

Morehouse Clarion.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bastrop, Louisiana.

Will practice in the Courts of Morehouse and West Carroll. Special attention to the collection of claims by suit before the Magistrate's Courts.

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Will practice in the courts of the 14th Judicial District composed of the parishes of Morehouse, Ouachita and Richland, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.

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DR. F. C. GRAY,
BASTROP, LA.

Offers his professional services to the people of Bastrop and vicinity. Can be found at his residence, or at the drug store of Dr. A. L. Bussey, when not professionally engaged.

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BASTROP, LA.

I hereby tender my professional services to the people of Bastrop and Morehouse parish. When not professionally engaged, can be found at my residence one mile east of town at night, and at the Drug Store of Dr. A. L. Bussey during the day.

S. P. BUATT,
ORAL SURGEON,

Offers to the public his professional experience of thirty years in the above specialty for the treatment of all diseases peculiar to the mouth and preservation of its natural organs, the teeth.

Charges for all dental services graded by quality and character desired, to suit the times. For dental substitutes, from \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, up to Buatt's celebrated improved gold plate, \$350 for full sets, recommended as healthy, and to perform the functions of mastication satisfactorily as to kind selected.

Without previous arrangements, cash is invariably expected.

Moved to new office, near the Baptist Church.

Dentistry.
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY
DR. M. J. MASSENGILL.

Gold fillings from \$2 to \$5; silver fillings from \$1 to \$3; full upper and lower set artificial teeth \$40. Extracting teeth a specialty. Having had my office newly fitted up, I will take pleasure in serving all persons wishing work in my line.

COME AND SEE,

Mr. A. CURTIS is offering his best brick for TEN DOLLARS PER THOUSAND. Now is the best time to repair your side-walks and under-pin your houses. Call and examine the brick.

OEHLBER & GOLDMAN,

CASH VS. CREDIT.

ITS CASH THAT GETS THE
LOWEST PRICES.

ITS THIS HOUSE THAT FIGURES THE LOWEST
FOR THE CASH.

There is no spread-angle style about us, but any one who wants Close, Cash, bids on his orders, will miss it if he does not give us a chance to figure on them. Our prices will indicate who and what we are and what we can do for those who have money. Call and see us and we will show you some figures that will convince you that it

PAYS TO BUY FOR CASH

STAPLE DRY GOODS.
Calicoes, from 7 to 10 cents; bleached cotton from 7 to 10; Londale and other cambric, 12 1/2c

DRESS GOODS.
American lawns, 10 to 12 1/2 cents per yard; Union lawns, 20 to 25 cents per yard; pure linen lawns 25 to 30 cents per yard; Lace hosiery, 20 cents per yard; white pique—a large and beautiful assortment.

HOSIERY! HOSIERY!
Large stock of all kinds of ladies', children's and gents' hose. Ladies' embroidered Balbriggans, 50 cents; Fancy striped hose, 12 1/2 to 50 cents; children's fancy hose from 8 to 25 per pair.

HAMBURG EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS.
FROM FOUR CENTS UP. A large and beautiful stock of this goods on hand.

LUMBER!

BILLS FILLED

ON SHOT NOTICE

AT PRICES TO

SUIT THE TIMES!

Cypress a Specialty,

AND AS CHEAP AS PINE.
Mill six miles West of Bastrop. Free Ferry at Magnolia place.

W. K. HENDERSON.

Lehman Bros., Lehman, Durr & Co.,
New York. Montgomery, Ala.

Lehman, Abraham & Co.,

COTTON FACTORS

Commission Merchants,

Cor. Gravier & Baronne Ste.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

W. A. PEALE,

COTTON FACTOR

Commission Merchant

No. 52 Union St.,
NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana.

S. W. RAWLINS,

COTTON FACTOR AND

Commission Merchant

No. 45 Union St.,
NEW ORLEANS.

DOES THE WORLD MISS ANY ONE.

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of men in a few months, or at farthest, in a few years after the grave has closed upon their remains. We are shedding tears above a new made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable. Yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone. So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at Death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives away as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried loves. Such loyalty however is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on beside and around them and cares not to look in upon this unobtruding grief. It carves a line and rears a stone over the dead and hastens away to offer homage to the living. It cries out weepingly "Le Roy est mort"—but with the next breath exclaims joyously, "Vive Le Roy."

Hand in Hand at the Golden Gates.

[Oscalooza Herald.]

A touching incident occurred in the deaths of the aged people, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, last week. For convenience in attendance during their illness they were placed in separate bed-rooms. The heads of the beds were placed against a thin partition, which, having an open door, permitted the two old people to converse, though not able to see each other. The night before the husband died his wife heard him groaning and was very anxious to be with him, but was unable to arise. Soon she was informed that he was dying, and in order to be near him the beds were moved so as to bring them parallel with the partition, the heads opposite the door. This done the fond wife reached out her hand, grasped her husband by the hand, and held it during his last moments. Thus death found them, as fifty-one years before the marriage ceremony left them, joined hand in hand. It was a simple and affectionate token of the love of a long life, and the day following the wife, too, folded her arms in the sleep of death.

We All Have It Now.

Spring fever. How it settles down on us. The rays of the sun come to us at just the right slant, warming our system into a delicious desire for repose; the soil, easily yielding to the pressure of our foot, frost all out of it and the summer's heat not having baked it into hardness, tempts us to stroll; the green, cheery appearance of the short blades of young grass is so restful to the eye; to be inside four walls is such a bore when the birds are striking up their overture to nature's divine opera of summer, that we feel as though

we should like to lean against the side of a fence, pull our hat over our eyes, and whittle and stretch and yawn all day long. O, the spring fever is the laziest, nicest disease ever invented by man, and medicine, thank heaven! can't cure it.—[New Haven Register.]

DIDN'T BELIEVE IN 'EM.

"You've got a telephone here, haven't you?" asked a citizen, as he yesterday entered an office on Grisold street in a seemingly big hurry.

"Yes," was the reply.
"Well, I never believed in 'em to any great extent but I want to order some coal from a yard up the river."

The owner of the office proceeded to "call," and when he got the coal dealers he said:

"Mr. Blank is here, and he wants to know if you have any soft coal?"

"Yes—500 tons," was the answer.

"Well, he wants you to send him up a ton."

"We'll see him blowed first! He has owed us a bill for over two years!"

"Yum!" muttered the man as he stepped back.

"Did they say the'y send it?" asked the other.

"N—o, not exactly."

"What did they say?"

"I—I didn't catch it very well. Let me repeat." Picking up the trumpet again, he stood with it to his ear and asked:

"Did you say you'd send it?"

"Not by a blamed sight! came the response.

"Well," asked the man as a painful pause ensued.

"Well," replied the operator, 'this line isn't working very well this morning, and you'd better go to the office, four doors below. The dealers seem to hear me well enough, but I don't get hold of their answer plainly. The other instrument is probably working all right."

"But I shan't bother any one else," growled the man. "As I said before, I never did believe in 'em to any great extent, and now I've lost what little faith I had. Much obliged—good day."

If his ear had been at the trumpet his faith would have been as big as a mountain.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Billings' Philosophy.

This comic wise man says in the New York Weekly: "A man will work harder to counterfet a dollar than he will to earn two—such is human nature."

The Bible is a lively book; there is no fastidious morality in it. It tells us to "watch and pray," and we all ov us, old fellows, hav found out that the man who keeps both eyes open can make his way in this world, with a moderate amount of prayer.

There is no quicker nor more final way to use a man up than to stand one side and let him hav his own way.

The reason whi mankind make so many blunders is becauz they attak things just az a ram duz, with all their fury, and both eyes shut.

Kross yung ones should be

treated with a slipper to-day and kindly in the distance.

If a man haz got no faith, i would like to kno what his reason iz good for.

Moral swuashun iz a good thing to kaptivate lambs with, but iz good for nothing on mules, only to festoon the klub with.

If a man ever gits to be honest he haz to git it az he duz hiz bred, by the swett of his brow.

The man who would abuse a cow, or defile a spring ov water, iz az low down in the skale ov humanity az he kan git without knocking the bottom out.

Genius kreates. Tallent imitates.

Every time a man truly repents he is born agin, but there iz lots ov people who repent every night regular so to be reddy for aktive bizziness to-morrow.

There iz plenty of folks who repent ov their sins on the same principles they pay borrowed money, not bekause they are any more honest, but for the purpose of gitting another loan.

The best to reprove a phool iz when he is in a red-hot pashun, but should let a man of sense cool off before yu offer to approach him, and then the chances are that he will reprove himself.

COLORED JUSTICE.

Several day ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice, down the country, on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

"Well," said the justice, "de facks in dis case shell be weighed wid carefulness, an' ef I hangs yer taint no fault of mine."

"Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter der raiguler justice, but yer see I'se been put on as a special. A special hez de right ter make a mouf at Supreme Court ef he chuses ter."

"Do the best for me you can, judge."

"Dat's what I'se guine to do, I'se got two kinds of law in dis court, de Arkansas an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right to choose fur hisself. Now what law does yer want; de Texas or de Arkansas?"

"I believe I'll take the Arkansas."

"Wall, in dat case, I'll dismiss yer fer stealin' de mule—"

"Thank you, judge."

"An' hang yer fur killin' de man—"

"I believe, judge, that I'll take the Texas."

"Wall, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fer killin' de man—"

"You have a good heart, judge."

"And hang yer fer stealin' de mule. I'll just take de 'caison hear ter remark, dat de only difference tween de two laws iz de way yer state de case."—[Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.]

A lady in this State demonstrated to her satisfaction that spring chickens cannot be hatched from alligator eggs. The venerable hen was much astonished at the extraordinary result of her labors as the lady was.