as to forget the sun, but this is the first instance we have ever known of anyone being oblivious to a soaking rain.

WE KHARVED DAT 'POSSUM.

Saturday afternoon our editor was the recipient of two fine, fat opossums, the remembrance of a boyhood friend, Mr. Antonio Curtis, of Curtis, La. This was an appreciated donation because our chief certainly loves 'possum, taters and gravy, however closely this may ally him to the instincts of the festive and frollicking darkey. And when it was done to a turn we certainly did kharve dat 'possum, friend Tony, we sho' did, and we are a thousand times 'bleeged ter you, too.

WHOSE HEIFERS ARE THEY?

I have in my possession two heifers; one about 14 months old and is white and brown spotted. The other is about 20 months old and is black, the bushy part of her tail having been cut off. Both are part Jersey. Whose are they? They were taken up at my place about three miles from Shreveport. The owner or owners can get them by paying expenses and charges.

W. T. WILLIS,
n21-1m. Shreveport, La.

THAT OPEN DOOR.

Judge Land says that door between the corridor of the Phoenix hotel and Rhodes' barbershop, which shows up the polished counter and shining glasses in Tilly's saloon, must stay open, as to close it would affect the interests of others, not parties to suit. Messrs. Caperton & Dreyfuss have appealed to the Supreme Court.

There is a funny man in our office. He said the rain of Saturday was a wet rain. How would that do to go down in a collection of funny sayings?

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS DEAD.

The many friends of Mr. George W. Phillips, in this city, were considerably surprised last Friday morning when a dispatch from Alexandria notified them of his death in that city. They were not even aware that he had been sick, hence they were shocked when this news came.

There is a deeper touch of human sentiment connected with his death which causes a profounder sense of sympathy would have been experienced at his death—though he was generally liked—and this was and is due to the heavy affliction to which he was subjected scarcely a year ago. Then, in one grave he laid a wife and bright, manly promising boy, the boy of his hope, and who was well and at his studies just the day before he died. A heavy blow this was to the brave, strong man; but like the brave, noble man he was he bore his sorrow in silence and faced the world for his three small children who depended on him for guidance and support.

And now that strong arm is lifeless, the genial eye has lost its sparkle, the friendly voice is silent, the body and all of mortality is listless, inanimate forever.

We knew George W. Phillips intimately and liked him as a man, and as a brother of the lodge. As Red Man many a live tilt have we had, fun as the foundation thereof, good feeling during its course, and hearty cheer at their close. He was a man every inch of him; fraternal in his relationship, faithful to his vows as such, and true to his citizenship. An honest, horny-handed son of toil was he, being a ship carpenter and calker, and was most excellent in both callings.

Farewell to you, George Phillips, that God, whom you honored as a Mason, the Great Spirit whom you bowed to as a Red Man, will weigh your virtues in the balances of truth, fidelity and love and give to you the due and reward that such a man should receive.

To the orphaned children of Geo. W. Phillips THE PROGRESS' heart goes out in deep solicitude and tender compassion May the Great Savior of all good ever keep His watchfu eyes over them.

The Kansas City, Shreveport and Gulf Railway company will give a big blow-out soon, in honor of the completion of the car shops. Everybody will be invited.

The deadlock in the weather caucus was broken Saturday, and quite a heavy rain fell.

Our editor asked Mr. Wheless, of the Times, kindly and persuasively to give him a suit of clothes like his'n, but Mr. Wheless wouldn't do it.

Barlow Bros.' minstrels were in town Saturday and discoursed music on Texas street, but that wasn't the reason our roundsman went around that way. He wanted to see Mr. Carter on business.

Houses being built, homes going up, houses being planned for here, there and everywhere; and still the demand goes forth, more houses.

Mr. F. T. Whited, of Alden, gave us a friendly grip of his hand Saturday. He was clean shaven and so Bryanish in appearance that the writer had to look twice before he recognized him.