

# Morehouse Clarion.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, HOME INTERESTS, AND THE MATERIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**TODD & TODD,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Bastrop, Louisiana.

Will practice in the Courts of Morehouse, Richland, and West Carroll, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe.  
R. B. Todd, Jr., Notary Public for the parish of Morehouse.  
april 15

**D. C. MORGAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MONROE, La.

Will practice in State and Federal Courts.  
april 17

**Frank Vaughan,**  
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.

**SAMSON LEVY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Bastrop, Louisiana.

Office—South-east corner of Public Square.

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.  
July 19-y

**BUSSEY & BATT,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Bastrop, Louisiana.

Will practice in the courts of the Sixth Judicial District, composed of the parishes of Morehouse and West Carroll, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe; also in the Federal Courts.  
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**Newton & Hall,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Bastrop, Louisiana.

Will practice in the courts of the 6th Judicial District, composed of the parishes of Morehouse, and West Carroll and also in the parishes of Richland, Ouachita, Union, Franklin, Catahoula, and Jackson, and in the Supreme Court at Monroe, Louisiana.

**DR. W. E. PUGH,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BASTROP, LA.

Having permanently located in Bastrop, offers his professional services to the people of this town and vicinity. He will be found at his office, South of the public square at all hours when not engaged in the duties of his profession. And will be ready, night or day, to respond promptly to the calls of the people.

**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.  
Feb 9-y

**DR. S. P. BUATT,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,

Offers 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.  
Office near the Baptist Church, Bastrop, La.

**DR. M. J. MASSENGILL,**  
DENTIST.

Gold fillings from \$2 to \$5;  
silver fillings, from \$1 to \$3;  
full upper and lower set artificial teeth \$40;  
Calls will meet with prompt attention.  
Branch offices at Farmerville and Ridge, La.

## G. F. TISDALE,



### CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

Bastrop, La.  
Always on hand Hermetic and other Burial Caskets, and coffin trimming.  
All kinds of Furniture manufactured and repaired on short notice and at living rates.

## Miss CARRIE WHITE.



### Fashionable Dressmaker AND MILLINER,

In the ROSS BUILDING,  
Corner Franklin & Jefferson Sts.  
I have experience and taste that cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Charges reasonable and satisfactory.  
april 17

## Shattuck & Hoffman,

FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
18 CARONDELET STREET,  
NEW ORLEANS.

MORTGAGE LOANS.  
We are prepared to arrange loans of money, in such sums as can be safely secured by First Mortgages on first-class Plantations and Crops, and to renew a part of the amount from year to year, at the borrower's option especially if it is to improve the property—the remainder to be paid out of the proceeds of the crop to be shipped to us, and re-lent the next season if desired.  
For further information apply to DAVID TODD, Bastrop La.

## HOME HOTEL,

BASTROP, LOUISIANA.  
This house has been newly furnished and fitted up in comfortable style under the supervision of

**Mrs. M. W. COOK,**  
and is now open to the traveling public. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Terms moderate.

Lehman Bros., Lehman, Darr & Co  
New York, Montgomery, A 1  
**Lehman, Abraham & Co,**

## COTTON FACTORS

—AND—  
Commission Merchants,  
Cor. Gravier & Baronne Sts.,

E. Lehman, }  
M. Lehman, } NEW ORLEANS, LA.  
H. Abraham }

## S. W. RAWLINS,

[SUCCESSOR TO RAWLINS & MURRELL.]  
COTTON FACTOR AND  
Commission Merchant

No. 45 Union St.,  
NEW ORLEANS.

## John Chaffe & Sons,

Cotton Factors,  
AND GENERAL  
Commission Merchants,  
NO. 53 UNION STREET,  
NEW ORLEANS.

**Charles Winkler,**  
LOCK AND GUNSMITH,

Bastrop, Louisiana.

Will repair guns and pistols on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.

## ICE CREAM AT Jones' Restaurant,

15 CENTS PER SAUCER FULL.  
Orders from any part of the parish promptly filled.

## THE LOCAL PAPER

The columns of a paper are the publisher's stock in trade, and the parties who ask us to use them for their special benefit must expect to pay for the same, and we hope that all parties will, after due consideration, view the matter in the proper light. Every public-spirited citizen of a place should have pride in seeing his own town and the surrounding country improve. Every new house or barn in the surrounding country; every new fence, road, or shade tree; every new manufacturing establishment erected; every new business opened, enhances the value of property in our midst. Every honest, reflecting mind knows this to be true, and you should not forget that the local newspaper adds much to the general wealth and prosperity of the place, as well as increases the reputation of the town abroad. It benefits all who have business in the place, enhances the value of property, besides being a public convenience, even if not conducted in the interest of the ruling political power. If its columns are not filled with brilliant editorials, still it benefits you in many ways. It increases trade, it cautions against imposition, it saves you from loss, it warns you of danger, it points out different advantages and increases your profits. Now, if you want such a paper you must support it by advertising your business in it; assist in increasing its circulation by getting your neighbors to subscribe with you for it. If you want such a paper you must not consider it an act of charity to support it, but as a means to increase your own wealth as well as that of the place in which you live. The local press is the power that moves the people; therefore, support it by advertising and subscribing and paying for it.—[Exchange.]

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

TWO PICTURES—ONE BY THE PRISONER AT THE BAR AND ONE BY THE JUSTICE.

The morning watch had just been disposed of in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday when a much battered man, with tattered garments, was arraigned. The accompanying policeman showed a tomato can to the court and laconically remarked, "Ganger."  
"Your Honor," said the prisoner, with an impressive movement of his right hand, "my story is a sad one. With grief I look back to my childhood's home, when in the cool of morning I walked through the fields and meadows listening to the joy-burdened song of the skylark and watching the merry scamper of the chipmunk. With my head pillowed on some grassy mound, I enjoyed the bubbling of the brooklets and the murmur of the zephyrs as they rustled among the tree tops. But times have changed. I—"

"They have changed, indeed," interrupted the court sadly. "In place of the grassy mound, an empty beer keg serves you for a pillow. You hear the dripping of the beer drainings into the tomato can with the same throbs of joy that the plashings of the meadow streamlets were wont to bring. The trilling notes of the sky-lark have made way for the milkman's early call. But there is still a hope. I will give you a home on Blackwell's Island, where you can see the stunted willow trees which border the river wave in the breeze, heavy with the balmy odors from Hunter's Point. The water rats will recall the festive chipmunk, and you will think your childhood's days have come again.

## A. T. Stewart's Gay Widow.

[Saratoga Letter.]

It has been very truly remarked that Mrs. Stewart's style of dressing has changed greatly since ten years ago, when she used to congratulate herself that she was rich enough to dress with simplicity. Now she wears all that the most stylish and exacting dress-maker could demand in fabric and cut, and her toilets are as many as a belle can loan; in her first season. At this garden party she wore a white brocaded satin, thick and heavy enough to stand alone, as our grandmothers put it. It was lounced with deep point lace over plain satin platings, and the corsage was cut with a narrow V to fit a broad collar of the same lace. A large cluster of white lilacs were fastened at one side with a diamond buckle, and diamond buckles were on the sleeves and sashes of the overskirt. Youthful as the toilet was, it was not unbecoming, for like her late husband, Mrs. Stewart looks remarkably young for her age, and her slight, trim figure and auburn hair would do for a woman of forty.

Probably the most terrible case of ague recorded is that of the man alluded to in the following lines:

The ague took him,  
And it shook him, shook him sorely;  
Shook his boots off and his toe nails;  
Shook his teeth out and his hair off;  
Shook his coat all into tatters;  
Shook his shirt all into ribbons;  
Shook his coatless, hatless, bootless,  
Mitten boots and mitten toe-nails,  
Till it shook him; shook him till it  
Made him yellow, gaunt and bony;  
Shook him till he reached his death-bed;  
Shook him till it shuffled for him  
Off his mortal coil, and then it,  
Having laid him cold and quiet,  
Shook the earth all down upon him,  
And he lies beneath his grave-stone;  
Ever shaking, shaking, shaking."

"Col. Dan Murphy, of Halleck Station, Elko Co., Nev.," says the Reno (Nev.) Gazette, is now probably the largest private land owner on this continent. He has 4,000,000 acres of land in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada and 23,000 in California. His Mexican grant he bought four years ago, for \$200,000, or five cents an acre. It is sixty miles long and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber and meadow land. It comes within twelve miles of the city of Durango, which is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. Murphy raises wheat only on his California land, cattle on that in Nevada. Col. Murphy settled in California in 1844, and it must be confessed has been wide awake all the time.

A man from one of the rural districts went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House, whose constituent he was, said, "Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No, you don't," answered Jonathan; "I always manage to have a cheer to sit on at home, and I don't come Washington to sit on the floor!"

A merchant died suddenly just after finishing a letter. His clerk added in a postscript: "Since writing the above, I have died. Thesday evening, 7th instant."

Said Miss A. to one of her little girls at Sunday-school, "What's the meaning of good tidings?" "They're the things hung over the backs of rocking chairs, ma'am," replied the four-year-old.—[Boston Post.

## The Erlanger Syndicate.

Mr. Frederick Wolfe, the representative of Baron Erlanger and his associates, who have recently placed \$25,000,000 cash in his hands for carrying out plans for a great railroad system in the South, is enthusiastic over the future of that section. He declares that the people of the North have just begun to realize that the South has awakened to her true interests, and, allowing politics to drop into the grave with slavery and reconstruction, is applying herself to the improvement of her material welfare with an energy and shrewdness worthy of a new country. Mr. Wolfe says that the \$25,000,000 which the syndicate he represents is spending in the South is only one instance; that not only are many other railroad lines being built by added capital, but money in large blocks is being invested in lauds, cotton mills, furnaces, iron works, lumber mills and various other enterprises. Mr. Wolfe's conclusion is that "the South is destined to supply the country and a good part of the world, not with raw cotton, but cotton goods of every variety."—[N. O. Democrat.

## Almost Incredible.

[Globe-Democrat.]

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sep. 16.—Information was received here to night that Jane Campbell, a colored woman, living near Dyke's Mill, La., killed two of her children, aged respectively ten and twelve. The woman beat out their brains with a pine knot for some trivial act of disobedience. After the inquest and when the cause of the death became generally known, a mob of whites and blacks dragged Mrs. Campbell from her cabin, tied her to a stake, and despite her screams, literally roasted her alive. The crime and punishment are without parallel in criminal annals.

"Tell me what it is, darling," he said, reassuringly, taking her hand, and drawing closer; "don't keep any thing from me."

"O, Eugene!" she blushingly replied.

"But there ought to be no secret between us," he expostulated. "True love, is the very spirit of confidence."

"It's something I've been going to ask you for a long time."

"Then let me know it now," he added, ardently, with a tenderer pressure of her hand.

"I will," she said. "What is the best care for corns?"

How quickly we forget the rules of arithmetic as learned in school, is shown in the fact that a prominent dry-goods merchant in Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give an answer. If four men build a wall five feet high in four days, how long will it take six men to build a wall eight feet high in seven days?

Since hoops again came to fashion they are alluded to as domestic circles. It is not known who penetrated the pun, but he is no doubt some renegade journalist who should be exiled from the bustle of life to the very outskirts of civilization.—[Detroit Free Press;

## Needle in His Chest.

James Houston, a conductor on the Stony Creek railroad, was attacked about two weeks ago with severe pains in the chest which he supposed was caused by pleurisy. His physician was of the same opinion and gave him medicine for that disease, but failed to cure him. This morning he was awakened by violent itching in the chest and, on scratching the skin, felt a sharp point. He pressed down the skin, seized the obnoxious object and drew out a large needle. It was perfectly black and shone with a polish. Mr. Houston is over thirty years of age, and as he has no recollection of running the needle into his flesh he supposes that he must have swallowed it in infancy. Its removal was followed by immediate relief.—[Norristown Herald.

With a far-away look over the top of his eye-glasses, he remarked: "The luminosity of the central orb of the solar system vaticinates that the caloric in the combination of gases constituting the atmosphere by which the sanguinary fluid of the physical system is purified, will be in such proportions as to result in a division of time of a very elevating character." It was afterward ascertained that he was trying to pass himself off as a student of the Concord School of Philosophy, and what he meant to say was, that indications pointed to a hot day.—[Indianapolis Herald.

Wife (just returned from a shopping tour)—Come and see what I've got for you, Eugene.

Eugene—Ah, just like you, darling, always thinking of me.

He advanced as his wife removed the wrapping and exposes some fine drawings from a neighboring marble yard. Husband starts back and exclaims excitedly, "Gracious, Laura! what did you bring these things here for?"

Thoughtful Wife—Well, Eugene, I heard you complain of feeling unwell this morning, and I thought you would like to look at some tombstone patterns.

Edwin Forrest was standing near the door of a theater in which he was then playing, early in the evening, when a man approached the gate-keeper and said: "Do you admit the profession?" "Yes, when we know them," was the reply; "who are you?" "I've got the trained hog here," said the man. "Walk right in," interposed Forrest; "I've got a whole company of 'em inside."

An Indiana sexton named Locke, whose residence stood in a corner of the cemetery, welcomed his 19 year old daughter home from boarding-school the other day and to keep the young men at a distance circulated a story to the effect that the ghosts of his quiet neighbors held high carnival around the house every night, but before a week the girl met a lover right in the heart of the hurrying-ground and eloped with him.

An exchange publishes an article headed "How to tell a mad dog." We have nothing to tell a mad dog that we cannot communicate by telephone or postal card.